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MARTIAL DEEDS

OF

PENNSYLVANIA.

vol. 2

BY

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SAMUEL P. BATES.

The field of history should not merely be well tilled, but well peopled. None is delightful to me, or interesting, in which I find not as many illustrious names as have a right to enter it. We might as well in a drama place the actors behind the scenes, and listen to the dialogue there, as in a history push valiant men back, and protrude ourselves with husky disputations. Show me rather how great projects were executed, great advantages gained, and great calamities averted. Show me the Generals and the Statesmen who stood foremost, that I may bend to them in reverence; tell me their names, that I may repeat them to my children.

LANDOR'S PERICLES AND ASPASIA.

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juncture, Birney came upon the field. It was the turning-point in the fortunes of the day. In gallant style his well-ordered columns wheeled into position. The enemy was driven at all points, and the Union forces occupied the field. The conduct of Birney in this fight attracted the attention of Kearny, a soldier in the armies of two hemispheres, whose name is a synonym for gallantry, and the two were ever after fast friends. Volunteer Generals from civil life were viewed with jealousy and distrust by those bred to the profession of arms, and Birney often found himself under the ban of the latter, even experiencing the shafts of malice; but Kearny never yielded to this petty weakness, judging every man by the qualities which he displayed in the hour of peril. He found in Birney a manhood which won his soldier heart. In his report of this battle, Kearny said: "I have to mark out for the high commendation of the General-in-chief, Generals Jameson, Birney, and Berry, whose soldierly judgment was alone equalled by their distinguished courage." In a letter to Governor Curtin, he said: "In conclusion, your Excellency, it is not only by her noble regiments Pennsylvania was distinguished in the last great battles; I have to bring to your notice and to that of the people of the State that the Second brigade of my division was commanded by a Pennsylvanian, General Birney. This officer displayed coolness and courage, and brought into the field the talents which distinguished him among his fellow-citizens. He has proved himself a good Colonel. His brigade is a model of good discipline. His genius of command was especially conspicuous on this day."

At Charles City Cross Roads, and at Malvern Hill, Birney bore a conspicuous part, Kearny saying of him in the latter engagement: "The coolness and judicious arrangement of General Birney influenced his whole command to feel invincible in a very weak position."

Upon the return of the army from the Peninsula to the support of Pope, now struggling in the toils of the enemy, the Third corps, having given that General the necessary aid to enable him to retire across the Rappahannock, was advanced to the plains of Manassas. A daring reconnoissance was made by Birney to Centreville with two companies of cavalry, where the head of

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the hostile column was struck, the General narrowly escaping capture by shooting down his pursuer. In the battle which ensued, Kearny's division held the right of the Union army on the turnpike. "I kept Birney's most disciplined regiments," says Kearny, "reserved and ready for emergencies. During the first hours of combat, as tired regiments in the centre fell back, General Birney of his own accord rapidly pushed across to give them a hand to stimulate them to a renewed fight." In concluding his report, Kearny says: "My loss has been about 750 men. It makes me proud to dwell upon the renewed efforts of my generals of brigade, Birney and Robinson."

On the afternoon of the 1st of September, Stonewall Jackson attacked the right wing of the Union army, in the neighborhood of the little village of Chantilly, with his characteristic fury. Reno first felt the shock; but Kearny was soon at his side—Birney's division in the advance—and stayed, by his powerful supports, the shattered line. It was in the midst of a terrific thunder-storm, and the roar of the elements drowned the awful voice of the battle. Kearny appeared as touched by inspiration, and, as he moved upon the field, shone like the heroes of Homer, or a descended god of war. This was his last battle, and he must needs grace the end with acts of undying valor. Only intent on saving the day, after doing deeds worthy the hero, he was finally shot down from coming inadvertently into the enemy's lines. "At this juncture," says Birney, "General Kearny reached the hill with Randolph's battery, and, placing it in position, aided my brigade by a well-directed fire. I then pointed out to the General a gap on my right, caused by the retreat of Stevens' division, and asked for Berry's brigade to fill it. He rode forward to examine the ground, and, dashing past our lines into those of the enemy, fell a victim to his gallant daring." A rebel Captain, observing him riding up, called out to him to surrender. Discovering his peril, he leaned forward on his horse and put spurs to its sides, hoping to extricate himself. But a volley from the enemy's muskets was too well directed, and he fell dead upon the spot. Birney had remonstrated with his bold commander against exposing himself where it was certain the enemy was swarming, but without avail. Judging by his protracted absence

that he had fallen into the enemy's hands, Birney assumed command of the division, directing its movements with consummate skill, gaining the victory and saving thereby the whole army from disastrous rout. A message was received from the enemy's lines, giving the first intelligence of the death of Kearny, and tendering his body to the Union commander. It was received under flag of truce by his trusted staff-officer, Captain J. Mindel. At midnight the army moved, and with it the remains of the mangled General. At the defences of Washington, the army halted, and the funeral cortege passed on to his home at Newark, New Jersey, where it was received by a sorrowing wife and family, and without ostentation committed to the grave.

At the conclusion of Pope's campaign, General Birney was designated to sit with Generals Casey and Harney in a court-martial, and his division was led by another in the battle of Antietam. While engaged in this service, General Birney was the recipient of a most flattering testimonial to his gallantry in the late engagements from citizens of Philadelphia, who had watched, with a just pride, the brilliant career of their fellow-townsman. It consisted of a valuable horse and fine equipments, and sword. The guard of the sword was elaborately set with the initials, D. B. B., in diamonds. The hilt was adorned with an olive leaf, wrought with the same glittering jewels. Accompanying the sword was a handsome dress and undress scabbard, on the former of which was the inscription, "GEN. D. B. BIRNEY, *October*, 1862, *from his fellow-citizens of Philadelphia.*"

After concluding his labors upon the court-martial, General Birney was put in command of Kearny's old division, General Stoneman who had commanded it in the Antietam campaign being placed over the Third corps. While in camp before Fredericksburg, Mrs. Birney visited head-quarters, and was untiring in her attentions to the sick and wounded in the hospitals of the division. Meade having been selected by Franklin to make the attack on the enemy's left, in the battle of Fredericksburg, on the 13th of February, 1862, Birney was ordered to cross the Rappahannock and take position in support of Meade. Gallantly did Meade assault the well-manned breastworks of the foe, breaking through his lines and reaching his camps. But the division

was too weak to maintain the advantage gained. He called on Birney for support. Birney referred the call to Stoneman, his corps commander; but, seeing the ranks of Meade shattered and broken, took the responsibility of ordering up his brigades and advancing his batteries. His troops were now subjected to a terrible ordeal; but he was everywhere upon the field, and by his presence, unheeding danger, inspired his men to hold their ground, closing up where the line was broken, and repelling the repeated and determined attacks. "The state of affairs," says General Stoneman, "when Birney's (First) division arrived on the ground, followed soon after by Sickles' (Second) division, was anything but promising. . . . In doing this valuable service, the First division lost upwards of a thousand men as brave as ever pulled a trigger. Of the conduct of this division, I cannot speak too highly. Composed, as it is, of regiments from almost every State from the Penobscot to the Mississippi, the entire country may justly feel proud of its well-earned fame."

Upon the accession of Hooker to the command of the Army of the Potomac, Birney could count upon a sincere and warm personal friend in the new Chief. Hooker felt that men of the stamp of Birney should occupy the most responsible places, and he accordingly wrote to the President, saying, that "if service and qualifications are of weight, he is richly deserving promotion. He has been in command of Kearny's old division the greater part of the time since the death of that officer, and I know of no better division commander in this army, or one that I would prefer to have in my command. He is an ornament to any service." At Chancellorsville, Birney took position with his division to the right of the Chancellor House, and succeeded in occupying a continuous line through the woods south of the plank road. "At about eight o'clock in the morning," he says in his official report, "I reported to Major-General Sickles that a continuous column of infantry, trains, and ambulances was passing my front towards the right, and that I should give it a few shots from Clark's rifled battery. Sending a section to a good point in the little field in my front, it opened with effect, the column double-quicking past the point reached by our shots." At twelve M., Birney was ordered to pierce the advancing column and gain

a position on the road over which it was passing. This was promptly executed, reaching with little opposition the Forge, a company of the enemy which occupied this place being captured and sent to the rear. This seemed an important position, and as the fire of musketry on the left of the line at this time was terrific, Birney was ordered to halt at that point until reinforcements could come up. Whipple's division of the Twelfth corps, and Barlow's brigade of the Eleventh, were pushed forward. Upon their arrival, Birney again advanced, and nearly 200 of the enemy were captured. At half past six P. M., he was again ordered to advance rapidly, and as his force, now well supported, went forward, the enemy was driven by a well-directed fire, and the roads, over which the hostile columns had been seen moving, were soon entirely at his command. He was about preparing to bivouac for the night, when he was informed that the Eleventh corps—which formed the right wing of the army, and on which he was relying for support upon that flank—was broken, and in complete rout. This left him in a most perilous situation. He was far in advance of the main line of the army, across difficult ground, with his supports gone, and the victorious enemy sweeping on to seemingly assured victory. Before the enemy reached the track by which Birney had advanced, however, the foe had been checked, their trusted leader Stonewall Jackson slain, and darkness coming, a lull in the battle had succeeded. But still the Union army was in the worst possible position, the force under Birney being particularly disjointed, and liable to be cut off. Something must be done, as morning would bring a renewal of the fight, and the isolation of Birney would be discovered. At midnight, Sickles gave the order for Birney to retrace his steps, and when he had arrived at the breastworks, which had been held by the Union army, but were now in the hands of the enemy, to storm and carry them at the point of the bayonet. As noiselessly as possible the troops moved back, and when arrived before the works behind which the enemy was sleeping, Birney opened with his artillery. It was midnight of Saturday, and the first hour of the Sabbath was advancing, when Birney's guns roused the wearied soldiers of both armies, now reposing in close proximity to each other. The roar of artillery for a little time was terrific, and

the fire told fearfully upon the rebel line. The infantry was held in readiness, and the instant the first great shock of the guns had been felt they dashed forward and poured in a most destructive fire. The enemy was taken by surprise, little dreaming of an attack from that direction in force; and that invincible corps, which had been led by its renowned Captain to victory in nearly every battle with the Army of the Potomac, was broken and thrust back, leaving the portion of the field with its works which it had snatched, in the early evening, from the Eleventh corps, in the hands of Birney's men. The victory was signal, inasmuch as it gave the Union forces a foothold for the contest, which was sure to be renewed at early dawn; and it opened a gateway for this force, which was practically isolated and cut off from the main body, to restore its connection, and to take position on the main line at its most exposed and vulnerable point. The fighting commenced early on the Sabbath, the 3d of May, and the hours of that peaceful day were given to most frightful carnage. Unfortunately, the Third corps stood where it was assailed from three sides, and it was soon found impossible to hold its position. To withdraw it to defensible ground now became the absorbing problem. Only by determined fighting could this be executed. Manfully did its gallant divisions stand, in one of the most trying situations in which a soldier can be placed, where he is conscious of fighting, not for victory, but to save what he can; and none fought more gallantly than the division of Birney. The movement to the new line in the rear was successfully executed, but at a fearful cost. This withdrawal practically ended the battle on the Chancellorsville field, and after facing each other for a few days and keeping up a show of battle at arms' length, returned to their old camping-grounds about Falmouth and Fredericksburg. The valor of Birney in this battle was duly recognized. He was made a Major-General, his commission to date from the 2d of May, 1863.

In the Gettysburg campaign, Birney led the Third corps until the army reached Frederick, Maryland. Sickles, who had been absent from the field, returned and resumed command. The corps reached the field during the night of the 1st of July. About noon of the 2d, it was led by Sickles into position on the

diagonal ridge between Cemetery and Seminary Ridges, striking the Emmittsburg pike at the Peach Orchard. With that wise forethought which characterized him, Birney early sent out a force from his command to feel upon his front. It found the enemy moving heavy masses of infantry and artillery around upon the Union left. The position and force of the Union army was easily discernible by the enemy. Not so his from the Union side, as he moved behind a curtain of wood, along White Oak or Seminary Ridge. This important piece of information, vital to the safety of the army, was at once communicated to Sickles, who ordered Birney to dispose his division so as to face this newly-developed line of the foe. Longstreet's veterans were concentrated upon the extreme Union left; indeed, had really outflanked the Union army when discovered, and were ready to fall like Stonewall Jackson at Chancellorsville upon the unsuspecting and unprepared Union line, and take it in reverse. Fortunately, not as at Chancellorsville, a vigilant officer was here, who divined the movements of the foe and was prepared to meet him when he came. Ward's brigade was posted on the left, near the Devil's Den in front of Round Top; De Trobriand's along the wooded and rocky ground by the Wheat Field; and Graham's reached to the Emmittsburg pike and for some distance along its course towards the village of Gettysburg. This line was over a mile in length, facing the corps of Longstreet and Hill. The odds were fearful. At length the storm burst with a fury rarely paralleled in the annals of war. The thin lines of Birney bent before it, but did not break. Beating back the strong columns of the enemy on one part of the line only insured a blow with redoubled force in another. Supports were called for and speedily came. Sickles, stricken in the heat of the battle, was borne away, and the command of the corps devolved upon Birney. It was an awful moment. Should this wing give way the field would be irretrievably lost. But the iron will of Birney was equal to the emergency. With a fortitude unsurpassed, he brought his men to the fearful work, and battled with a superior force until one-half of the eight thousand who composed that heroic corps had gone down in the fight. The enemy had everywhere been checked, and fresh troops had now come to take their

places. He accordingly gave the word for his worn-out men to retire. Falling back, they took position on the new and more contracted line of battle, and these begrimed heroes who survived rested upon their arms for the night. Birney, though everywhere in the thickest of the fight, was hit but twice, only slight wounds being inflicted. "Notwithstanding the stubborn resistance of the Third corps, under Major-General Birney," says Meade, in his report of the battle, "superiority in numbers and corps of the enemy enabling him to outflank its advanced position, General Birney was counselled to fall back and reform behind the line originally designed to be held."

After the battle of Gettysburg, General Sickles having lost a leg, and being incapacitated for further field service, by every principle of justice General Birney should have succeeded to the command of the Third corps; but other counsels prevailed, and it was found convenient to consolidate this corps with the forces stationed at Harper's Ferry under General French, and the latter was placed over the combined force, Birney returning again to the command of his old division. It was the bane of the Army of the Potomac, that its officers were divided into cliques, actuated by certain political or professional views, and many an able soldier was crushed beneath the heel of the despotism of that one which happened to be in the ascendant.

It is unnecessary to describe the part taken by General Birney in the forty or more battles in which he was engaged, and in which his valor shone conspicuous. Before entering upon the campaign of the Wilderness, the Army of the Potomac was reorganized. The Third corps was broken up. The First, Second and Fourth divisions of the Third were consolidated, forming the Third division of the Second corps, and General Birney was assigned to the command, thus enabling him to retain under him the men whom he had led from the first, and with whom he had been associated. To the command of the corps General Hancock was assigned.

At the opening of May, 1864, the army crossed the Rappahannock and, plunging into the dense wood, was soon lost to sight beneath the dense shadows of the Wilderness. Scarcely had the movement commenced before it struck the columns of the

enemy marching to meet their assailants. And now commenced one of the most remarkable and hotly-contested campaigns of the war. Massive army corps were hurled against massive army corps, and not an inch was gained on either side without desperate fighting and the loss of myriads of brave men. Until the keen blasts of winter swept the hills and valleys of Virginia, and the cold breath of the ocean chilled the blood of the contestants, was this struggle maintained in all its sanguinary horrors. In the three days of battle in the Wilderness, in the two weeks of fighting before Spottsylvania Court-House, in the heroic charge across the North Anna on the 23d of May, at Cold Harbor during the first days of June, in the assault on the intrenchments before Petersburg on the 16th of June, and in the advance upon the Weldon Railroad, the division of Birney was where the fighting was sternest, and in all he led with the heroism of the bravest and the skill of the most renowned captains.

In the advance upon the Weldon Railroad Birney was in command of the corps, Hancock having been incapacitated to lead by the breaking out of his wound received at Gettysburg. The attack was to be made upon the enemy behind intrenchments. The quick eye of Birney recognized the hopelessness of the movement, and he protested in earnest terms against it; but the order was imperative, and the commander-in-chief was inexorable. Birney knew the strength of the enemy's works, and judged correctly of the preparations which would be made to receive the Union force. The dispositions were skilfully made, and the assault delivered with great gallantry; but it failed of success, as its commander had foreseen from the first. Birney was the subject of abuse, and the voice of detraction was loud against him. But though the ignorant blamed and the envious were busy with aspersions, the Lieutenant-General, before whose ever-vigilant eye no deed was hidden, could discover nothing to censure. On the contrary, he was filled with admiration for the cool courage and undaunted bravery displayed by the temporary leader of the corps, and it was not long before the promotion came which was justly earned.

On the 21st of July General Birney wrote to his law partner: "I am making every exertion to come home and recruit. You

will see me in a few days, when I hope that business will permit you to join me in a trip to some quiet place, where I can lay aside shoulder-straps and enjoy a few evenings of quiet talk. I am greatly bored by the want of something to do here. Nothing relieves the monotony of the day but the occasional report of a heavy gun, which for a few moments starts us from our lethargy; but we soon relapse into as perfect quiet as if we were in some grove near by Philadelphia." That contemplated visit was never made. That quiet, friendly converse in some cool retreat was never enjoyed. Two days after thus writing he was assigned to the command of the Tenth corps. In mentioning this promotion, in a letter to a friend, he speaks with a feeling of just pride: "I am much pleased," he says, "with my new command. My assignment to it by General Grant, in the field, in preference to a dozen others who deserved it, nearly all of whom outranked me, was a compliment far greater than if I had been assigned to the corps by the President upon political or personal grounds."

It was not without a deep feeling of regret that he parted with the tried veterans of his old division, which the lamented Kearny had first led; but he at once took the field with his new command, and the sharp fighting and decisive gains of Deep Bottom showed that he had not assumed the duty of leading without the spirit and the will to face the enemy and drive him from his chosen ground. Again and again did that enemy, stung with mortification at his loss of guns and strong positions, return to the contest, hurling heavy masses of his best troops upon the devoted Tenth corps, but with little effect. On the 19th of August he telegraphed to General Butler, who commanded the Army of the James, to which the Tenth corps belonged: "The enemy attacked my line in heavy force last night, and was repulsed with great loss. In front of one colored regiment eighty-two dead bodies were counted. The colored regimental troops behaved handsomely and are in fine spirits. The assault was in column, a division strong, and would have carried the works if they had not been too well defended. The enemy's loss was at least one thousand."

For a time the Tenth corps, having returned to the Petersburg front, remained in the trenches, where little of daring was re-

quired. While here General Birney was authorized to raise two new regiments, which were recruited with unusual celerity. Indeed, the people of Philadelphia had observed the gallantry of Birney with pride and satisfaction. In recognition of his eminent services the Select and Common Councils passed highly eulogistic resolutions, and tendered him the use of Independence Hall for a reception of his friends and the public. But this flattering mark of favor he was unable to accept.

A plan of operations for the Army of the James was concerted on the 20th of September by Generals Grant and Butler, and on the 28th the movement commenced. Its object was to surprise the rebel forces on the north bank of the James, and passing them, gain the city of Richmond. To Birney was assigned the task of carrying the New Market road. The Eighteenth corps and the cavalry of Kautz moved in conjunction. The enemy were strongly posted and well intrenched on the New Market Heights. The gallant men of the Tenth corps dashed forward, and though many were swept down before the enemy's fire, they faltered not till the works were gained and the foe was fleeing in confusion towards Richmond. So important was the capturing of this position that Butler and Grant accompanied Birney in the advance, both expressing the greatest satisfaction with the result. Not content with this victory, Birney pushed his columns forward in pursuit, Grant riding by his side, gaining the position at the intersection of the New Market and Mill roads; a portion of the corps reaching a point within six miles, and Kautz's division of cavalry within three miles of the rebel capital. At this point General Grant telegraphed to General Halleck: "General Ord's corps advanced this morning and carried the very strong fortifications and long line of intrenchments below Chapin's Farm, some fifteen pieces of artillery and from two to three hundred prisoners. General Ord was wounded, though not dangerously. General Birney advanced at the same time from Deep Bottom, and carried the New Market road and intrenchments, scattering the enemy in every direction, though he captured but few. He is now marching towards Richmond. I left General Birney where the Mill road intersects the New Market and Richmond roads. This whole country is filled with fortifications thus far."

The success of this movement was a marvel in military operations. Says an eye-witness: "Birney was at each of the lines laid out for him to attack at the very moment directed in the plans of the general movement. No opposition offered by the enemy, no fatigue suffered by his men, no difficulties in the way, of any nature, however formidable, were permitted to check his progress; but at the hour set he was at the junction of the two roads, the point beyond which his movements were contingent upon circumstances, and subject to direction of his superior officers."

The brilliant operations of the Army of the James caused infinite chagrin to the enemy, and to regain the lost ground was his absorbing study. General Lee came from before Petersburg to plan and direct the operations in person, bringing with him the veteran division of Hoke. On the afternoon of the 30th, having perfected his plans, he gave the signal for the assault, and with characteristic yells and enthusiasm, excited by the presence of the General-in-chief of their army, these daring troops rushed forward to their bloody work. The soldiers of Birney were ready to receive them, and with a steadiness and determination unexcelled on any field, they poured into the bosoms of the foe a leaden storm. The shock was too terrible to withstand, and after struggling ineffectually to reach the Union line, the column broke and fell back in confusion. Nothing daunted, their leaders reformed them, and with fresh troops drawn out in three compact lines, they again advanced with renewed spirit; but it was all in vain. Their reception was, if possible, even warmer than at first, and again were they driven in rout and confusion. A third time, goaded to desperation, did they advance over that field of blood, but with no better success. The repulse was complete. Over two hundred prisoners and several battle-flags were lost by the enemy in his last charge.

Birney followed up his advantage on the morning of the 1st of October, sending forward strong reconnoitring columns which drove the enemy's skirmishers in upon the main line of fortifications. The following day was spent in strengthening the new position. For nearly a week the enemy remained comparatively quiet on General Birney's front, but the disgrace put

upon some of his best troops by the Army of the James was with impatience borne. An opportunity to wipe out the stain was studiously sought. Early dawn of the 7th was selected, and General Lee again came in person upon the ground with the divisions of Hoke and Fields, each four brigades strong, well supported by cavalry and artillery.

On the previous day General Birney had been attacked by a malarious fever, and had placed himself under the care of the medical director of his division. He had passed a restless night, and the fever was unabated. The cavalry of Kautz was on Birney's front, and when the strong columns of the enemy advanced, in the first gray of the morning, Kautz was little able to stem the torrent, his force being almost instantly stampeded. The artillery with a single regiment of mounted men alone remained firm. The guns were served with rapidity, and did fearful execution. But it was impossible for them to stay that wave of resistless valor advancing upon them, or to save the guns, and, when the enemy was just upon them, the gunners mounted their horses and dashed away to the rear. This left nothing on the Tenth corps front, and the grand stampede of the cavalry and the loss of all their guns had anything but an inspiriting effect. The danger was imminent. The rebel leader had determined to turn the flank of the Union position and compel a retirement to Deep Bottom. The noise of battle had no sooner reached the ear of Birney than he rose from his bed, where through the long weary hours of the night he had tossed in the paroxysms of fever, and, in spite of the remonstrances of his medical adviser, mounting his horse, was quickly in the midst of his tried veterans marshalling them for the desperate encounter. The dispositions were none too soon made; for scarcely had the artillery wheeled into position, and the infantry grasped their muskets, than the serried ranks of the foe were upon them. And during all that terrible day of battle, where the bravest met the bravest, in whatever place the trial was sorest and the need most pressing, there the iron will of Birney was felt.

Four batteries, of six guns each, had been posted in a commanding position, covering the open ground over which the

enemy must pass, and were concealed from view. As the wild yell of the advancing foe rent the air, these were opened. Soon the infantry joined, and on every side the work of carnage was pressed. Every attempt of the foe to break Birney's lines was foiled, and the crest-fallen rebels again retired from before him. At nightfall the victory was complete. But the hero had fought his last fight, had won his last battle. In the afternoon his fever returned with renewed violence, and he was obliged to dismount and take to his ambulance. At night he returned to his head-quarters with the proud satisfaction of having gained the day; but disease had taken fast hold of him. Three days after, he turned over the command of his corps to his next in rank, and, at the earnest entreaty of General Butler, consented to be taken to his home in Philadelphia. The boat Greyhound was sent to bear him to Baltimore, and thence he was carried by a special train to his destination. It was the day of the State election for Governor. Before going to his home he insisted on being taken to the polls to deposit his vote. He was weak and had to be assisted from his carriage. But even here the soldier, fresh from the gory fields of his country's defence, met a rebuff. His right to vote was challenged, which involved delay. But, as in battle, that stern resolve never varied, and not till his vote had been recorded did he turn away. It was a characteristic act, and no better can be cited to exemplify the true character of David B. Birney. On reaching his home medical aid was summoned, and after several days he was thought to be better, and he was led to believe, as he had constantly flattered himself since leaving the front, that he could shortly return. But it finally became evident that his end was approaching, and that the noise of battle would never reach him more. In his delirium he imagined himself on the point of departure, and calling to his faithful body-servant, he said: "John, have my valise packed and my horse ready, for I am going back to-morrow." At other times he imagined himself already there and in the act of preparing for battle. "Boys," he exclaimed, "the road through the woods will soon be completed. We must move on it cautiously and make an attack on the flank." Believing the vision real, when all was ready, he sprang up, saying: "Tell my staff to get

ready, I am going now." And as if already in the fray and catching glimpses of the advancing foe, as a last monition before meeting the terrible shock, he said: "Keep your eyes on that flag, boys;" and these were the last military words that passed his lips. The tongue soon after ceased to obey the dictation of the spirit, and a soul as true and brave as ever filled the bosom of a patriot passed to the presence of its Maker.

He died on the 18th of October, and his remains, after lying in state, were committed to his last resting-place in Woodland Cemetery, on the banks of the Schuylkill, amid every demonstration of respect and love which devoted friends and a sorrowing city could bestow. His death created a profound sensation in the army, where he had come to be regarded as among the ablest of its leaders. The Commander of the Army of the James issued the following order: "Soldiers of the Army of the James, with deep grief from the heart, the sad word must be pronounced, Major-General Birney is dead. But yesterday he was with us—leading you to victory. If the choice of the manner of death had been his, it would have been to have died on the field of battle as your cheers rang in his ears. . . . Surrounded by all that makes life desirable—a happy home, endeared family relations—leaving affluence and ease, as a volunteer at the call of his country, he came into the service in April, 1861. Almost every battle-field whereon the Army of the Potomac has fought has witnessed his valor. . . . The respect and love of the soldiers of his own corps have been shown by the manner they followed him. The PATRIOT—The HERO—The SOLDIER. By no death has the country sustained a greater loss. Although not bred to arms, he has shown every soldierly quality, and illustrated that profession of his love and choice. . . . Amid the din of arms, and upon the eve of battle, it is fit that we, his comrades, should pause a moment to draw from the example of his life the lesson it teaches. To him the word duty, with all its obligations and incentives, was the spur to action. He had no enemies, save the enemies of his country—a friend, a brother to us all, it remains to us to see to it, by treading the path of duty as he has done, that the great object for which he has struggled with us and laid down his life shall not fail, and his life be profitless."

CHARLES FERGUSON SMITH, Major-General of volunteers, was born in Pennsylvania, in 1805. He was educated at West Point, where he graduated in 1825, and was made Second Lieutenant of Artillery. Four years later, he was appointed Assistant Instructor of Infantry Tactics, at the Military Academy. In 1831, he was made Adjutant, and, in the following year, First Lieutenant. He was given the place of Instructor of Infantry Tactics in 1838, and promoted to Captain. At Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Contreras, and Cherubusco, he behaved with marked gallantry and was breveted Major and Lieutenant-Colonel, fairly winning by this service the title of a veteran soldier. He was shortly after appointed acting Inspector-General in Mexico. In 1854, he attained the full rank of Major, and, in the following year, of Lieutenant-Colonel.

When the war of Rebellion opened, he was sought to lead the new troops, and was made Brigadier-General of volunteers, being assigned to command at Paducah, Kentucky. At a moment of despondency on both sides in the battle of Fort Donelson, when the Union arms had been roughly handled and driven back from some of the ground originally taken, and each was ready to assume the defensive, General Grant says that "he saw that either side was ready to give way if the other showed a bold front, and he determined to do that very thing." Accordingly, Wallace was ordered to attack on the rebel left and retake the lost ground at that point, while Smith was directed to assault opposite the right. And now was seen what a resolute man in the moment of peril can effect. When artillery and infantry were sweeping down with terrific fire the Union advancing column, and the raw troops were ready to fly, Smith appeared at their head with sword in hand, and shouted, "Forward!" That word was enough. Where before was despondency and terror was now but one thought—that of following where he should lead; and the triumph was achieved. While the army was advancing south, after the victory at Donelson, General Grant fell under the displeasure of General Halleck, who was in chief command, and he was suspended for the space of ten days, during which time General Smith was intrusted with the entire management of the army. Halleck complained to the authorities at Washington

that Grant had left his command and gone to Nashville to confer with Buel without orders, and that he had failed to report his numbers and exact positions—all of which charges appear to have been unfounded—and he adds: "C. Smith is almost the only officer equal to the emergency." It was while General Smith was in command that the movement of the army was made which carried it upon the battle-ground of Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing. General Grant was loudly blamed after the battle for taking position here, with a hostile army in his front and a wide deep river at his back. But the responsibility for that movement, and the selection of that ground, was entirely with General Smith. "It was chosen," says General Sherman, "by that veteran soldier, Major-General Charles F. Smith. . . . General Smith ordered me in person also to disembark at Pittsburg Landing, and take post well out, so as to make plenty of room, with Snake and Lick Creeks the flanks of a camp for the grand army of invasion. It was General Smith who selected that field of battle, and it was well chosen. On any other, we surely would have been overwhelmed, as both Lick and Snake Creeks forced the enemy to confine his movement to a direct attack, which new troops are better qualified to resist than where the flanks are exposed to a real or chimerical danger." Halleck, however, became reconciled to Grant before the battle came on, and the latter again resumed command. Unfortunately for the country, General Smith was soon after prostrated by sickness, and when the battle was fought he was too ill to lead his division. In debarking from a transport a few weeks before, he fell and received injuries which disabled him. So serious were they, that a fever followed, which, together with a chronic dysentery contracted while in service in Mexico, resulted fatally on the 25th of April, 1862. At the period of his death he was regarded as one of the ablest of the Union Generals, and his loss at the very opening of the great events of the war was deeply felt.

ROBERT MORRIS, JR., Major of the Sixth Cavalry, a son of Robert Morris, M. D., of Philadelphia, and a great-grandson of Robert Morris, one of the Revolutionary patriots, and their ablest financier, was at the time of his death in the twenty-

seventh year of his age. He was educated in the University of Pennsylvania, and at the outbreak of the war was a member of the City Troop, in which he served through the three months' campaign under Patterson. At the expiration of this term he assisted in recruiting the Sixth Cavalry, of which he was made Major. He distinguished himself upon the Peninsula in the summer of 1862, and at the battle of Malvern Hill was wounded in the bridle hand, but refused to leave his place in the line. He had command of the regiment in Stoneman's celebrated raid, which he continued to hold to the day of his death. Up to the time of his assuming authority this regiment had carried the lance. In a country such as that wherein the armies were operating, this weapon was comparatively useless. Major Morris discarded it and substituted the carbine. In the great cavalry action at Beverly Ford, on the 9th of June, 1863, he had the long-coveted opportunity to show the prowess of his men; and when the command came to him from General Buford, "to clear the woods in his front," he led out his force as only one can who has confidence in himself and in those who follow him. The steeds were soon put to a charging pace, and when arrived almost in reach of the enemy's line of battle they were saluted by grape and canister from a battery to their left, which was served with deadly effect. Then followed a hand-to-hand struggle in which the Sixth would have been completely overpowered, had not relief been sent. It was in this combat that the horse of Major Morris fell wounded upon his side, carrying down the rider, and before he could extricate himself he was taken captive and borne away to Libby Prison, where the harsh treatment accorded to its inmates soon broke his constitution, and rendered him peculiarly susceptible to the disease of which he died, on the 12th of August, after a short illness. His remains were interred at Oakwood Cemetery, being followed to the grave by Chaplain McCabe, United States Army, and Lieutenants Lennig, Colladay, and Herkness of the Sixth Cavalry, his fellow-prisoners. "Major Morris," says Colonel Starr, "was a cool, brave, able and ever-ready leader. Men and officers were always glad when he rode at the head of the column. He was a strict disciplinarian, but he never favored himself; a man of high tone and principle, a

reliable friend and a model soldier. Had fortune favored, he would have made a reputation which would have gone far beyond the limits of his own regiment."

CHARLES RIVERS ELLET, Colonel of volunteers, was born in Philadelphia in 1843. He was the son of Colonel Charles Ellet, Jr., an eminent civil engineer, elsewhere noticed. The son received a thorough education, which was subsequently enriched by foreign travel and a residence in Paris. He studied medicine on his return to this country, and at the outbreak of the Rebellion was appointed Assistant Surgeon. But preferring to follow the fortunes of his father, when the latter went West to construct rams upon the Mississippi, he accompanied him. After the destruction of the rebel fleet in the action off Memphis, he was sent to demand the surrender of the city, which was reluctantly accorded, and the stars and stripes were unfurled over the Post-Office, in the midst of an angry and threatening crowd of the populace. By order of his uncle, General A. W. Ellet, who had succeeded his brother in chief command, he, with a few daring spirits, was sent to communicate with Admiral Farragut, who was lying with his fleet below Vicksburg. The party were obliged to wade through almost impenetrable swamps, and often lie flat for hours in mud and water to elude the vigilance of the enemy, at every turn suffering great privation. They finally reached the flag-ship "Hartford," and, signaling, were taken on board more dead than alive. They were received with kindness by the good Commodore, recruited and sent back with despatches, thus opening communications with the fleet below and the Union forces above for the first time.

Upon the organization of the Marine brigade, for service upon the waters of the Mississippi, he was commissioned Colonel therein, and given command of the "Queen of the West." He succeeded in running successfully the rebel batteries at Vicksburg, Port Hudson, and other points upon the river, and made a reputation for enterprise and daring. In February, 1863, he moved up the Red river, capturing rebel craft as he went, till he reached a point opposite a rebel fort, where his vessel was run aground by a treacherous pilot, and the boat was soon disabled,

falling into the enemy's hands. Ellet made his escape by means of a bale of cotton, and was picked up by another of his vessels. At the siege of Vicksburg he rendered signal service to General Grant in opening and maintaining untrammelled his communications. While engaged in this service, from over-exertion and the miasms of the swamps, he contracted a disease from which he soon after died suddenly, at the age of twenty. He was a man of great activity, fertile in resource, and died greatly lamented.

HENRY C. WHELAN, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Sixth cavalry, served as First Lieutenant in Company F, Seventeenth regiment of the three months' service, and upon the organization of the Sixth cavalry was commissioned Captain of Company C. During the first two years he was almost constantly at the post of duty, and executed every trust with ability and fidelity. In February, 1863, he was commissioned Major, and during the arduous duties of the campaign which followed, his constitution, which was never strong, received such a shock that he was obliged to leave the field, soon after the close of the Mine Run campaign, and never returned, having died of pulmonary disease in Philadelphia on the 2d of March, 1864. "Major Whelan," says Mr. Gracey, author of "Annals of the Sixth," "was distinguished in the regiment for soldierly qualities, his manly presence, and courteous manners. He was a strict disciplinarian in camp, and a brave and judicious leader in the field; a man in whom the war developed great thoughtfulness of character and earnestness of purpose. He had before been obliged to take leave of absence on account of ill health, and had returned to duty against the advice of his physician and friends. His death was sincerely and deeply felt throughout the regiment, where he had won the respect and esteem of all, and to which he left a conspicuous example of self-sacrifice and devotion to duty."

THOMAS A. ZEIGLE, first Colonel of the One Hundred and Seventh regiment, was born at York, Pennsylvania, on the 28th of September, 1824. He was educated at Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg. For the Mexican War, which broke out about the time of his leaving this institution, he volunteered as a

private in Company C, of the First Pennsylvania regiment. This noble body of men participated in the siege of Vera Cruz, fought at Cerro Gordo, Passa La Hoya, and Huamantila, and was at the siege of Puebla and Alisco. It was left at Puebla and at Perote—four companies at the latter place under Colonel Wynkoop, and six at the former under Lieutenant-Colonel Black—to preserve the communications, and hold these important points, while General Scott, with the rest of his army, advanced upon the city of Mexico. Zeigle gained promotions by his soldierly conduct in these campaigns, and at the conclusion of the war, in 1848, came home as Captain of his company.

On returning to private life he prosecuted the study of the law, but his tastes were martial, and he gave much attention to military matters. He organized an amateur company of volunteer militia, known as the Worth Infantry, which attained great proficiency and a wide reputation for accuracy of drill, both as light infantry and Zouaves. With this company, and the York Rifles, he moved toward Baltimore at the time of the destruction of the railroads and bridges near that city, in April, 1861. An end having come to this destruction, he returned and encamped at York. He was soon after appointed Colonel of the Sixteenth regiment for three months' service, of which his own favorite company formed part. He served, during this campaign, in Patterson's column, in the Shenandoah Valley. Upon his return, at the expiration of his term, he was authorized by the Secretary of War to recruit a regiment for three years. The full complement of men was not obtained until March, 1862, when he was commissioned Colonel, the organization being designated the One Hundred and Seventh regiment. He was ordered to Washington, soon after, with his command, which was assigned to the brigade of General Duryea. Colonel Zeigle served with intelligence and credit in the corps of General McDowell until July 15th, 1862, when he died, after a short illness, from congestion of the brain, in the field, near Warrenton, Virginia. His remains received funeral honors appropriate to his rank, and after being embalmed were returned to his former residence at York, where they were consigned to their last resting-place with imposing civic and military ceremonies.

JOSEPH HEMPHILL WILSON was born on the 16th of May, 1820, in Franklin township, Beaver county, Pennsylvania. He was a son of Thomas, and Agnes (Hemphill) Wilson, natives of the United States, but of Irish descent. He was educated at Jefferson College, at Canonsburg. Until the age of twenty-two he was a farmer. He subsequently studied law, and became one of the most trusted of his profession at the Beaver county bar. He early formed studious habits, which were preserved during life. One who knew him well says of him: "He was social and pleasant in his manners, kind-hearted, attentive to the sick and those in distress, easily approached and generous, temperate, virtuous, religious, and eminently exemplary in private life. He was not a profound thinker, but a popular man. As a lawyer his honesty was ever recognized."

In 1853 he was elected to the office of District Attorney for Beaver county, which he held for a period of three years, discharging its duties with marked integrity. In 1858 he was elected a member of the lower house of the State Legislature, and was returned for the two succeeding terms. In September, 1861, he was commissioned Colonel of the One Hundred and First regiment, which he had been largely instrumental in recruiting. He was active in the siege of Yorktown; and in the battle of Williamsburg, though not long under fire, displayed great coolness and courage. Three days after the battle, he was attacked with typhoid fever, the result of hardship and exposure, and died at the house of a farmer near Roper's Church, on the 30th of May, the day before his regiment fought so determinedly at Fair Oaks. A fellow-officer says of him: "No man could have been more respected by his regiment. Every one in it loved him. He was too kind-hearted to be a strict disciplinarian; but such was the respect felt for him that he had no difficulty in securing the most implicit obedience to all his orders. On the march, he was often known to walk for miles that a sick man might ride, and when short of provisions he would share his last ration with the men. While he lived no comfort was wanting in his command that it was possible for him to obtain, and he seemed to hold his regiment in the same regard that he would have done his family." The loss of Colonel Wilson just at the opening of

an honorable career was deeply felt in the community where he dwelt, and nowhere more than among his companions in arms. In person he was five feet ten inches in height and well formed. He was never married.

THOMAS WELSH, Colonel of the Forty-fifth regiment and Brigadier-General, was born at Columbia, Pennsylvania, on the 5th of May, 1824. He was the son of Charles and Ann (Dougherty) Welsh. After receiving a common-school education, he engaged in the lumber trade with Mr. John Cooper. At the breaking out of the Mexican War, he volunteered as a private in the Second Kentucky regiment. In the fierce fighting at Buena Vista, he received a severe wound in the leg, by which he was disabled and from which he never fully recovered, undergoing much suffering at times from its effect during his whole life. He was for a time in hospital on the field, but subsequently returned home. As soon as he was sufficiently improved he went again to his regiment, and, for gallant conduct and bravery on the battle-field, was commissioned Lieutenant, in which capacity he served to the close of the war.

The echoes from Sumter, in 1861, had scarcely died away, when, with that determination and zeal which ever characterized him, he marched with a company of volunteers to Harrisburg, being among the first to arrive. He was soon after sent in the direction of Baltimore, on the line of the Northern Central Road. By his opportune arrival he was instrumental in saving several important bridges on that great thoroughfare. He was subsequently ordered back to York, where his company was incorporated in the Second three months' regiment, of which he was unanimously elected Lieutenant-Colonel. He served in the army of Patterson in the Shenandoah Valley. On being mustered out, he at once set about recruiting a regiment for the war, which was speedily accomplished, of which he was commissioned Colonel, known as the Forty-fifth of the line. Recognizing his ability as a soldier and the great advantage to be derived from his services in organizing the volunteers, not one in a thousand of whom was acquainted with military duty, he was made commandant of Camp Curtin.

At the opening of the spring campaign of 1862, he was sent with his regiment to the Department of the South, and, in the battle of James Island, he had command of a brigade. Shortly afterwards he was ordered to report to General Burnside and was sent to Newport News. From this place he proceeded to Acquia Creek with the troops destined for the reinforcement of General Pope, where, for some time, he was commandant of the post. With Burnside's corps he moved into Maryland, and, at South Mountain and Antietam, performed important service. In the battle of Fredericksburg, on the 13th of December, 1862, he was upon the right centre, opposite the fatal stone-wall and Marye's Heights, when his command was subjected to a terrific fire. So brave and heroic was his conduct on that field that his superior officers, Generals Burnside, Parke, and Wilcox, earnestly sought his promotion to Brigadier-General. This was accorded him, and he afterwards commanded the First brigade, and at times the First division of the Ninth corps. Soon after the battle of Fredericksburg this corps was ordered West, and, after performing duty for a time in Kentucky, was sent to the aid of General Grant before Vicksburg. After the fall of that place he marched with Sherman to Jackson against the army of General Johnston. In this campaign, General Welsh, in common with many other officers of the Northern army, contracted disease that proved fatal. After the repulse of Johnston the Ninth corps returned North. In the march to Jackson and return, which proved very exhausting, General Welsh was much exposed to the malarious influences of the climate, and, while upon the voyage up the Mississippi, he was prostrated with congestive fever. The journey from Vicksburg to Cairo and thence by rail to Cincinnati consumed eight days—days of anguish and suffering, when thoughts of home and family came often thronging to his mind. Arrived at the latter city, he was taken to the house of Charles O. Lockard, a friend and former townsman; but he only survived seven hours, his final dissolution coming unexpectedly to all.

A notice of his death in the Columbia *Spy* closes with the following tribute to his memory: "Brave as a soldier, popular as a man, genial as a friend, affectionate as a husband, indulgent and

kind as a father, he passed away from amongst us, and the sun of his usefulness has set,

> "'As sets the Morning Star, which goes
> Not down behind the darkened West, nor hides
> Obscured amid the tempests of the sky,
> But melts away into the light of heaven.'"

JOSHUA B. HOWELL, Colonel of the Eighty-fifth regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was a native of Somerset county, Pennsylvania. He was commissioned Colonel of this regiment on the 12th of November, 1861, and moved to the Peninsula with McClellan's army. As a part of Keim's brigade of Keyes' corps, his regiment had the advance in the operations which drove the enemy in upon their capital. At Fair Oaks a great disaster befell it, the enemy coming upon it in overwhelming force, and thrusting it back, entailing severe loss. After the evacuation of the Peninsula, Wessell's brigade, embracing the Eighty-fifth, was sent to North Carolina, where, in connection with the corps of General Foster, it made a short campaign into the interior. On its return it was transferred to the Department of the South, where, upon his arrival, Colonel Howell was put in command of a brigade, and continued in that capacity the greater portion of the time during the remainder of his service. He was employed in the operations for the reduction of Charleston, and during the siege for the possession of Fort Wagner, which was conducted under General Gilmore, was subjected to great hardship and responsibility. It was here, on the 30th of August, that Lieutenant-Colonel Purviance was killed.

In April, 1864, Colonel Howell with his command was ordered to Virginia, and on the 20th of May he led his brigade in a daring charge on the enemy's works, driving them out and taking the fortifications at the point of the bayonet. He participated in the vigorous operations of the Tenth corps on the north side of the James, leading his brigade until the early part of September, when he was assigned to the command of a division of colored troops. On the 12th of this month he received fatal injuries by the fall of his horse, and died two days thereafter.

Colonel Howell was a devoted officer, and was sincerely esteemed by his troops. When his regiment was shut up on one of the sea-

islands around Charleston harbor soon after their arrival, and the men were unable to procure tobacco, an article which many of them had never been without, he sent away and purchased it by the keg and distributed it freely to them. His soldierly and heroic bearing was proverbial. Prisoners who were taken said that in the rebel army the conspicuous figure of that "old, daring, white-headed officer" was well known, and that their commanders had frequently ordered them to single him out with their rifles, but that they had failed to reach him. Only three times during his over three years of service was he absent from his command—one of these an occasion of rising from a sickness of typhoid fever, and another only extending to Philadelphia on business. In battle he was cool and courageous, never saying, "Go, boys," but, "Follow me." General Terry said of him, "He was both a soldier and a gentleman; his death is a loss both to the army and the country."

John Butler Conyngham, Colonel of the Fifty-second regiment, was born at Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, on the 29th of September, 1827. His father, John N. Conyngham, a native of Philadelphia, was President Judge of the Eleventh Judicial District of the State. His mother, Ruth Ann Butler, was a granddaughter of Captain Zebulon Butler, a Revolutionary officer who commanded the patriots in the battle of Wyoming, on the 3d of July, 1779. He was educated at the Wilkesbarre Academy, at St. Paul's College, Long Island, and finally at Yale College, New Haven, where he graduated. He was admitted to the bar of Luzerne county at the August term, 1849, and afterwards practised at St. Louis, Missouri, for a period of five years. Returning to Wilkesbarre, he resumed business there, which he followed successfully until the opening of the war. He had been connected with the militia, as a member of the Wyoming Light Dragoons, and when the Eighth regiment of the three months' service was formed he entered it as Lieutenant. He assisted in recruiting the Fifty-second, a veteran regiment, of which he was commissioned Major. In January, 1864, he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, and, in March, 1865, to Colonel. He went with his command to the Peninsula, and in the battle

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of Fair Oaks won the warm commendation of General Naglee, for his courage and skill displayed in a pressing emergency.

Early in the year 1863, the Fifty-second was sent to the Department of the South, and here he was engaged in all the operations undertaken for the reduction of Fort Wagner. The siege was especially severe, and the labor in making regular approaches, under a sun in a southern clime, was very wearing. Its fall was a subject of great rejoicing. In June, 1864, a scheme was formed for the reduction of Charleston, which involved the capture of Fort Johnson. The advance was to be made in three columns embarked in boats. One o'clock, on the morning of the 3d of July, was fixed for the embarkation. It was low-tide at that hour, and the party which the Fifty-second headed had difficulty in crossing the bar which lay in the way; but that was passed, and when nearing the shore they were discovered, and the alarm was given. Without quailing before the fire that was opened upon them, they landed, captured a two-gun battery, driving out the foe, and, charging the main work two hundred yards on, crossed the side of the fort and had gained the coveted position, when it was found that the supporting columns had failed to follow. No alternative but surrender remained, and the entire party fell into the enemy's hands. The advance upon the main work was made in the face of a terrible fire, in which Colonel Conyngham received a buckshot wound in the cheek. "The boats," says General Foster, in orders, "commanded by Colonel Hoyt, Lieutenant-Colonel Conyngham, Captain Camp, and Lieutenants Stevens and Evans, all of the Fifty-second, rowed rapidly to the shore, and these officers, with Adjutant Bunyan (afterwards killed), and one hundred and thirty-five men, landed and drove the enemy; but, deserted by their supports, were obliged to surrender to superior numbers. . . . They deserve great credit for their energy in urging their boats forward, and bringing them through the narrow channel, and the feeling which led them to land at the head of their men was the prompting of a gallant spirit, which deserves to find more imitators." Colonel Conyngham, with the officers of the party, was confined at Macon, and was afterwards placed under the fire of the Union guns in the city of Charleston. He was mus-

tered out of service with his regiment on the 12th of July, 1865, and was appointed Captain in the Thirty-eighth infantry of the regular army. He died in May, 1871, of disease contracted in the service while stationed in Texas.

DAVID MORRIS, JR., Major of the Forty-eighth regiment, was born at Bridgewater, Beaver county, Pennsylvania, on the 7th of September, 1831. He was the son of David and Rachel (Berry) Morris. He was educated at Jefferson College, where he graduated in 1850, and received his professional training in the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania. For a period of four years he practised his profession at Beaver, at the end of which time he removed to Pittsburg, and opened a drug store. He was on the point of entering into partnership in his profession with an eminent physician of that city, when his contemplated associate was removed by death, and he returned in 1860 to Beaver. He entered the service of the United States on the 23d of September, 1861, as Surgeon of volunteers, with the rank of Major, and was assigned to duty with the Forty-eighth regiment. Before departing he was married to Miss Sarah Howell Agnew, second daughter of Chief Justice Agnew. His regiment was first sent to Hatteras Inlet, North Carolina. In February, 1862, Major Morris was detailed to duty with the Ninth New Jersey regiment, the Surgeon of which had perished in the surf while attempting to reach the shore. He was landed on Roanoke Island on the 7th, and remained all night upon a swampy beach. On the morning of the 8th the battle of Roanoke Island opened, and the wounded soon came streaming to the rear. It was his first field-service. For several days and nights he continued on active duty without intermission, having, at one time, in charge a hospital containing sixty rebel wounded in addition to his own. He was wholly prostrated by his labors, and his exhaustion was followed by an attack of what was then thought to be bilious colic; but is since believed to have been intestinal intussusception. On the evening of the 13th he grew easy, and it was supposed that the severity of the attack had passed; but on that night he began to sink, and died on the morning of the 14th. Brigade-Surgeon William Henry Church

says in his report: "Words cannot express to you my distress at the loss of Dr. Morris. During the action of February 8th, he had charge of the hospital at Ashby's House. He worked there unceasingly day and night until yesterday. I never gave him an order, for the reason that he promptly performed any duty asked. Even our short acquaintance had inspired me with the greatest respect and admiration for his character, and in his death you and the army have every reason to deplore his loss. I saw him yesterday, and he agreed with me in the conviction that his illness would be slight, and I then left him, my mind impressed with the fear that I had overtasked a too willing professional brother. If there is any mark of respect that can be bestowed upon a deserving officer, I most urgently request that it may be extended to my deceased friend, as every regiment owes him a debt of gratitude." In general orders it was declared, "He lost his life by disease brought on by his untiring devotion to the wounded during and after the action of the 8th. To the forgetfulness of self which kept him at the hospital, regardless of rest or sleep, the department owes a debt of gratitude." He was characterized as "one whose patriotism and conscientious sense of duty led him to sacrifice himself for his country, a man of high order of intellect, and of a cultivated mind, an exemplary Christian, a physician of excellent standing, and a gentleman in all his deportment." He was beloved by his own regiment, and his character was impressed upon those among whom he died, though strangers, and was beautifully and simply expressed in the inscription upon the little wooden slab that marked his temporary grave at Roanoke Island:

"Gentleman—Patriot—Scholar. *Requiescat in pace.*"

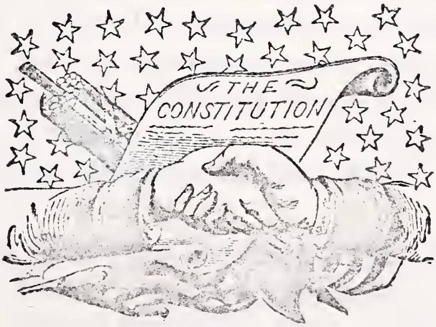
PROSPER DALIEN, brevet Major of the Two Hundred and Eighth regiment, was born at Nancy, France. He was educated at Nancy, and at the military school at St. Cyr. Upon his graduation he became an officer in the French army and served through the Italian War of 1859, as Lieutenant of cavalry, and was brevetted Captain, and presented with two medals for gallant conduct at Solferino, by Napoleon III. He was given authority to recruit a company for the Two Hundred and Eighth regiment,

in the summer of 1864, and, on the 9th of September, he was commissioned Captain of Company C. He was an efficient officer, and soon made his influence felt in the regiment both by his example and his counsel. His friends, knowing of his superior training, sought to have him transferred and placed in a higher command. When General Hartranft, who was over the division to which he belonged, became aware of his skill and experience, he detailed him for duty upon his staff as engineer. This was a position more to his taste. It was while serving in this capacity that the most notable exploit of his life was performed, and in which he received his mortal wound. He chanced to be staff officer of the day when Fort Steadman—a work on the main Union line before Petersburg—was attacked and captured on the morning of March 25th, 1865. At half-past four in the morning, divining by the sound that an attack was being made, he leaped upon his horse, and rode to the scene of the struggle. At five minutes past five he had reported the disaster to General Hartranft, whose head-quarters were more than a mile away, and, receiving the instructions of that officer, immediately led the nearest regiment—which happened to be his own—to the breach, putting it in upon the left, while General Hartranft moved in person upon the front and right. Seeing the regiment upon the front hard pressed and falling back, in the midst of a furious storm of deadly missiles he attempted to reach it; but before he was far on his way his horse was killed by a shell, and he hurried forward on foot. In less than five minutes he was struck by a Minié ball and mortally wounded in the left lung. He was taken to the hospital at City Point, and subsequently to Washington, where hopes were entertained of his recovery, having received in both places the tender ministrations of Mrs. Theodore Fenn, of Harrisburg. But on the night of the 2d of June a severe hemorrhage set in, which terminated his life in a few hours. His body was embalmed, and buried in Kalma Cemetery at Harrisburg.

The brevet rank of Major was conferred upon him as a reward for his meritorious conduct on that fatal morning. In forwarding his commission to his father in France, General Hartranft, after narrating the circumstances of the engagement, said: "He thus

fell in the full discharge of his duties as a brave and gallant officer. Much of my success depended upon his prompt report that Fort Steadman was captured by the enemy. It enabled me to place the few troops then convenient in such position as to prevent the enemy from making any further advance, and without further advance he had gained no advantage. When the balance of my troops came up, the foe was driven out with heavy loss, leaving his dead and wounded on the field, with two thousand prisoners and eleven battle-flags in our hands." In his relations to his men Captain Dalien was kind and considerate, and had their respect and love in a remarkable degree. Whilst a staff officer he was careful to save those of slender constitutions from unnecessary exposure, always detailing men of robust health for duty in severe weather.

While he was at City Point, President Lincoln visited all the hospitals there, and as he came to the cot of Captain Dalien he took him by the hand and asked his name and rank. When he had learned who the wounded soldier was, the good President seated himself upon a cracker box that had been ingeniously converted into a camp chair, and entered into familiar conversation with him. He complimented the Captain for his services at Steadman, and said that he had heard all about him at headquarters, and that the War Department was about making out his brevet. He promised him a place, in the regular army if he recovered, and addressed him when he left as America's Second Lafayette.



CHAPTER VI.

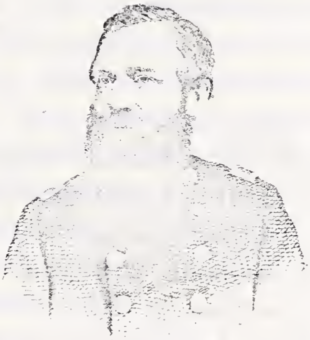
GEORGE GORDON MEADE, Major-General in the Regular Army. Of all those who are now noted for their prowess in the late war few will in a future generation be remembered or named, and fewer still will achieve thereby immortality. Gouverneur Carr, in an article which he contributed to the United States *Service Magazine*, after remarking upon the tendency to oblivion in all martial exploits, frames a paragraph which he imagines some Rollin of a few centuries hence will devote to the great struggle which now holds so large a place in the public eye, and in its narration fills so many volumes. It reads thus:

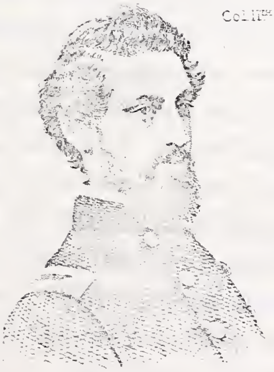
"Buchanan was succeeded by Lincoln, a wise and patriotic ruler. During his presidency the Southern States revolted. After several indecisive actions, Lee, the insurgent leader, was defeated at Gettysburg by Meade, who commanded the principal force of the republic; the Southern territory was overrun by numerous armies; its ports were effectively blockaded; the slaves were declared free, and many of them enlisted in the National armies; and finally, Richmond, the capital of the revolted States, was captured by Grant, the Commander-in-chief of the United States Armies; and the insurgents were compelled to lay down their arms. Lincoln was re-elected President, but was soon after assassinated by an obscure actor." Of the five names here represented as surviving the wreck of time that of General Meade is one.

George Gordon Meade was born on the 31st of December, 1815, at Cadiz, Spain, during a temporary residence of his parents in that country. He was descended from a family long resident in Philadelphia, of Irish origin, one member of which, at least,

W. W. H. DAVIS,
Col 104th Reg Bv Brig. Gen

HENRY M. HOYT,
Col 52d Regt Bv Brig Gen.


RICHARD COULTER,
Col 11th Reg. Bv. Brig. & Maj. Gen.


GUSTAVUS W. TOWN,
Col 95th Reg.

ALFRED B. McCALMONT
Col 208th Reg. Bv. Brig. Gen.

enthusiastically supported the patriot army in the Revolution. His father, Richard W. Meade, being engaged in mercantile pursuits in Spain, was intrusted by the United States with the adjustment of certain claims which the government had against that country, and became naval agent at the port of Cadiz. Through his efforts negotiations were entered upon which finally resulted in the cession of the territory of Florida to the United States.

The parents returned to this country while the son was yet an infant, and he was early put to a boys' school in the city of Washington, taught by the late Chief Justice Chase. He was afterwards a student at Mount Airy, a Military Academy near Philadelphia, and in 1831 entered the United States Military Academy at West Point, whence, in due course, he graduated with honor. In 1835 he entered the army as brevet Second Lieutenant in the Third artillery, and in it served in the Seminole War in Florida. He was promoted to a full Lieutenant at the end of a year. The poisonous exhalations of the swamps seriously affected his health, and while thus detained from duty he escaped the Dade Massacre, by which many of his comrades were cut off. Providence thus interposed to spare him for greater usefulness on fields then little dreamed of. So serious was his sickness that, in October, 1836, he resigned his commission in the army, and after his recovery engaged in the business of a Civil Engineer, being employed with the party sent to survey the northeastern boundary line of the United States. In 1842, returning to the army, he was commissioned Second Lieutenant of Topographical Engineers, and was industriously employed in the great survey from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico. In this capacity he served upon the staff of General Taylor in the early part of the Mexican War, and afterwards upon that of General Scott, distinguishing himself in the actions of Palo Alto and Monterey. His services were recognized, the Government awarding him the brevet rank of First Lieutenant, dated September 23d, 1846, and upon his return home he was presented with a fine sword by citizens of Philadelphia. In time of peace the fighting soldier has little employment, but the engineer's work is never done. He was at once put upon duty in supervising river

and harbor improvements, and in constructing light-houses on Delaware Bay and off the coast of Florida. In 1851 he was made First Lieutenant, and, in 1855, Captain.

He was on duty at Detroit, Michigan, in 1861, having been charged with the survey of the Northern Lakes. He always regarded his labors here as the most important and valuable that he rendered in the civil line of his profession, looking with just satisfaction upon their scientific results. When the Rebellion opened, he was at once ordered to Washington. On the 3d of September, President Lincoln sent to the Senate for confirmation, among others, the name of Captain George G. Meade, of the Topographical Engineers, to be Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and he was assigned to the command of the Second brigade of the Pennsylvania Reserve Volunteer corps. He was by nature and education an exact, methodical man, and disciplining the fine body now put in his hands was an agreeable task. He was for a time in camp at Tenallytown; but, on the 9th of October, crossed into Virginia and took position on the extreme right of the line of the army, in the neighborhood of Langley, where he continued until the opening of the spring campaign. When McClellan went to the Peninsula, Meade remained behind in McDowell's corps of observation before Washington, advancing as far as Fredericksburg.

Finding difficulties multiplying as he went, McClellan asked for more troops, and the Reserves were sent to him. They arrived in time to open the famous Seven Days' battle at Beaver Dam Creek, where this division sustained the contest almost unaided. Meade with his brigade was at Gaines' Mill when the battle opened, but hastening forward, he reached the field in time to render efficient service at a moment when sorely needed. On the following day his brigade was roughly handled, one of his regiments holding its ground until cut off and captured, and the others were with difficulty withdrawn.

There was no more desperate fighting in this campaign than that at Charles City Cross Roads, on the 30th of June. The Reserves held the fore-front in that engagement, and received, for a time unaided, the brunt of the enemy's fierce onset. Meade stood upon the right of the line, and his brigade, though the last

to be attacked, felt the full power of the blow. Near the close of the day, and when the fighting was well nigh over, he was severely wounded and was borne from the field. Almost at the same instant he was struck by two balls, one hitting him in the arm and the other, entering the body just above the hip-joint, passed out near the spine. Though losing blood rapidly, and fainting from weakness, he remained for some time with his men; but was finally carried to a hospital. He soon rallied, and his wounds healed so that he took the field before the army left the Peninsula.

Upon the resignation of General McCall, soon afterwards, General Reynolds succeeded him in chief command, and at the Second Bull Run battle the division rendered efficient service, Meade holding with great gallantry the approaches to the Warrenton turnpike, by which Pope's beaten army was retreating, and which the enemy was making desperate efforts to seize. So well did he acquit himself here, that the campaign had no sooner closed than he was given the command of the entire division, which was placed in Hooker's corps. At the Gaps of the South Mountain, where the enemy had taken position to dispute the passage of the Union army, Meade met the troops of Longstreet and Hill. The advantage was all with the foe, he having taken ground behind stone walls, rocks, and trees. But by skilful dispositions, and the gallantry and courage of his men, he succeeded in dislodging and driving the enemy from his stronghold. Meade pushed rapidly forward, and was given the advance in finding the rebel troops on the Antietam field. The fighting opened on the evening of the 16th of September, 1862, and was maintained until nightfall with singular earnestness. The Reserves slept on their arms, and renewed the battle early on the following morning. When the fighting was at its height Hooker received a severe wound. Before leaving the field, he turned over the command of the corps to General Meade. The part of the field which he held was the most desperately contested, and his troops were terribly torn and decimated, he himself receiving a wound, and having two horses shot under him.

But the field on which General Meade manifested greater daring and heroism than on any other, perhaps, in the whole

course of his military life, was that of Fredericksburg, and it was his conduct here which undoubtedly pointed him out as the future Commander-in-chief of the Army of the Potomac. Burnside's plan seems to have been to turn the enemy's left flank. To Meade with his Reserves was given the task of breaking the enemy's line, and making a lodgment where it could be taken in reverse upon the right. Most gallantly they executed this desperate labor, and though

> "Cannon to right of them,
> Cannon to left of them,
> Cannon in front of them,
> Volley'd and thunder'd,"

and sheets of flame leaped from the pieces of the infantry crouching behind walls and hedges, the Reserves moved steadily on till the hostile line was pierced at a vital point, and the rear was gained, where were muskets stacked, and the rebel troops in no preparation to meet so bold and heroic an assault. But after the blow had been dexterously dealt, and the antagonist hit with stunning force, that gallant division, but a handful of devoted men, being unsupported, was obliged—bleeding and staggering under the weight of the force of the enemy concentrated upon them, and when victory seemed within the grasp of the Union army—to fall back, and abandon the whole advantage, gained at a fearful sacrifice of valor and of life.

Meade was now placed in command of the Fifth corps, and when at Chancellorsville Lee pounded upon the Union left with his artillery, and sought to break through and turn that flank, he found there troops ready and watchful; and though there was hard fighting later in the struggle yet no advantage was gained. It was the vigilant commander of the Fifth corps who stood guard at that point, and no shame came to the army through any lack of attention or weakness of judgment on his part.

At Frederick, Maryland, on the 28th of June, 1863, in the very midst of a campaign of unexampled greatness, involving issues vital to the Nation, and the turning of which the whole civilized world was watching with absorbing interest, he was placed at the head of the Army of the Potomac, and three days thereafter the great battle of Gettysburg opened. He had to

this time shown himself an exceedingly reliable and safe officer in the subordinate positions in which he had been placed; but from being the commander of a brigade, a division, a corps, he was now suddenly thrust forward to command a hundred thousand men, with whom he was expected to meet an army of still larger proportions of veteran troops hitherto victorious. He evidently felt the great responsibility resting upon him, and prepared to meet it with a manful and heroic spirit.

The battle was precipitated before he had an opportunity to concentrate his army. When he discovered that it was likely to come, he made an effort to bring his corps together at a point near the centre of the territory over which they were spread. Before this could be effected, the enemy struck the extreme flank, and there, with a dogged resolution and a heroism unsurpassed, a few thousands held their ground for a whole day against the half of the hostile army. As soon as General Meade found that it would be possible to bring his troops to that point so as to fight upon something like equal terms, he resolved to make Gettysburg the battle-ground. When that resolution was once taken, he showed great energy in hastening forward his troops, in which he was most nobly supported by his subordinates, and during the hours of a short summer night his army was brought up.

On the second day at Gettysburg a number of untoward circumstances occurred, and though the soldiers fought with unexampled courage and determination, the results were in many respects unfortunate. Yet all this was reversed on the third day, by an exceedingly judicious disposition of the forces, and a glorious victory was gained. Nor was the triumph marred by a hasty and ill-advised use of the army against an enemy at bay. The result caused universal joy. The enemy was conquered—a full half of the army with which he had made the invasion was lost to him—the North was freed from the disgrace of being overrun—and the tide of disaster, which had been setting strongly against the National cause, was turned, ever after to recede. The thanks of Congress were presented to General Meade for his signal service in this battle.

A campaign of manœuvres followed, in which the rebel leader sought by a sharp, bold move to cut his antagonist off from his

communications. But Meade was too wary to be taken at a disadvantage, and the movement, which was begun in the confident expectation of complete triumph, ended in total failure and was turned to the advantage of the assailed—the actions at Bristoe and Rappahannock bridge resulting in brilliant victories to the Union arms. Meade soon after initiated a bold aggressive movement. With eight days' rations in haversack, he launched his army across the Rapidan, seeking to interpose between the two wings of Lee's army, and beat them in detail; but the tardy movement of some of his troops made futile the intended surprise, and he found the rebel forces so well intrenched behind Mine Run, that he determined not to attack, and returned again to his camps—a resolution which required a degree of courage not surpassed by that displayed in the most daring assaults.

In the spring of 1864, General Grant was placed in command of all the armies, and took the field with that of the Potomac; and though General Meade still held the immediate command of that army, and exercised the complete control of it, the glory of his achievements was shadowed in the public eye, and whatever was done was attributed to the mind of the superior. At the Wilderness, Laurel Hill, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Bethesda Church, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, with all the operations of the siege, and the numerous enterprises undertaken for its reduction, down to the final campaign and the surrender of the rebel army at Appomattox Court House, he exercised that command, and endured the hardships and responsibilities incident to the execution of manœuvres and plans of battle, which were never before equalled on this continent. General Grant bore ample testimony to the worth of General Meade as a soldier, and particularly referred to the disadvantage he labored under in being second in command, in his estimation with the public, in his recommendation for the confirmation of Meade as Major-General in the regular army. "General Meade," says General Grant, "is one of our truest men and ablest officers. He has been constantly with that army [Army of the Potomac] confronting the strongest, best appointed, and most confident army in the South. He, therefore, has not had the same opportunity of winning laurels so distinctly marked as have fallen to the lot of other Generals. But I defy

any man to name a commander who would do more than General Meade has done with the same chances. General Meade was appointed at my solicitation, after a campaign the most protracted, and covering more severely contested battles than any of which we have any account in history. I have been with General Meade during the whole campaign; and I not only made the recommendation upon a conviction that this recognition of his services was fully won, but that he was eminently qualified for the rank which such command entitled him to."

The recommendation was promptly acted on and he was confirmed without question, his commission dating from the 18th of August, 1864. He had previously been advanced through the ranks of Major, Lieutenant-Colonel, Colonel, and Brigadier-General in the regular army. After the close of the war he was assigned to the command of the Military Division of the Atlantic; but in 1868 he was transferred to that of the Third Military District—comprising Georgia, Florida and Alabama—a section where the work of pacification was arduous and responsible, requiring a man of great weight of character, and discretion in the execution of his duties. In the following year he returned to the command of the Atlantic Division, with head-quarters at Philadelphia. This was his former home, and it was grateful for him, after his campaigns were ended and the noise of martial strife was hushed, to sit down and enjoy the quiet and repose which he had justly earned. He here lived in a house presented to his wife—a daughter of the Hon. John Sergeant—by his fellow-citizens, in grateful recognition of his eminent ability and services devoted to the welfare of his country.

General Meade's personal appearance is thus graphically sketched by an English traveller who was introduced to him soon after the victory at Gettysburg: "He is a very remarkable-looking man—tall, spare, of a commanding figure and presence; his manners easy and pleasant, but having much dignity. His head is partially bald and is small and compact; but the forehead is high. He has the late Duke of Wellington class of nose; and his eyes, which have a serious, almost sad expression, are rather sunken, or appear so from the prominence of the

curved nasal development. He has a decidedly patrician and distinguished appearance. I had some conversation with him; and of his recent achievements he spoke in a modest and natural way. He said that he had been very 'fortunate,' but was most especially anxious not to arrogate to himself any credit which he did not deserve. He said that the triumph of the Federal arms was due to the splendid courage of the Union troops, and also to the bad strategy, and rash and mad attacks made by the enemy. He said that his health was remarkably good, and that he could bear almost any amount of physical fatigue."

General Meade developed eminent ability as a soldier, and was life-long devoted to the service; yet scenes of carnage and blood were revolting to his nature. He was of too tender and sympathetic a temperament to regard with other than aversion the sufferings and heart-breakings which war entails. In August, 1863, the officers and men of the Reserve corps presented to him a costly sword, with sash, belt, and golden spurs. The presentation was made by General Crawford, in presence of many officers of the army high in rank, and distinguished civilians. In reply to the remarks of General Crawford, General Meade made quite a lengthy speech, recounting in a very just way the achievements of the Reserves from the beginning. In the course of his address he artlessly disclosed the feelings and motives which swayed his breast as a soldier. "While, however," he said, "I give expression to these feelings, they are not unmingled with others, of a sad and mournful nature, as I look around you and reflect that so many of the brave officers and soldiers who originally composed this division sleep their last sleep, and that others have been obliged to return home crippled and maimed for life. It is terrible to think that there should be any necessity for so much misfortune and misery! Sad, that in this country, a land flowing with milk and honey, and in which we are all brothers, we should raise our arms against each other, and such scenes should be enacted as I have been a participant in. It is sad that there should be an occasion like the present, and a necessity for the presentation of a testimonial such as this. These are sad, sad thoughts to me, but at the same time I am sustained in my

present position by a consciousness that I am acting from a high and proper sense of my duty to my country. It is impossible that this great country should be divided; that there should be two governments or two flags on this continent. Such a thing is entirely out of the question. I trust that every loyal man would be willing to sacrifice his life before he would consent to have more than one government, and one flag wave over the whole territory of the United States."

"General Meade was," says a writer in the New York *Tribune*, "a man of such even, such exact temperament, that he was free from those emotions and impulses, those eccentricities of feeling and action which give to the soldiers and their friends at home those easy and broad impressions of character which are fixed and conveyed in epithets and nicknames. He was never called Daddy, Fighting George, or Poney, or Stonewall. It is doubtful if any soldier in his command ever ventured to think of him but as General Meade. . . . He deprecated praise, and used to say that he was not fit to take the command of great armies, or the initiative in great campaigns. . . . He is one of the men whom history will call happy. His life was laborious, full of honors and success. He had his share of glory without that conspicuous eminence which tempts the dart of envy and malevolence. His public career was free from vicissitudes, as his private life was free from storms. He was a good soldier, a true patriot, and an honest man. He deserved well of the Republic, and received as a general thing the credit he deserved."

JAMES QUIGLEY ANDERSON, Colonel of the Seventeenth cavalry, was born in Brighton, Beaver county, Pennsylvania, on the 5th of July, 1831. He was the son of Hugh and Sarah (Quigley) Anderson. Until the age of nine he lived upon a farm. He received a good English and classical education at the Beaver Academy. He left school in 1845, and from that date until 1853 was engaged as civil engineer upon the lines of the Erie and Pittsburg, and Carrolton and Allegheny Valley Railroads. In 1854 he went to Kansas, and for a period of three years was in charge of a party of engineers engaged in laying out Government lands. In 1857 he was elected City Engineer of Kansas City,

Missouri, in which capacity he served until the breaking out of the Rebellion, when he returned to his former home in Pennsylvania.

Though he had no military education, his occupations had been such as to fit him to control men, and to take easily and naturally to life in the field; while his skill as an engineer gave him many advantages in judging of the nature of the country in which he was operating, and in discerning its defensible positions. In July, 1862, he commenced recruiting a company of cavalry, of which he was commissioned First Lieutenant. It became Company A of the Seventeenth Pennsylvania, which went to the field, under Colonel Josiah H. Kellogg. In January, 1863, he was promoted to Captain, and, in command of his company, took part in the battle of Chancellorsville. At the most critical juncture in that engagement, at the moment, on the evening of the 2d, when Stonewall Jackson was bearing down all before him, having put to rout the entire Eleventh corps, General Pleasanton, with two regiments of cavalry, the Eighth and Seventeenth, was returning from the attack of Sickles' men upon Jackson's rear, when he discovered the misfortune which had befallen the right wing of the army. Comprehending the situation, he ordered the Eighth, which was an old regiment, to charge the enemy and hold him in check until he could bring his artillery, of which he had twenty-two pieces, into position. When that was done, he posted the Seventeenth, which had never been under fire, in line in rear of the guns, to give the appearance of strong support, with orders to charge should the enemy approach; and with no other protection, those twenty-two guns, by being effectively and skilfully served, were able to arrest the force of the enemy's blow and save the whole army from destruction.

In the Gettysburg campaign, the Seventeenth was with the column led by the intrepid John Buford, who pushed on in advance, and first met the enemy before the town, holding him in check until the infantry could arrive. Captain Anderson had, in the meantime, been commissioned Major, and led a battalion in that great battle. For his gallantry in a critical period of the engagement, he was publicly complimented by General Buford. He continued in command of a battalion in the affairs at Funkstown on the 7th of July, at Brandy Station on the 1st of August,

and at Raccoon Ford on the 14th of September. On the 18th of February, 1864, he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, to date from June 1st, 1863, and led his regiment in the battle at Todd's Tavern, on the 7th and 8th of May. When Sheridan started on his raid towards Richmond, Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson manœuvred his force with a courage and a steadiness that won the highest commendation of that eminent cavalry leader, being warmly engaged at Yellow Tavern, and at Meadow Bridge on the 11th and 12th of May. After reaching the James, and communicating with Butler's army, he returned with Sheridan's columns to the Army of the Potomac, and took part in the battle of Hanovertown, on the 27th of May, Hawes' Shop on the 28th, Old Church on the 30th, and Cold Harbor on the 31st and June 1st. Cutting loose at this point from the main body of the army, the cavalry moved towards Gordonsville, and came upon the enemy in force at Trevilian Station on the 11th and 12th of June, where he participated in the sharp encounter which then occurred. Returning again to the James, he was in the engagement at White House on the 21st, and at Darbytown road on the 28th.

Soon after rejoining the combined armies before Petersburg, Sheridan, with a portion of his cavalry, was ordered to the Shenandoah Valley, to meet a heavy body of the enemy under General Early. On reaching its destination, Colonel Anderson, whose health had been much impaired by constant and severe duty, was obliged to leave the front, and from that time until November was confined to the hospital in Washington. On rejoining his regiment he resumed command, and moved with General Torbert in his raid upon Gordonsville, taking part in the battle which was there fought on the 22d of December. Having just come forth from the hospital, the hardships and suffering during this wintry march bore heavily upon him. In January, 1865, he was promoted to Colonel, to rank from the 18th of December. His health again declining, he left his command in February, and, on returning before the opening of the spring campaign, the Government, desirous of relieving him so far as possible from exposure, placed him in command of the Remount Camp at City Point. He was with his regiment at Lee's surrender, and with it was mustered out of service.

Colonel Anderson left the army with a constitution broken by exposure and hardship, and as he retired to his home he went to die. His strength sufficed to reach it; but he was, from that day, confined to his room, with pulmonary consumption; and on the 9th of October following, the tried and trusted soldier quietly breathed his last. In person he was of commanding figure, being five feet ten inches in height, and though robust previous to the war, was predisposed to pulmonary attacks. His scholastic attainments were considerable, especially in mathematics and the science of engineering. He was naturally of an adventurous and enterprising disposition. As a soldier, he enjoyed the confidence of his associates in a remarkable degree. One who knew him intimately says: "It is the testimony of his men that, in all the battles in which he was engaged, he not only *commanded*, but he *led* them bravely and efficiently."

HUGH SYM CAMPBELL, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Eighty-third regiment, was born in the city of Glasgow, Scotland, on the 25th of April, 1829. He was the son of Hugh and Janet (Kessin) Campbell. He was liberally educated, first in the High School in his native city until his fifteenth year, and subsequently in the University of Glasgow, where for three years he pursued the ancient classics. At the end of this period, he entered upon commercial pursuits as travelling agent for the business house of his father. But the love of adventure, coupled with a desire to travel in foreign countries, induced him to forsake the comforts and advantages of home, and at the age of nineteen he emigrated to the United States, arriving in New York in April, 1849.

He remained at the metropolis but a short time, when he rambled westward to Buffalo, where he engaged in business, first as book-keeper, and finally as partner, in an extensive mechanical manufactory, for a period of ten years. He was married on the 12th of July, 1850, to Miss Margaret Boyd. In May, 1860, he removed with his family to Waterford, Erie county, Pennsylvania. When, in July, 1861, intelligence of the defeat of the National army at Bull Run was received, he rallied around him a hundred young men, whom he organized as Company E of the Eighty-third regiment, then being formed at the city of Erie by

that intrepid soldier, John W. McLane. He had never had any military training, but such was the confidence reposed in him that he was elected Captain, and at the terrible battle of Gaines' Mill, fought on the 27th of June, 1862, where both the Colonel and the Major were slain, the command of the regiment devolved upon him at a critical juncture. Isolated by the giving way of troops upon its right, the staff officer killed who had been sent to order it back, Captain Campbell resolved not to leave his position without the motion of his superior, and the regiment fought on over the dead bodies of its leaders, causing the enemy to shun it by its very boldness and audacity. Finally a messenger reached him and he withdrew, but steadily and full of spirit. In the engagement at Malvern Hill on the 1st of July, Captain Campbell led his men in a charge which hurled the enemy back, and resulted in the capture of the colors of a South Carolina regiment; but he was himself severely wounded. He, however, kept the field until the 9th, when, being unable to walk, and there appearing to be no further prospect of an immediate renewal of the contest, he received a leave of absence, and returned home. In the brief space of twenty days, which was the limit of the furlough, he obtained one hundred recruits, most of whom went with him to the front.

He at once resumed command, and in ten days after again led his regiment on the disastrous field of Bull Run. Here, while leading a charge upon the enemy, he was severely wounded, a Minié ball shattering the large bone of the left leg. The regiment was in full motion and passed over his body in carrying out his order. In the varied fortunes of the battle, it was obliged to give ground, and in retiring came again upon him and bore him back. He was sent in an ambulance to Alexandria, where he remained several weeks. As soon as he was able to travel, he returned to his home, but was obliged to be conveyed the whole distance upon his cot, his surgeon not allowing him to travel upright. For over a year, he was able to move only upon crutches. His name still remained upon the rolls of his regiment, he having leave of absence from the Secretary of War until recovered. Despairing of ever being able again to take the field, he offered his resignation and was mustered out of the

service, on the 14th of May, 1863. Immediately thereafter, he was tendered the position of Provost Marshal of the Nineteenth District of Pennsylvania, which he accepted, and retained until its abolition in 1865, discharging its duties to the great acceptance of the Government and his constituents. He was tendered, likewise, the appointment of Lieutenant-Colonel in the Veteran Reserve corps, which he declined.

WILLIAM McFINN PENROSE, Colonel of the Sixth Reserve regiment, was born at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, on the 29th of March, 1825. His father, Charles B. Penrose, was a native of Philadelphia, of Welsh descent. His mother was Valeria F. Biddle, also a native of Philadelphia. His boyhood was mostly spent at school, and he graduated at Dickinson College, Carlisle, in due course. He had had no military experience previous to the Rebellion; but when the call was made for troops for the Reserve corps he was active in securing recruits, and upon the organization of the Sixth regiment of that corps he was commissioned its Lieutenant-Colonel. The location of the camp where the troops were first stationed near to Washington was an unhealthy one, and about three hundred were stricken with fever, among whom were Colonel Ricketts and Lieutenant-Colonel Penrose. For this cause Colonel Ricketts was discharged, and soon after died.

The battle of Dranesville was fought on the 20th of December, 1861, in which the Sixth regiment bore a prominent part. Lieutenant-Colonel Penrose was in command, and for his steadiness and soldierly bearing in the hour of peril was warmly commended by General Ord, who commanded the brigade engaged, and also by Major-General McCall. The regiment was first held in support of Easton's battery while the duel with the enemy was in progress. When, by the superior skill and accuracy of Easton's fire, the rebel artillery was silenced and driven, the regiment, by direction of General Ord, was ordered to follow on the right of the road leading to Manassas, and gallantly pursued until the discovery was made that the foe had fled beyond reach. The victory of the Reserves in this battle was complete, a large number of the enemy having been killed and wounded, a caisson

blown up, and a considerable quantity of arms, ammunition, and clothing taken.

On account of ill health, induced by the malarial fevers at the first camp, Colonel Penrose resigned soon after this battle, and was never afterwards able to rejoin the army. A little more than a month from taking leave of his command General Ord wrote: "Your departure, together with his (Colonel Ricketts'), has left the regiment badly off for field officers. I wish circumstances could have enabled you to have remained; your coolness at Dranesville satisfied me that, had you taken hold, the regiment would have gone ahead in discipline with a corresponding zeal."

When the rebel army invaded the State in 1863, and a body under General Ewell approached Carlisle, Colonel Penrose, who was then a member of the town council, went out with Assistant Burgess Allison and Major Martin Kuhn to meet it and endeavor to secure protection to the place. The greatest consternation prevailed, as Union troops were in the vicinity, and a battle seemed imminent. They were fired on as they attempted to make their way through the rebel lines, but succeeded in obtaining an agreement that the enemy should not charge into the place, though a brisk artillery duel was had, in which several buildings were struck and more or less injured.

Colonel Penrose married, on the 23d of July, 1857, Miss Valeria M., daughter of Brigadier-General Charles Merchant, of the United States army. Colonel Penrose was a member of the town council of Carlisle in 1861–62–63. He was by profession a lawyer. He was nearly six feet in height, and previous to the Rebellion was of robust health, but after his retirement from the service never fully recovered from disease there incurred, and died in 1873.

WILLIAM R. GRIES, Chaplain of the One Hundred and Fourth regiment, was born at Womelsdorf, Pennsylvania, on the 3d of September, 1826. His father was Doctor William Gries, an eminent physician of Reading. At the opening of the Rebellion he had charge of a parish in Doylestown, Bucks county, of the Protestant Episcopal Church; but when the One Hundred

and Fourth regiment was formed, in the summer of 1861, he accepted the position of Chaplain and continued with it during the war, performing, if not dangerous, laborious and efficient duty. He had two brothers in the service, John M., Major of this regiment, who fell at Fair Oaks, and Lemuel, First Lieutenant of the Ringgold Artillery. Colonel Davis, of the One Hundred and Fourth, in his history of the regiment, says: "Before I conclude I deem it necessary to say a few words about the labors of Chaplain Gries. The regiment was fortunate in having such a Chaplain. Neither officer nor man was more faithful in the discharge of his duties. He served out his full time of three years, and was seldom absent from the regiment unless on duty. During this time he held more than a thousand religious exercises. He preached every Sunday in camp, with a prayer-meeting and a short address every evening when possible. Besides these he held special service in the hospital. For a long time he was the only Chaplain on duty with the brigade, and he alone held daily and continuous services among the troops. For a considerable period during the operations on Morris Island he was the only Chaplain in that army to officiate at the burial of the dead. At one time he was engaged in this duty nearly every hour in the day. While connected with the regiment Mr. Gries baptized and received into the church fifty-nine soldiers and one officer."

Besides the important work here sketched, Chaplain Gries was active in ministering to the needs of the men, personally taking charge of remittances of money and paying it over to their families, who were often in great need. After leaving the army he became pastor of a parish in Churchtown; and, in 1868, removed to Allentown, where he became Rector of Grace Church. In October, 1872, he sickened and died. In the church he held a high rank, in private life was greatly esteemed, and in the family circle was regarded with that affection which only the good can command.

William Albert Leech, Colonel of the Ninetieth regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born on the 3d of February, 1832, in the city of Philadelphia. He was the son of

Henry and Frances S. Leech. He graduated in due course at the Philadelphia High School, and subsequently at the United States Military Academy at West Point. After the decease of his parents, and not long after his leaving the Academy, he resigned his commission and commenced the study of the law in the office of Benjamin Gerhard, with whom, after being admitted to practice, he continued until the breaking out of the Rebellion. He had for some time previous been an officer in the First Pennsylvania Artillery, a volunteer organization of some reputation. This regiment responded promptly when called, and after having been filled to the maximum strength was received into the service, as the Seventeenth of the line, for three months. Of this he was Major. It was the first regiment to enter Baltimore after the attack of the mob on Massachusetts and Pennsylvania troops. It was quartered for a time in the Senate Chamber on reaching Washington, and when Patterson entered the Shenandoah Valley, proceeded up the Potomac to join him in the column led by General Stone.

At the expiration of this term of service he returned to Philadelphia, and assisted in recruiting the Ninetieth Pennsylvania regiment, of which he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel. When the campaign upon the Peninsula opened, his regiment, being attached to the column of McDowell, remained before Washington and was actively employed in the operations in the Valley of Virginia. At Thoroughfare Gap, where Longstreet sought to force his way through to form junction with Jackson who had gone before, Ricketts' division, in which the Ninetieth served, held that able leader with his entire corps at bay for the space of eight hours, while Pope was concentrating his forces, and finally, when forced back, retired in good order. Henceforward the Ninetieth shared the fortunes of the Army of the Potomac, and Colonel Leech participated in nearly all the battles and skirmishes in which that historic body was engaged. Colonel Lyle, the leader of the regiment, was often called to the command of a brigade, which left Colonel Leech its chief, and ably did he discharge the duty.

At the battle of Weldon Railroad, fought on the 18th of August, 1864, the division to which he was attached was flanked by

heavy masses of the enemy under the rebel General Mahone and, before the line could be withdrawn, Colonel Leech and a number of officers and men were taken prisoners. When the Colonel found that there was no possibility of escape, determined that the enemy should not take from him his sword, he thrust it into the ground and broke it, casting away the pieces. It was raining heavily when he was captured, and a rubber coat which he wore afforded some protection. But this was unceremoniously taken from him, the beginning of a series of indignities and barbarities which reached through his sad imprisonment, and fastened in his system the seeds of disease which finally carried him to an early grave. He was confined in succession at Libby, Danville, and Salisbury. The exposure and harsh treatment here was extreme, and the authorities knew and encouraged it. On one occasion, while General Leech was standing under an oak tree within the inclosure at Salisbury, a rebel guard shot and killed a Lieutenant while engaged in gathering acorns, though more than twenty feet within the dead line. For this murderous act the rebel guard was given a furlough of thirty days. Colonel Leech was not released until February 20th, 1865. He was soon after offered command of one of the fine regiments then being raised by the Union League of Philadelphia; but so enfeebled had he become from his imprisonment that he could not accept it, though he cherished the purpose of returning to the army as soon as health would permit. That time never came. The war closed soon afterward, and on the 20th of July, 1870, he died, a victim to rebel barbarity.

On the 13th of March, 1865, he had received the brevet ranks of Colonel and Brigadier-General. In 1867 he was elected Register of Wills for the city of Philadelphia. In person he was tall, with a military bearing. He was a brave and humane soldier, and, while a strict disciplinarian, still held his command by warm attachment. As a token of their friendship the soldiers of his regiment presented him with a costly sword. In private life he was esteemed for his social and liberal qualities, and for his gentlemanly and Christian virtues. He was married on the 4th of October, 1860, to Hannah T., daughter of Edwin and Susan V. Greble. His widow and three children survive him. He was

buried with military honors at Woodlands Cemetery, beside his brother-in-law, Lieutenant John T. Greble, United States Army, who was killed at Big Bethel.

Robert L. Bodine was born on the 30th of May, 1832, in Northampton, Bucks county, Pennsylvania. His father, John R. Bodine, and his mother, Sarah Lewis, were both of American origin. The son during boyhood was engaged in the usual labors of his father's farm, and in attending the district school. He afterwards spent some time at the Doylestown Academy. As his mind became developed, he manifested a strong liking for mechanical studies, and the science of military operations. A fondness was also exhibited for the study of history, especially the valorous deeds of the great men of past time.

His tastes naturally led him to seek some opportunity for military training, and he joined a volunteer company then existing in Bucks county, known as the Pennsylvania Blues. In this he served for several years, rising to the position of a commissioned officer. At the opening of the Rebellion, he made haste to enroll himself as a private in the Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania regiment, among the very first to be organized in the State for the three years' service. The date of his entrance to duty was the 5th of May, 1861. He commenced at the lowest round in the ladder; but his ability and worth soon found him out, and his advancement was rapid. On the 30th of the same month he was promoted to Commissary Sergeant; on the 25th of August following, to Second Lieutenant of Company K; on the 15th of January, 1862, to Captain, and on the 10th of July to Major of the regiment. During all this period, he was in constant service with his command, bearing a conspicuous part in the battle of Williamsburg with General Small, and at Fair Oaks, Seven Pines, Glendale, and Malvern Hill. When the remnants of McClellan's army, spared by the bullets of the enemy and the no less deadly and destructive miasms of the Chickahominy, retired from the Peninsula, and proceeded to the support of Pope on the Rappahannock, this regiment, forming part of Hooker's division, was prompt to move. When it was ascertained that

Stonewall Jackson had come in upon the rear of Pope's army and was at Manassas Junction, Hooker was ordered to move back upon the railroad to meet him. Major Bodine was now in command of the regiment, and took the lead of the brigade in that march. A sharp encounter resulted in the triumph of Hooker, and he moved on to the Second Bull Run battle-ground. The regiment was here put to severe service, at one time being led with the brigade upon an old railroad grading, behind which the enemy was concealed, and from whom it received a deadly fire; and at others supporting artillery in different parts of the field that was hotly engaged, sustaining throughout severe losses and acquitting itself worthily.

After the battle of Fredericksburg, in which the Twenty-sixth participated, the whole army was reorganized under that gallant leader, General Joseph Hooker; and here the early tastes and reading of Major Bodine proved of great service. He opened a school for the instruction of the officers of the regiment, in which the elementary and necessary principles of military duty were studied and explained with great acceptance and signal usefulness. The battle of Chancellorsville disclosed the value of the instructions which had been given, the regiment being manœuvred in the most trying situations with great ease and success. After this battle, the Colonel being obliged to retire from service on account of wounds received at Chancellorsville, and its Lieutenant-Colonel being permanently on detached service, the entire command devolved on Major Bodine, and he was soon after advanced to the grades of Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel.

Few commanders of regiments were placed in more trying circumstances than was Colonel Bodine at the battle of Gettysburg. Carr's brigade of Humphreys' division was posted on the right of Sickles' corps, on depressed, open ground where the enemy from all sides, from commanding positions, could sweep it with his artillery, his sharpshooters and line of battle, with terrible effect. And here, with nothing to shield it from the deadly fire, it was compelled to stand through the long hours of that terrible day and submit to swift destruction. The regiment went into position with 364 enlisted men, of whom 213 were either killed or wounded. Of eighteen officers two were killed

and nine severely wounded. Two of the nine died of their wounds, and five were disabled and made cripples for life. Three color-bearers were killed.

With the Army of the Potomac, Colonel Bodine continued to lead his regiment in all the hard marches and desperate fighting of that heroic organization, until the expiration of his term in June, 1864, when with his regiment he was mustered out of service. In March previous he was brevetted Brigadier-General for meritorious conduct. At Gettysburg he received special commendation from General Carr; and early in the war, when with four cavalrymen and a negro guide he proceeded eighteen miles down the Potomac and captured five of the enemy, with large quantities of contraband goods ready for transfer to the rebel army then lying opposite, and brought them all to General Hooker's head-quarters, he received the warm approval of that intrepid soldier.

General Bodine was appointed, in July, 1866, Consul to Cape Town, Africa; but resigned in September, on account of differences in political sentiments between himself and the President, Andrew Johnson, and took an active part in the canvass for Governor during that year. He was appointed Flour Inspector of Philadelphia, in March, 1867, by Governor Geary, which office he held until March 1st, 1873. He was married on the 10th of July, 1856, to Miss Kate Y. Burn. He died at his residence in Philadelphia, on the 16th of January, 1874, universally esteemed for his nobility of nature and kindness of heart.

ELISHA B. HARVEY, the first Colonel of the Seventh Reserve regiment, was born at Harveyville, Luzerne county, Pennsylvania. His father, Benjamen Harvey, was of English descent, though his more immediate ancestry were from Connecticut. His mother was Sally (Nesbitt) Harvey, also of English descent. The occupation of his father was that of a farmer, and in this the son participated during his boyhood, receiving the rudiments of an English education in the public schools. He prepared for college under the instruction of Deacon Dana at Wilkesbarre, and in the grammar school of Dickinson College, and subsequently graduated at the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Con-

necticut. He was, for a time, Professor of Mathematics in the Wyoming Seminary at Kingston, but commenced almost immediately the study of the law in the office of Charles Dennison, and was admitted to the bar on the 4th of November, 1847. He possessed in a remarkable degree the confidence of the public, and was elected County Superintendent of Schools, and Register of Wills and District Attorney. Though his tastes inclined him to literary pursuits, he had a strong predilection for military pageants, and early joined a militia organization, holding, at different times, from 1832, when he first enlisted, to the opening of the Rebellion, the position of Lieutenant and Captain of a troop, Captain of artillery, Colonel of a volunteer regiment, and Brigade Inspector—a place which he held for five years. The company of artillery he recruited and took to the field in 1861.

Upon the organization of the Seventh Reserve regiment, Captain Harvey was chosen Colonel. Having, for nearly thirty years, been familiar with militia duty in all arms of the service, he was well fitted to instruct and drill a raw regiment. This duty he performed in such a manner as to attract the attention of the commander of the division, calling forth his hearty approval. His first experience of active service was at Great Falls, on the Potomac, above Washington, where his skirmishers were face to face with and in close proximity to those of the enemy. On the 4th of September, 1861, the enemy attacked, with a battery of two howitzers and three rifled guns, and for two or three hours a brisk cannonade was kept up. Colonel Harvey, being only provided with smooth-bore pieces, ordered the Captain of the battery not to reply, and the enemy finally withdrew, the regiment sustaining only slight loss in wounded.

The first great conflict in the Seven Days' battle before Richmond fell upon the Reserves, who, almost single-handed, breasted the torrent of the attack. To Colonel Harvey's regiment was assigned the task of supporting Easton's battery, which played an important part in the battle. "Somewhat later in the day," says General McCall, in his official report, "a heavy column was launched down the road to Ellison's Mill, where another most determined attack in force was made. I had already sent Easton's battery to General Seymour, commanding the left, and I

now despatched the Seventh regiment, Colonel Harvey, to the extreme left, apprehending that the enemy might attempt to turn that flank by crossing the creek below the mill. Here again the Reserves maintained their position, and sustained their character for steadiness in fine style, never retiring one foot during a severe struggle with some of the very best troops of the enemy, fighting under the direction of their most distinguished General (Lee). For hour after hour the battle was hotly contested, and the rapid fire of our artillery, dealing death to an awful extent, was unintermitted, while the greatly superior force of the enemy enabled him to precipitate column after column of fresh troops upon my nearly exhausted lines."

In the battles at Gaines' Mill, Charles City Cross Roads, and Malvern Hill, Colonel Harvey's command fought with a determination and a bravery unsurpassed, the flower of the regiment being cut down in these sanguinary struggles. The hardships during this week of battles have rarely been exceeded, and at its close Colonel Harvey found himself prostrated by disease. He was attacked with rheumatism of such a type as to preclude service in the field. Accordingly, on the 4th of July, 1862, he resigned. During his active duty he received a buckshot wound in the neck, and a slight flesh wound from a Minié ball.

In person, Colonel Harvey was above the medium height, sparely made, and of a fair complexion. Though of a naturally weak constitution, his health was well preserved by temperance and sobriety.

He was twice married; to Miss Phebe Maria Frisbie, who died in 1849, leaving one son; and to Miss Sarah Maria Garretson, of Summerville, New Jersey, who, with five children, survives him. After leaving the army he resumed the practice of his profession at Wilkesbarre, and opened a classical school for both sexes, his pupils at one time exceeding two hundred. He was soon after chosen Burgess of the town, and subsequently Justice of the Peace, which office he continued to exercise until his death, which occurred on the 20th of August, 1872.

OLIVER BLACHLY KNOWLES, Colonel of the Twenty-first cavalry. The death of no officer since the close of the war has called forth more universal and heart-felt sorrow in the circle of his acquaintance than that of General Oliver B. Knowles. Having passed through all the grades of honor, from that of a private, entering the ranks at the age of eighteen, up to that of Brigadier-General at the age of twenty-two, and earning every promotion by the sterling qualities of his head and his heart, without the patronage or assistance of those in place, his death has caused a void in the breasts of all who had come to know his worth, and has sent a pang to the heart of every one who had felt the influence of his open and frank demeanor and that unaffected kindness and sympathy which he was ever ready to bestow.

Oliver Blachly Knowles was born on the 3d of January, 1842, in the city of Philadelphia. His father, Levi Knowles, was a native of New Jersey, and has for many years been an honored and respected merchant of Philadelphia. His mother was Elizabeth Adeline Croskey, a native of that city, an intelligent lady with great force of character. The boy early evinced a strong predilection for equestrian exercise, and soon became a good rider. He was educated in the public schools of the city, spending two years in the High School, and at the age of fifteen entered the business house of his father, where he was actively employed at the breaking out of the war.

At the first drum-beat for troops, young Knowles was alive to the call of patriotism, and enlisted as a private in Company C of the First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry. The order authorizing the raising of this regiment was originally issued to General Carl Schurz, with the design of obtaining a company from each of the several States. But soon after receiving the order, Schurz abandoned the project, and transferred the authority to another, and the regiment, with the exception of this company which was from Philadelphia, was recruited in New York. Knowles was active in securing men for his company, urging the firemen and his associates to enlist; and he was early selected its clerk. It is related by Captain Boyd, who commanded the company, as an example of his obedience and strict fidelity, that on one occasion he himself rode with him to the post-office, and having to attend

to some business in the next street, directed him to await his return. Forgetting the injunction, Boyd went back to headquarters by another route, and did not again think of his orderly until late in the day, when, hastening to the post-office, he found this faithful officer where he had ordered him to remain.

Scarcely a month from the time the company received its horses and arms, and before the men had fairly learned to sit their saddles, it was sent on a scout towards Fairfax Court House. When near Pohick Church, and moving leisurely along, it came suddenly upon a force of the enemy's cavalry concealed behind a wood. At sight of these the advance guard turned, and galloping in, reported a hostile army in front, which so terrified the men that they instinctively wheeled and began a hasty retreat. Knowles, who was with the advance, having carefully noted the enemy's force, dashed past his comrades, and soon reaching the rear of the column, informed the Captain that the foe was in no greater force than his own. Relying upon this report, the retreat, by his assistance, was suddenly stopped, and after forming, and preparing the minds of his men by encouraging words, the bugles sounded the charge. Dashing forward with shouts for the onset, and using their pistols as they came to close quarters, the enemy, after firing one volley, was put to disorderly flight. Thus at the very outset of his career he manifested, though but a private, a coolness, intelligence, and courage which saved the force from what was likely to become a disgraceful panic, and led to a spirit-stirring victory, the effect of which was never lost upon the company. For his gallantry here he was soon after, in September, 1861, promoted to Corporal, though it was only by the entreaties and finally the commands of the Captain that he was induced to accept it. From this point his advancement was rapid. In January following he was made Orderly Sergeant, a position of more responsibility than that of any other non-commissioned officer, where he was at once brought into intimate relations with the entire company, among whom he inspired respect and love. This regiment being a New York organization, all promotions to positions in the line had to come from the Governor of that State, and the field and staff, through whom advancement was regularly procured, were citizens of that Commonwealth. But by the

recommendation of Governor Curtin, at the instance of Captain Boyd, he was, at the close of the Peninsula campaign, in which he participated with distinguished gallantry, promoted to the rank of Second Lieutenant. Captain James H. Stevenson, of the same regiment, in speaking of him at this period, says: "He soon became a favorite in the regiment, and he was the idol of his company. He was impelled by no mean or mercenary spirit in going out to serve his country, so he submitted patiently and cheerfully to all the privations of the camp and field, thus setting a good example to the men, and winning the hearts of his superior officers. He was never sick, always ready for duty, and seemed to regard the most fatiguing service or hazardous undertaking as pastime."

He was on the advance line in the Antietam campaign, and met the enemy in spirited engagements at Hyattstown, Frederick, Antietam, and Williamsport. His regiment now became part of the army commanded by General Milroy, stationed in the Shenandoah Valley and along the valley of the Potomac. Here guerilla warfare was rife, and duty more hazardous than with the Grand Army. The sagacity and courage of Knowles proved invaluable, and many were the dashes he executed, which by his strategy and daring were almost invariably attended with success, binding new laurels about his brow. So marked were these that in April, 1863, he was commissioned First Lieutenant.

In June following, he obtained a furlough of a few days—the first since his enlistment—and had just reached home when he heard that disaster had befallen Milroy's command. The entire army of General Lee, on its way to Pennsylvania, in the Gettysburg campaign, had come upon Milroy unawares, and before he could extricate himself was surrounded, and had to cut his way out, sustaining great loss. The instant Lieutenant Knowles heard of the discomfiture of his comrades he decided to forego the pleasure of home and the society of friends, and return at once to his command. At Harper's Ferry he learned that his company had escaped into Pennsylvania, by the way of Bloody Run. He accordingly hastened to Harrisburg, where he met it, and at once entered upon that campaign in his native State ever memorable and ever glorious.

His company was now put upon the extreme front, and scouted the Cumberland Valley, while the Confederate army was moving on Harrisburg. In one instance, he, with only seven men, surprised a party of the enemy near Chambersburg, and took over thirty prisoners with their horses and equipments. On another occasion he captured a party of seventeen horsemen—his own men not having a charge of powder in their pistols, nor any ammunition upon their persons except what had been ruined by excessive rains. On the 2d of July, with fifteen of his company, he charged into Fayetteville, where a Confederate column was passing, and captured fifty prisoners and a number of horses, snatching them from between the main body and its rear guard, and while neither was more than 500 yards away. Sending his prisoners to Harrisburg, he started over the mountains towards Gettysburg, and on the 4th dashed into Arendtsville and captured eighty prisoners, nine wagons, and a large number of horses. On the 6th, he took thirty-one prisoners near Waterloo. Of his conduct in this stirring campaign, Captain Boyd says: "It is worthy of being recorded in letters of gold. Were I to recount all that he did during that exciting time, I fear it would take longer to write than the campaign lasted."

In recognition of the services rendered by this company during the campaign, Governor Curtin gave its Captain command of a new regiment just then being recruited, and to Lieutenant Knowles the position of Major. So attached was the latter to his old company in the Lincoln Cavalry that it was with difficulty he could be induced to leave it, and not until the new regiment was reorganized at the end of six months for a further period of three years did he consent to accept this honorable promotion. During the time which expired between his original appointment and his acceptance in March, 1864, the Lincoln Cavalry was engaged in the most active and fatiguing campaigns of the war.

The new regiment to which he was transferred, after having been mounted and drilled as cavalry, was temporarily ordered to act as infantry, and in that capacity bore an active part in the hard-fought battles of Bethesda Church, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Jerusalem Plank Road. Explosion of the Mine, Weldon Railroad, and Poplar Grove Church. In the last four of these engagements

the regiment was commanded by Major Knowles, his superior officers having been wounded.

On the 8th of October, the regiment was remounted, and in November, Major Knowles was promoted to Colonel—the wounds of Colonel Boyd unfitting him for field duty. Joining the cavalry corps of General D. McM. Gregg, under that able commander Colonel Knowles led his regiment in the severe engagements at the Boydton Plank Road, and in the raids to Stony Creek and Bellefield, in both of which he acted as rear guard. In the movement to Hatcher's Run he commanded the brigade. On the 29th of March, the final campaign of the war opened, and at Dinwiddie Court House, Amelia Springs, Cedar Creek, Farmville, and Appomattox Court House, he followed General Sheridan, and won the commendation and warm approval of that fiery and impetuous leader. The last charge was actually delivered after the terms of surrender had been agreed upon. The operations of the morning of the 9th of April were being actively pushed, the Confederate General Rosser having been hard pressed, and driven nearly a mile, where he took a sheltered position and made a firm stand. The brigade had been drawn up for a charge, and the word to advance given, when news of the surrender was received. Colonel Knowles failed to get the notice, and led his regiment in a gallant charge alone. Seeing that he was unsupported by the rest of the line, he halted, when the recall was sounded, and the four years of fighting in the Army of the Potomac ceased.

The conduct of Colonel Knowles throughout his entire military career, from that of a private carrying the carbine to his last charge when the foremost of all the Confederate leaders had been compelled to surrender, was most devoted and heroic, winning the respect and affection of those beneath him, and the confidence and admiration of his superiors. His unaffected simplicity of manner, genial bearing, and never-failing wit won for him troops of friends wherever he moved. As a token of their esteem, he was presented by his companions in arms with a horse, sword and equipments. He was warmly commended by Generals Sickel, Gregg, and Sheridan, and it was at the suggestion of the two latter that shortly after the surrender he was commissioned

a Brigadier-General, as a special recognition of his merit in the final campaign.

On the 4th of July General Knowles was honorably discharged, and mustered out of service. Returning to Philadelphia, he began to look about him for an opportunity to engage in an active business life. He chose the city of Milwaukee, as one of the great grain entrepôts of the West, and was soon settled in trade in that commodity, commanding by his excellent business capacity and assiduous attention to duty the trust of all with whom he came in contact. Possessed of a good constitution and robust health, a long life of activity and usefulness seemed open before him. But, alas! man's ways are not as God's ways, and His purposes are past finding out. At midnight of the 5th of December, 1866, he was stricken with cholera, and in five hours the strong man, the pride of his family, and the centre of a wide circle of friends, was no more. For a day or two he had not been in his usual health, but had attended regularly to business, and on the evening before his death was present at an exhibition in Music Hall. He left before the close of the performance, but not until midnight was medical aid called. Two of his friends who were with him at the entertainment, Captain Goodrich and Mr. Boyd, noticing his departure, and the unwonted pallor of his face, went to his room at that hour, and found him suffering. Physicians were summoned and were speedily at hand; but it was obvious from the first that his sickness would prove mortal. He sent messages of affection to his family, and said he was not afraid to die.

The Chamber of Commerce of Milwaukee, of which he was a member, passed resolutions of respect and sympathy of more than the usual formal expression of sorrow, delegating one of their number to accompany his remains to his parents in Philadelphia, and in a body followed in procession to the train which bore him away. His comrades of the Lincoln Cavalry, and of the Twenty-first Pennsylvania cavalry, which he led so gloriously, also passed resolutions of fraternal respect and tenderness. On the day of his death notice of his appointment by the Secretary of War as Major in the regular army reached his home—a signal mark of the confidence which his military life as a volunteer had in-

spired. But, when the intelligence of this honor came, the ear which it was intended to gladden was heavy, and the brow it was to glorify cold in death. He had passed to that unseen world where the noise of battle never comes, and the carnage of mortal strife is unknown.

The death of one so young, so brave and so good, so untimely cut off, occasioned a shock of sorrow and grief seldom witnessed. There now lies open before the writer a volume of letters of condolence framed in a rare spirit of tenderness and affection. The following, written by Captain James H. Stevenson, who commanded the company in the Lincoln Cavalry of which he was Lieutenant, is selected on account of the intimacy of the relations which subsisted between them. It was written on the receipt of a photograph of the deceased presented him by the father. "As I gaze," he says, "on the likeness of his youthful and manly face, I call to mind the many hardships and dangers through which we passed together, and his patient and soldierly bearing under the most trying circumstances. His goodness of heart was only equalled by his courage and patriotism. His gentlemanly and truly modest deportment, his cheerful obedience, and his faithful, prompt, and intelligent execution of all orders, first attracted my attention to him, and I mentioned him to the Captain for promotion. But he needed no 'friend at court,' for he earned his own promotion in the very first engagement, only one month after muster into service. All acknowledged his promotion merited, and recognized him as a worthy leader. He was beloved by all the men, and they rejoiced at his success. He was more conspicuous in deeds than in words, and, recognizing this, his comrades rendered it unnecessary for him to sound his own praises. He had the talent to command in the midst of danger, and presence of mind to meet and surmount extraordinary perils. His presence seemed to dissipate fear, calm disturbed minds, and inspire confidence in the breasts of all under his charge. He had the faculty of enforcing discipline under the guidance of justice, moderation and good sense. Always yielding a cheerful obedience, he set an example to his inferiors which secured their obedience in return. . . . When I rejoined the old company as Captain, he came as my First Lieutenant. We ate, slept, rode,

enjoyed ourselves, and suffered hardships together, and I came to love him as a brother. When he was promoted Major of another regiment and took leave of me, although I rejoiced at his well-deserved and hard-earned promotion, I felt as though I had lost my only friend and companion. I never heard of his promotion afterwards without feelings of pride, and when the news of his sudden death reached me, I felt as though an arrow had pierced me. I trust he has entered into his rest and is in possession of the crown and palm and glorious robe."

General Knowles died at the early age of twenty-five, not on the field of battle, where in the face of the foe he had often courted death, but in the quiet walk of life. In person he was of a most noble and commanding presence, being six feet and two inches in height, well-proportioned, and of fair complexion. He was unmarried. His remains were buried in Laurel Hill cemetery, and upon the stone which marks his resting-place is inscribed by the hand of affection these most truthful words:

> "He was:
> Gentle, yet Courageous,
> Firm, but Magnanimous,
> Beloved by all."

ANDREW HART TIPPIN was born on Christmas day, 1823, in Plymouth, Montgomery county, Pennsylvania. His father, George Tippin, was of Irish descent, and his mother, Catharine (Hart) Tippin, of German origin, though both Pennsylvanians by birth. He received a fair English education in the schools of his native place, and afterwards learned the printing business. He at one time published the *Montgomery Ledger* at Pottstown. He was possessed of a strong desire for knowledge, and became a voracious reader.

At the breaking out of the Mexican War, he received the appointment of Second Lieutenant in the Eleventh United States infantry, his commission bearing date of the 9th of April, 1847, and a few months later that of First Lieutenant. He became Adjutant of the regiment, which position he held during the greater part of the war. He was engaged at the National Bridge, Contreras, Cherubusco, Molino del Rey, Chapultepec, and Garita

de Belen; and received two brevets for gallant and meritorious conduct in these actions.

At the opening of the late war he was commissioned Major of the Twentieth regiment in the three months' service, and afterwards Colonel of the Sixty-eighth, for three years. With the latter regiment he joined the Army of the Potomac and was assigned to duty in Birney's division of the Third corps, participating with it in all the engagements in which that fighting division had a part. At Gettysburg the regiment was in Graham's brigade, which held the noted angle at the Peach Orchard, where so many brave men fell, battling with heroic valor to hold the ground against a vastly superior opposing force. Here Colonel Tippin received a slight wound, but remained upon the field.

In a sharp encounter at Auburn, Virginia, on the 14th of October, 1863, he was taken prisoner and marched away to Libby, where for over nine months he was subjected to the hard usage accorded to the inmates of that loathsome den. On being released he returned to his regiment, and was with it in the campaigns before Petersburg, and until the close of the war. At Sailor's Creek, just previous to the final surrender, Lieutenant-General Ewell and nearly his entire command were taken prisoners. The head-quarters brigade of the Potomac army, of which Colonel Tippin had command, was detailed to escort the captives to City Point. "Among the prisoners," says Colonel Tippin, in describing this event, "were Lieutenant-General Ewell, Major-Generals Custis Lee, Kershaw, and other prominent Generals of the rebel army together with about 600 officers of lesser grade. At a point on the route where we all rested for a short time, I received a despatch that General Lee had surrendered. I communicated the intelligence to Generals Ewell and Custis Lee, but both doubted its truthfulness. They could not think it possible. In a very short time, and before leaving our resting-place, General Benham came up with his engineer brigade, and gave the terms of the surrender. Young General Lee dropped his head on his breast, and General Ewell threw up his arms, exclaiming, 'The jig is up.'"

Colonel Tippin was above the medium stature, being five feet

eight inches in height, and possessed of an excellent constitution. He was married on the 11th of August, 1846, to Miss Ellen Lightcap, of Pottstown. He at various times held offices of public trust, having been Clerk of the Orphans' Court of Montgomery county, Clerk of the Sessions and of Oyer and Terminer, Chief Deputy of the United States Marshal for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, and agent of the State on the Columbia Railroad. He died in February, 1870.

ALFRED B. McCALMONT, Colonel of the Two Hundred and Eighth regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born on the 28th of April, 1825, at Franklin, Pennsylvania. He was the son of Alexander McCalmont, and brother of John S., of the Tenth Reserve. He was for one term, in 1840, a student in Allegheny College, and graduated in 1844 at Dickinson College, standing second in a class of twenty. He studied law at Franklin with his father, then President Judge of the Eighteenth Judicial District, and was admitted to the bar in 1847. He commenced practice in Pittsburg. In 1853 he became associated with T. J. Keenan in conducting the *Daily Union* and the Pittsburg *Legal Journal.* In 1855 he was appointed Prothonotary of the Supreme Court for the Western District of the State, and resigned in May, 1858, to accept a position in the office of the Hon. Jeremiah S. Black, who was then Attorney-General in the cabinet of President Buchanan. On the creation of the office of Assistant Attorney-General, Mr. Black appointed Mr. McCalmont to that place, which he held during the continuance of Mr. Buchanan's administration. He resumed the practice of his profession at Franklin in June, 1861, in partnership with James K. Kerr, who soon after entered the volunteer service of the United States, as Major of the Fourth Pennsylvania cavalry. Mr. McCalmont followed his partner the next year, and after recruiting a company, entered the service on the 1st of September, 1862, as Lieutenant-Colonel of the One Hundred and Forty-second regiment. After the fall of the Colonel of the regiment, at Gettysburg, McCalmont received a commission to fill the vacancy; but could not be mustered, as his regiment was reduced in number below that required by the regulations of the War Department. He, in common

with many other officers, complained of the injustice of a rule which virtually stopped promotion in all regiments that had seen hard service. His case, in particular, was made the subject of an eloquent appeal to Congress by a brother officer, Colonel Webster, of Maryland, who labored in vain to abolish the objectionable regulation.

In the fall of 1864 he was allowed to accept the position of Colonel of the Two Hundred and Eighth regiment, by way of indirect promotion. He served during the remainder of the war in General Hartranft's division of the Ninth corps, in front of Petersburg, and commanded a brigade in the assault upon, and capture of the enemy's works and the occupation of that city on the morning of the 2d of April, 1865. In recognition of his gallantry and soldierly conduct throughout the war he received from Secretary Stanton the brevet rank of Brigadier-General. After the close of the war he pursued the practice of the law at Franklin, his native town.

He was appointed to deliver the address before the Society of the Army of the Potomac, on the occasion of the annual reunion to be held at Harrisburg on the 12th of May, 1874; but having submitted to an operation by an eminent surgeon, for a tumor upon the face, he was attacked with erysipelas, which terminated his life on Thursday, May 7th, 1874, at Philadelphia. His remains were returned to Franklin, where they were consigned to the grave with much ceremony, and many demonstrations of respect to his greatly esteemed public and private worth.

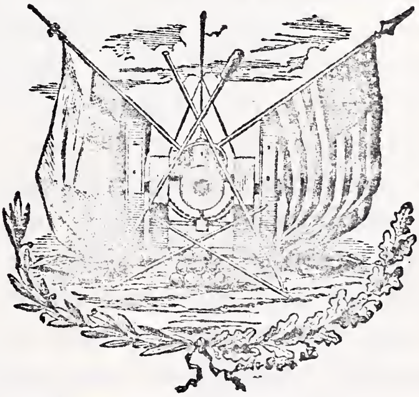
GEORGE ARCHIBALD McCALL, Major-General of volunteers, the first commander of the Pennsylvania Reserve corps, was born in Philadelphia, on the 16th of March, 1802. He received the appointment of a Cadet at West Point in 1818, whence he graduated in due course. In April, 1831, he was made Assistant Adjutant-General on the staff of General Gaines, then at the head of the Western Department of the United States. In September, 1836, he was promoted to Captain in the Fourth infantry, and in that capacity distinguished himself under Colonel Worth in Florida, being recommended by that officer for the brevet rank

of Major, for gallant conduct in the battle of Pelalicaha, who said: "He will do more honor to the rank than the rank can confer on him." He was with General Taylor in his march to the Rio Grande, and for "gallant and distinguished services" in the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma he was brevetted Major and Lieutenant-Colonel. On the 7th of July, 1846, he was made Assistant Adjutant-General with the rank of Major, and on the 26th of December, 1847, Major of the Third infantry. His fellow-citizens of Philadelphia, justly glorying in his gallant bearing in recent battles, presented him with an elegant sword, as a token of their appreciation of his services, on his return from Mexico.

His health having been impaired by active duty, he determined to spend a year in Europe, and, both in England and upon the Continent, visited military schools, and minutely inspected fortifications, camps, and hospitals, gaining a large acquaintance with the improvements in modern warfare. On his return he was placed in command of the Third infantry, stationed at Santa Fé. Before joining his regiment he was requested by the War Department to prepare a historical account of the territory newly acquired from Mexico, accompanied by statistical tables of population and resources, which was published by Congress. On the 10th of June, 1850, he was appointed Inspector-General of the United States Army, with the rank of a Colonel of cavalry, and as such made a personal examination of military posts and the troops in New Mexico, California, and Oregon. His health, which was never robust, again failing, on the 29th of April, 1853, he resigned his commission, determined to retire permanently to private life. Being well read in natural science he prosecuted his studies in this department, and made valuable contributions to its literature. In 1855, he removed from Philadelphia to a farm in Chester county, and here prepared and published a work entitled *Letters from the Frontiers*, in which he gave an account of his services in the Department of the West. At the breaking out of the Rebellion he was called to Harrisburg by Governor Curtin for advice and consultation. While there he was elected Colonel of the Tenth Reserve regiment, which position he declined. He was shortly after appointed Major-General by Governor Curtin,

and given command of the Pennsylvania Reserve corps, consisting of twelve regiments of infantry and one each of cavalry, artillery, and riflemen. He planned the movement on Dranesville, which resulted in the first victory gained by the Army of the Potomac. When McClellan moved to the Peninsula, McCall remained before Washington, and soon after marched along the line of the Alexandria railway and thence to Fredericksburg. He had thrown a part of his force across the stream, and his cavalry was moving down the Richmond railway, the purpose being to join McClellan overland, when he was ordered back and taken down the Potomac by transport. He arrived just as the Seven Days' battle was opening, and was thrust out to the fore-front, where he received the first shock at Beaver Dam Creek, on the 26th of June. McCall was here almost alone pitted against thrice his number. But he had chosen well his position and had thrown up earthworks—a lesson which the Potomac army was slow in learning—and against him the tide of battle beat in vain. The victory was signal and complete, and attained at little cost, though immensely destructive to the foe. Having but a small force, and his right flank liable to be turned, he was recalled during the night, and moved back without loss, in the face of a vigilant enemy. On the 27th, at Gaines' Mill, McCall was held in reserve till the front line of battle was broken and being driven back, when he was ordered forward. But here there had been no systematic and continuous earthworks thrown up, and a fragment of the Union army having been caught at a disadvantage, was overwhelmed, and his command suffered severely. At Charles City Cross Roads, on the 30th, was enacted the great military exploit of his life. It was next to the last of the noted Seven Days. Here it was that the rebel leaders had determined to fall upon the flank of the Union army and cut it in twain. But the vigilant McCall was there; and though the onsets of the foe were terrible and oft repeated, yet he withstood the brunt of their assaults, and by the aid of Hooker and Sumner, who came to his assistance, totally defeated the cherished purpose of the foe, though not without great loss and a terrible breaking and scourging of his gallant corps. Just at dusk, while reconnoitring with Major Stone of the Bucktail regiment, he was taken prisoner.

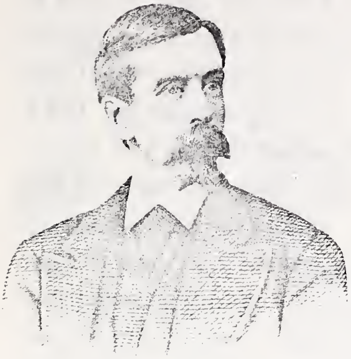
"General McCall," says Stone, "had come out of the woods, wounded and alone, and taken his place at the head of the column. After the halt, the General took me forward a few paces with him, and in the darkness we suddenly found ourselves close upon the levelled muskets of a hostile column which filled the road in front of us. We were ordered to halt and dismount, but I turned and escaped, only slightly hurt, drawing two volleys from the enemy. General McCall was not so fortunate, and is in their hands." He was taken to Richmond and incarcerated in Libby Prison. After his release, having suffered from his wound and the unusual severity of the campaign, he resigned his place in the army, and returned to his home in Chester county, where he remained in private life until his death, which occurred on the 25th of February, 1868.



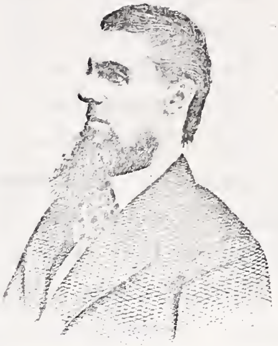
CHAPTER VII.

JOHN WHITE GEARY, Colonel of the Twenty-eighth regiment, Brigadier and Major-General of volunteers, and Governor of Pennsylvania, was born on the 30th of December, 1819, near the little village of Mount Pleasant, in Westmoreland county, at the head of the Ohio valley, a region pronounced by the Duke of Carlisle to be the most picturesque and beautiful which the wide world affords. His father, Richard Geary, was a native of Franklin county, Pennsylvania, and was a man of culture, and of singular uprightness and integrity of character. His mother, Margaret White, was a native of Washington county, Maryland, of an old slaveholding family, and, like her husband, was of Scotch-Irish ancestry. Soon after their marriage the parents removed to Westmoreland county, where the father engaged in the manufacture of iron, which, owing to the depression in the market for that commodity, proved a losing venture, and he was obliged to abandon it, absorbing not only the capital he had invested but entailing debts which he was unable to liquidate. In this situation, doubly harassing from his delicate sense of honor, he resorted to teaching, for which he was well qualified; but soon sank to his grave, his declining hours embittered and doubtless hastened by the sense of his indebtedness.

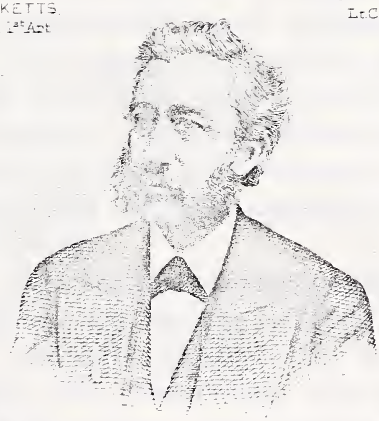
Many of the most gifted and successful of the public men of America have had an humble origin. Geary was no exception to this rule. A log cabin sheltered him in boyhood. There were four children, all boys. The first and third died young. The second, the Rev. Edward R., has for nearly twenty years prosecuted a faithful and consistent ministry in Oregon. The youngest, John W., after the usual preliminary course, entered Jefferson



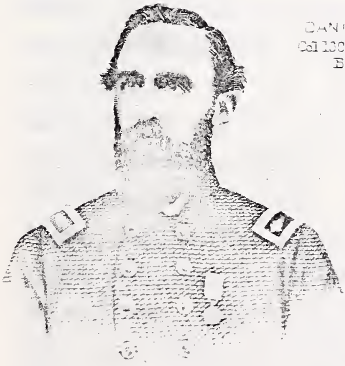
R BRUCE RICKETTS.
Capt Bat F Col 1st Art



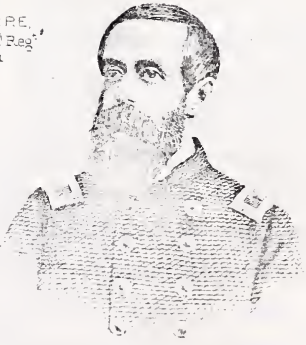
DAVID M JONES.
Lt.Col 110th Regt



DANIEL LEASURE.
Col 100th "Roundhead" Regt
Brev Brig Gen



E M WOODWARD
Major 3rd Reg 2d Reserve.



HIRAM C ALLEMAN.
Lt Col 107th Regt Col 36th M.I

Engd by Geo E Perine, New York

College; but owing to the death of his father he was obliged to leave before graduating. His mother had inherited a number of slaves, but, impelled by that strict sense of probity and justice which ever characterized her, she not only manumitted them but before doing so gave them all the rudiments of an education. That he might provide for that mother's immediate wants and make her comfortable, he taught school for a time, and by frugality was not only able to accomplish this filial duty but to complete his education. A short experience in a wholesale business house in Pittsburg convinced him that he was not born for a tradesman, and he prosecuted the study of civil engineering, for which he had early developed a fondness. He subsequently read law, and was admitted to practise. But, an opportunity opening for employment as an engineer in Kentucky, he went thither, and was engaged in the survey of several lines of public works, acting as the joint agent of the State and the Green River Railroad Company. With the income from this service, and the fortunate sale of a small land venture, he was enabled to return to his mother with sufficient means to discharge all his father's debts, which he did.

He soon after became assistant superintendent and engineer of the Allegheny and Portage Railroad in his own State, an important and responsible position; but he had not been long thus engaged before the Mexican war opened, and he at once abandoned a lucrative place, and recruited a company in Cambria county which was called the *American Highlanders*. It was incorporated in the Second Pennsylvania regiment, Colonel Roberts, of which Geary was chosen Lieutenant-Colonel. It joined General Scott's army at Vera Cruz and became a part of Quitman's division. His first action was at the Pass of La Hoya, and in the storming of Chapultepec he received a wound. Upon entering the valley of Mexico, Colonel Roberts was disabled by sickness, and the active command devolved upon Geary. In the sharp action at Garita de Belen, he displayed such intrepidity that, upon the fall of the city, General Quitman assigned him to the command of the great citadel. Colonel Roberts died soon afterwards, and Geary was promoted to succeed him.

The executive ability displayed in his Mexican service attracted

the attention of President Polk, who appointed him Postmaster of San Francisco, and general mail agent with authority to establish offices, routes, and appoint postmasters - being in effect a deputy Postmaster-General on the Pacific coast. It was a position of great labor; but his ability to systematize soon enabled him to bring order out of chaos, and to inaugurate a well-regulated plan. A new administration soon succeeded with altered politics, and with it a change of Postmasters, and Geary was superseded by Jacob B. Moore. But he was not long suffered to remain in retirement. The citizens of San Francisco elected him First Alcalde, and shortly after he was made Judge of First Instance by the Military Governor of the Territory, General Riley. These were Mexican offices, and involved nearly all the civil and criminal business of the city. He was almost unanimously reelected Alcalde, and when, in the following year, the Mexican forms gave place to American, he was chosen the first Mayor of the city. A turbulent population was now rushing to the new El Dorado, and his task in maintaining order was difficult. In the meantime the question of a State Constitution was presenting itself for decision, and though not a member of the convention which framed that instrument, his voice is known to have been potential in devising and carrying through in the face of the fire-eaters of the South the clause which excluded slavery, and made it a free State.

He had married, in 1843, Miss Margaret Ann, daughter of James R. Logan, of Westmoreland county. Her failing health decided him to return to the Atlantic States in hope of her restoration. Her death, soon after his arrival, caused him to abandon the purpose which he strongly cherished of going back to the Pacific coast and making it his permanent home. He accordingly devoted himself to improved stock-raising and farming, in his native county. Three years had scarcely elapsed, and his farming was just beginning to take the form which he had prefigured, when he was called to Washington by President Pierce, and asked to take the governorship of Utah. This he declined, feeling that there was no field here for the development of executive ability. But when, a short time afterwards, he was urged by the Chief Magistrate to take the helm on the troubled waters of Kansas,

he recognized the opportunity for great usefulness, and promptly accepted it. The outlook before him was anything but promising. Governor Reeder had failed to carry out the views of the administration, and had been superseded by Shannon, who in turn was leaving with no better success than his predecessor. Governor Geary was a known Democrat when he left Pennsylvania. He therefore entered the Territory with no very strong sympathies for the abolitionists, nor on the other hand had he any sentiments in common with the border ruffians. He accordingly determined to pursue an upright and impartial course, let who would go down before it. In his first communication to Secretary Marcy he says: "The existing difficulties are of a far more complicated character than I had anticipated." But he was one of the most hopeful and resolute of men, and the greater the difficulty the more was he aroused to meet it. After giving a graphic picture of the condition of the Territory, where murder, arson, and crime were running riot, he concludes by saying: "Such is the condition of Kansas, faintly pictured. It can be no worse. Yet I feel assured that I shall be able ere long to restore it to peace and quiet." His previous political teachings and experience caused him to enter upon his duties with prejudices against the more violent of the abolitionists. Yet when he came face to face with the two parties, and understood the real designs and purposes of each—that one was bent on settlement, and the other on breaking up such settlement—he determined to allow no preconceived opinions to have weight, and he declared, in his first address to the people, "I have deliberately accepted the executive office, and as God may give me strength and ability, I will endeavor faithfully to discharge its varied requirements. . . . In my official action here, I will do justice at all hazards. Influenced by no other considerations than the welfare of the whole people of this Territory, I desire to know no party nor section, no North, no South, no East, no West—nothing but Kansas and my country." But this was not what the pro-slavery party wanted of a Governor, nor, as it subsequently appeared, what the administration at Washington designed. To break up free-soil emigration and settlement and make it a slave State was the only purpose. When, therefore, the Governor strove to stop

outrage and violence, and give every *bona fide* settler a fair chance, he incurred the mortal hatred of the fire-eaters, was thwarted by nearly every local officer and Federal appointee, was threatened with assassination, and was left alone to battle with the wrathful elements. "He no longer," says his biographer, "doubted his true position. He was alone in the Territory. He was not only not supported by a single officer sent there by the General Government, but every one of them was exerting his influence and power to oppose his efforts to do justice and secure the peace he had effected." In one of his addresses to an excited crowd at Topeka which seemed bent on doing him personal violence, the Governor said: "Gentlemen, I come not to treat with, but to govern you. There is now no other Governor in the Territory than myself. I will protect the lives and property of every peace-loving and law-abiding citizen with all the power I possess. I will punish every lawbreaker, whatever may be his position or pretensions. I will not for a moment tolerate any questioning of my authority. All who are in favor of restoring peace to this distracted Territory can range themselves under my banner; all others I will treat as bandits and robbers, and as such extirpate them at the point of the bayonet. Don't talk to me about slavery or freedom, free-state men or pro-slavery men, until we have restored the benign influences of peace to the country; until we have punished the murderer, and driven out the bandit and rabble, and returned the industrious citizens to their homes and claims. Do not, I pray you, attempt to embarrass me with your political disputations. You shall all, without distinction of party, be alike protected. This is no time to talk about party, when men, women and children are hourly being murdered at their own firesides or whilst sleeping in their beds, or are being driven by merciless bands of marauders from their homes without money, food, or clothing. In God's name, rise for a moment above party, and contemplate yourselves as men and patriots. I am your friend—your fellow-citizen—moved by no other impulse than the welfare of the inhabitants of this Territory, and the protection of their honor, their lives and property. When peace is fairly restored, I will see that every man of you is secured in his political rights."

Although himself a Democrat of the strictest sect, and the appointee of a pro-slavery administration, there was a sentiment ever uppermost in the heart of John W. Geary that would never allow him to stand unconcernedly by and see right and justice trampled in the dust, and iniquity prevail, however much his party might seem to be strengthened thereby. As a consequence, bloodshed, arson, and turbulence of every description were checked under his rule, and the tide of *bona fide* population set strongly and rapidly towards the new Territory. The pro-slavery men saw their darling projects withering in his hand, and set themselves vigorously to work to have him recalled. But in the meantime the administration of Pierce was at an end, and, moved by a desire to relieve the successor from any embarrassment on his account, he promptly placed his resignation in the hands of Mr. Buchanan on the day of his inauguration, and soon after issued his farewell address, in which he referred with honest pride to the pacification which had resulted from his rule, and the consequent prosperity and growth of the Territory, commending the interests of the infant State and the nation to the instincts of patriotism, and declared: "All true patriots, whether from the North or South, the East or West, should unite together for that which is and must be regarded as a common cause, the preservation of the Union; and he who shall whisper a desire for its dissolution, no matter what may be his pretensions, or to what faction or party he claims to belong, is unworthy of your confidence, deserves your strongest reprobation, and should be branded as a traitor to his country."

On retiring from Kansas he resumed his agricultural operations, which had suffered in his absence. Four years of turmoil soon passed, in which the elements of discord which he found in Kansas, and which he strove to settle, were kept in constant agitation. On the morning after the attack upon Sumter, Governor Geary, unconscious of what had transpired, drove his farm-wagon to the neighboring village, where he learned that the flag of his country had been insulted and pulled down in Charleston harbor. His resolution was immediately taken, and in less than one hour from that time he had an office open for recruits, and promptly tendered his services to the Government. He was

given authority to raise a regiment, and so great was the desire to serve with him that sixty-six companies sent applications to be taken into his command. In consequence of this he was permitted to have fifteen companies and a battery of six guns. As soon as officered and equipped, his command was assigned to the army of General Banks, and was posted at Harper's Ferry, where he had a front of twenty-one miles upon the river to guard. On the 16th of October, while a portion of his force was out gathering wheat from the enemy, he was attacked by a large body under Ashby and Evans with seven guns; but he succeeded in repulsing them and capturing one of their pieces, though sustaining some loss and himself being wounded. In the spring he was given the advance in the movement up the Valley, captured Leesburg, and uncovered, in succession, all the important passes through the Blue Ridge. Soon after this he was appointed Brigadier-General of volunteers, and assigned to the command of a brigade in the Second corps. In the hotly contested battle of Cedar Mountain, where Stonewall Jackson fought with his usual impetuosity and skill, General Geary, leading his brigade with remarkable courage and daring, was wounded, first in the foot and afterwards severely in the arm, to save which from amputation he was obliged to give himself unreservedly to surgical treatment.

Upon the formation of the Twelfth corps, after the Maryland campaign, General Geary was assigned to the command of its Second or White Star division. This corps accompanied Hooker in his advance upon Chancellorsville, and was on the centre of the original line of battle. When disaster befell the right, and Hooker was obliged to fall back to a more defensible position, Geary was left upon the front to check the foe until the movement could be executed, and in finally withdrawing was fearfully exposed and suffered severely. He was himself struck over the heart with the fragment of a shell, and his division lost over one thousand men in killed, wounded, and missing. During the first day at Gettysburg the First and Eleventh corps and a division of cavalry were alone engaged. Just at the close of the day, when, broken and decimated, the remnants of those heroic corps were retreating through the village of Gettysburg, the fainting and

dispirited soldiers descried far down the Baltimore pike a cloud of dust. Higher and higher it rose, and finally was revealed to their eager gaze the dim outline of the stars and stripes. It was the head of Geary's division advancing to the rescue, and soon his solid columns were deploying upon the field, bringing hope to their depressed and despondent minds. Its arrival was known to the enemy, who was deterred from attacking, since that gallant division was ready to be thrown upon any part where he might choose to assault. As the left of the line, in the direction of Little Round Top, was open and most liable to be turned, Geary was sent thither. On the following morning he was recalled and put upon Culp's Hill, which he fortified. Towards evening he was ordered over to the left with two of his brigades; but before he reached the point intended he returned to Culp's Hill. In his absence the enemy had attacked and nearly overborne the brigade which he had left, and completely overrun his own works. To regain them the struggle was desperate, commencing at dawn and lasting till past ten o'clock. Assault after assault of the enemy was repulsed, and the ground was piled with the slain and wounded. Finally, seeing his antagonist weakened and beginning to waver, Geary charged and swept all before him, retaking his lost breastworks and inflicting fearful slaughter. This ended the last real advantage obtained by the enemy on this field, and was an important agency in finally gaining the victory.

But perhaps the two most notable military exploits of General Geary's life, though by no means the ones in which his manhood was most severely tested, were those of Wauhatchie, and Lookout Mountain or the BATTLE ABOVE THE CLOUDS. Soon after the Gettysburg campaign closed, General Hooker, with the Eleventh and Twelfth corps, was sent to Chattanooga to the relief of Rosecrans, who was shut up in that out-of-the-way place, and in imminent peril of capture from the combined forces of Bragg and Longstreet, the latter, detached from Lee's army in Virginia, having reached this place in advance of Hooker. The Union forces were pushing forward to open the way to the starving army of Rosecrans, the main avenues to which were in possession of the enemy. On the 27th of October, Geary, with a portion of

his division, had reached a point opposite Lookout Mountain, where the Kelly's Ferry road intersects the railroad near the banks of Lookout Creek. His force numbered but 1463, and no Union troops were within several miles. It was an important position, as it commanded the roads necessary to be kept open for the passage of supplies, a result which the enemy was eager to defeat. It lies immediately beneath the shadow of Lookout Mountain, upon whose serene summit a number of rebel generals, among whom were Longstreet, Breckenridge and Hood, were watching the toilsome progress of the Union troops. Seeing this little force of Geary encamping with no supports they determined to surprise it by a night attack, and crush it utterly. Geary was not aware when he formed his camp that any hostile forces were near him. But it was a marked characteristic of him to be ever watchful, and fortunately he was that night especially vigilant. He sent Colonel Rickards, with the Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania, to picket all the roads, with injunctions to throw the guards well out, and in double strength. Colonel Rickards was a shrewd officer, and, when his men were posted, went to the house of a magistrate near by, under pretence of having some bread baked, and in response to a question apparently casually put to one of the women of the household he learned that the enemy had that very day been upon the ground. This was startling intelligence. Could it be that the foe in force was upon his track and no part of the Union army in supporting distance? The magistrate was brought to General Geary's tent and quickly made to disclose the whole truth—that the enemy in heavy battalions, at least four times his own, was at that moment lying at the head of the bridge leading across the creek, not a mile and a quarter away, ready to advance and give battle. The situation was critical; but General Geary was determined, if attacked, to sell his command dearly, and accordingly made every disposition.

At a little past midnight, as he had anticipated, the attack came; and now was seen the advantage of strong picket lines well out; for they made a good fight, falling back slowly, and contesting every inch stubbornly, so that, by the time they had reached the main body, it was in readiness to receive the oncoming foe. Charge after charge was made and the incessant

flashes of the guns lighted up the whole heavens. But firmly this handful of men held their ground, and dealt fearful destruction. Thirty-five out of forty-eight artillery horses in Knap's battery were killed. General Geary's son, Edward R., a gallant young officer, was instantly cut off while sighting his gun. Until four o'clock the struggle was maintained. The sixty rounds of ammunition were exhausted, and the dead and wounded were searched for a supply. The Union guns were ably handled and produced terrible effect. Finally, one of the pieces was dragged to a position where it enfiladed a rebel force which had taken shelter behind a railroad embankment, the fire from which caused his line to waver. Taking advantage of this sign of weakness, Geary ordered a charge, which drove everything before it. At this moment a pack of frightened mules broke away, and with their traces dangling at their sides rushed in a body in the same direction, producing the impression that the Union cavalry was charging, and causing a stampede—the confident midnight assault of the enemy ending in inglorious rout. One hundred and fifty-seven of the enemy's dead were left on the field, and one hundred and thirty-five severely wounded. When Generals Grant and Hooker arrived, and witnessed the evidences of the intensity of the struggle, they expressed their surprise and gratification that so small a body of men had made so gallant a fight. General Slocum wrote: "I wish you and your command to know that I feel deeply grateful for their gallant conduct, and for the new laurels they have brought to our corps." Badeau in his life of Grant says: "Mr. Jefferson Davis had visited Lookout Mountain only a week before, and feasted his eyes with the sight of the National army shut up among the hills, like an animal ready for slaughter; and now, at a single stroke, the prey had been snatched from his grasp. The door for relief was opened, and, from a besieged and isolated army, the force in Chattanooga had suddenly become the assailant. . . . The army felt as if it had been miraculously relieved. Its spirit revived at once, the depression of Chickamauga was shaken off, and the unshackled giant stood erect." "For almost three hours," says General Hooker in his official report of this battle, "without assistance he [Geary] repelled the repeated attacks of vastly superior numbers,

and in the end drove them ingloriously from the field. At one time they had enveloped him on three sides, under circumstances that would have dismayed any officer except one endowed with an iron will, and the most exalted courage. Such is the character of General Geary." No words could more veritably portray his character, and the victory achieved

"In the dead waste and middle of the night,"

against numbers many fold his own acting upon a preconcerted and well-matured plan, was gained by that iron will and most exalted courage.

Scarcely a month had elapsed before he divulged to General Hooker an ingenious plan for sweeping the enemy from the seemingly impregnable heights of Lookout Mountain. At a distance of half or two-thirds up the side of this bold chain rises a perpendicular, and in some parts overhanging, face of rock which reaches to a great height. His device was to cause a close column to hug this palisade—where it would be sheltered from the fire of the troops above—which should turn the flank of any body of soldiers that might be encountered on the lower slope of the mountain, like the point of a ploughshare, and follow this up closely by a heavy force three lines deep and well supported, which like the moulding-board of the plough should overwhelm and scatter every opposing force. His plan was adopted and he was given a strong column. A dense fog on the morning of the 24th of November served to screen his preliminary movements, and before the enemy were aware of it that resistless ploughshare was running along under the shadow of the towering rock. Stubborn resistance was made; but taken unawares and in the reverse direction from that in which they were fortified to fight, they were swept along by this novel and swiftly moving force. Still, taking advantage of the little ravines by which the face of the mountain is seamed, and the loose rocks everywhere covering the ground, desperate fighting at every turn was kept up. But nothing could stay the onward progress of Geary. Mists hung low on the breast of the mountain, and the combatants were shut out from the view of the distant observer; yet the progress of the fight could be discerned by the flashes of

the musketry. Grant, and Thomas, and Sherman, and Hooker, with their troops a hundred thousand strong, from their several positions were watching with the deepest solicitude the progress of the contest. As Geary fought his way on he gradually wound upwards, and finally, having swept all before him, emerged into the bright sunlight far above the black clouds that still hung on the breast of the mountain, and planted the White Star flag upon the lofty summit. As the Union army beheld that beautiful emblem floating upon the serene air, and knew that the victory was won, peals of rejoicing rung out from every valley and hill-side, and the distant mountains repeated the glad shout. It was the noted BATTLE ABOVE THE CLOUDS, which the imagination has allied to the fiery contests of angels upon heaven's battlements, as pictured by the prolific fancy of Milton.

The battle of Missionary Ridge followed on the next day, when Sherman stood upon the left, Thomas upon the centre, and Hooker upon the right. Geary was sent to turn the extreme right of the rebel column, and gaining the rear of that flank dashed on in triumphal course. His progress here, as described by himself, was the most exciting and inspiring of any in the whole course of his military life.

Early in the spring of 1864, Sherman commenced his campaign on Atlanta, where, for a hundred days, was one almost continuous battle, in which General Geary never for one moment left his post. At Peachtree Creek, where the enemy, under Hood—the new rebel Commander-in-chief—attacked with unwonted power, he stood unmoved, and finally beat back the foe, gaining a complete triumph. In the March to the Sea he led his division with unbroken success, and when arrived at Savannah, and that stronghold had fallen with its outlying forts, he was selected to be Military Governor of the city. With the march northward through the Carolinas, and the surrender of Johnson, the war virtually ended, and the armies were disbanded. General Geary now returned to private life, and, in 1866, was nominated and elected Governor of Pennsylvania for a term of three years. At its close he was re-elected for a second term. In his administration of civil affairs he showed himself, if possible, more gifted than in the field. His messages abound in recommendations for

correcting abuses in legislating and in administering affairs. To this end the veto power was freely used, and a most careful and scrutinizing personal supervision was given to the entire working of the Government. During the six years of his administration the State debt was diminished by the sum of $10,992,662.54. In January, 1873, his gubernatorial labors closed. Without allowing himself any time for relaxation, he at once entered upon extensive business projects, which he was preparing to carry forward with his usual unrelenting hand; but on the morning of Saturday, the 8th of February, while seated at the breakfast table in the midst of his family, his head dropped upon his breast, and without a struggle he expired. An examination disclosed no apparent signs of disease. But a microscopical inspection by an expert proved that death was caused by fatty degeneration of the heart and kidneys. His brain weighed fifty-six and a half ounces, one of the largest on record. The suddenness of his death, coupled with his having so recently laid aside the gubernatorial dignity, created a marked sensation at the capital and throughout the State. A public funeral was accorded. The Governor and heads of departments, members of both houses of the Legislature, military and civic societies, united in paying the last sad rites, which were rendered unusually solemn and impressive.

By his first marriage he had three sons, one of whom died in infancy, another was killed at Wauhatchie, and a third was a recent graduate at West Point. Mrs. Geary died in 1853. In 1858, he was married to Mrs. Mary C. Henderson, daughter of Robert R. Church, of Cumberland county. The issue of this marriage was three daughters and one son.

In person Governor Geary was six feet four inches in height, and well proportioned. In manners he was courteous, and at the same time affable and cordial. He was endowed with a deep sense of religious obligation, and was hence preserved from those vices which have dragged down many of the most exalted intellects. He had much of the iron in his nature, and consequently was exacting and imperious, not only towards others but also towards himself. He was careful of the public welfare. Few men have been more successful. Though cut off in middle life, he had been much in the public eye, and had filled numerous

stations of great responsibility—a soldier in two wars, and practically Governor in three States. What to most men would have been regarded a short life to him was long and full; for

> "We live in deeds, not years; in thought, not breath;
> In feelings, not in figures on the dial.
> We should count time by heart-throbs when they beat
> For God, for man, for duty. He most lives
> Who thinks most, feels noblest, acts the best;
> And he but dead who lives the coward life."

Charles John Biddle, Colonel of the Bucktail regiment, was born on the 30th of April, 1819, in the city of Philadelphia. He was the son of Nicholas, and Jane Margaret (Craig) Biddle. He was educated at Princeton College, and read law in his native city, where he was admitted to the bar. He volunteered in the militia for the suppression of the riots in 1844, and at the breaking out of the Mexican War recruited a company—of which he was made Captain—for service in one of the new regiments just then ordered for the regular army, in which Joseph E. Johnston was Lieutenant-Colonel. He participated in all the battles fought in the Valley of Mexico, and received honorable mention in the reports of his superiors, General Scott designating him as "among the first in the assault" at Chapultepec, and his regimental commander saying, "Captain Biddle behaved with his accustomed bravery; he joined us in the morning from a sick-bed, against my wish and orders." He was breveted Major for "gallant and meritorious" conduct, and was selected as Aide-de-camp by General Kearny. Upon his return from Mexico he resumed the practice of the law, and in 1853 was married to Miss Emma Mather.

At the breaking out of the Rebellion he was appointed a member of the Committee of Public Safety for the city, and was active in drilling troops. He was commissioned by Governor Curtin, Colonel of the Bucktail regiment, and upon his arrival in Harrisburg was placed in command of Camp Curtin, then crowded with new levies, where his superior discipline had a happy effect. In June, 1861, on an occasion of alarm for the safety of the southern border of the State, Colonel Biddle was sent thither with his own, the Fifth regiment, and a section of

artillery, where he displayed, says McClellan, in his official report, "great activity and intelligence." After the defeat of the Union army at Bull Run, his position was for a time perilous; but he maintained it until the advance of the army under General Banks in the Shenandoah Valley brought relief. In that army the command of a brigade of five regiments and a battery—on the departure of General George H. Thomas to the western army—was given to Colonel Biddle. In September he was ordered with his regiment to join the Pennsylvania Reserves before Washington. In the meantime, at a special election held in Philadelphia, Colonel Biddle had been elected a member of Congress. He did not take his seat at the called session in July, as he was then facing the enemy; but at the opening of the regular session in December, being in camp, with no immediate prospect of hostilities, he resigned his position as Colonel and was installed in that body. His political views at this period are illustrated by a single paragraph from his reply to the address of his constituents: "The Government that embraces the great, rich, and populous States of the North must sink to no humble, no degraded place among the nations. National prosperity is too nearly allied to national dignity to suffer us to stand in the relation of the vanquished to those who never can secede from geographical connection; with whom close relations, warlike or amicable, must continue always." At the close of his congressional term he returned to Philadelphia. In the emergency, in the fall of 1862, he volunteered as a private in the militia, and was among the first to cross the border into Maryland. When arrived in close proximity to the enemy, and there was a prospect of a collision, he was assigned to duty as an officer. Again, in 1863, he was active in encouraging enlistments and in raising troops, until the victory at Gettysburg put an end to hostile invasion. In 1865 he was nominated for City Solicitor, but was defeated. He had in the meantime become editor of a daily newspaper in Philadelphia, and one of its proprietors. In this capacity he continued to labor with marked skill and ability until the day of his death, which occurred suddenly on the 28th of September, 1873. "He was," says John Cadwalader, in his memoir, "of a frail body but great soul. The body, in his own language, he

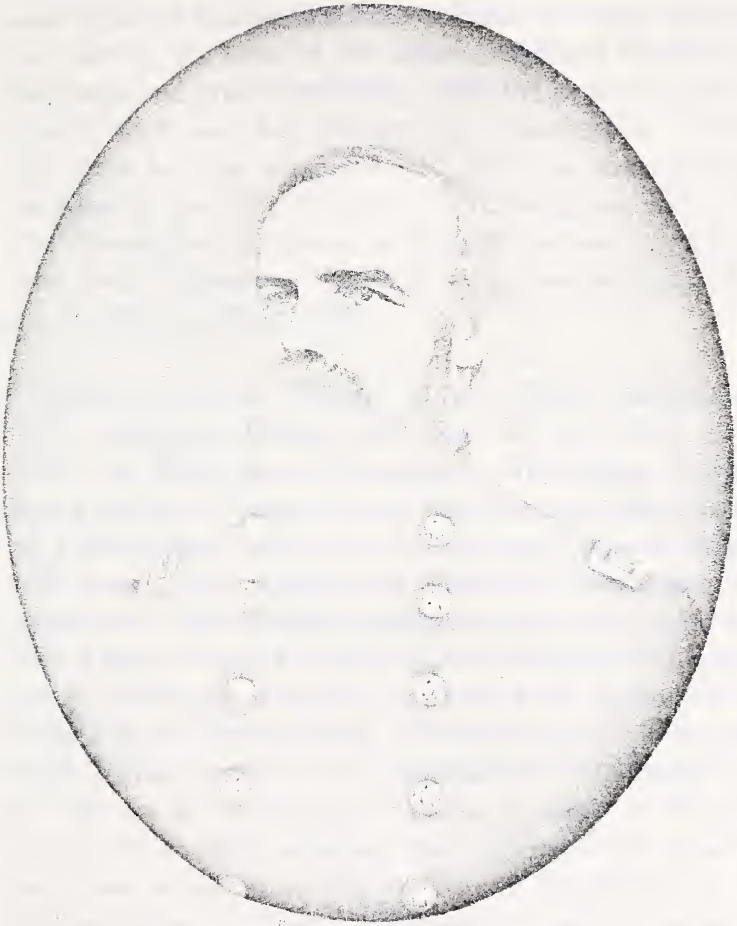
regarded as a 'hack-horse to be urged on by the soul to the journey's end, though the galled jade should fall on the road.' His rule of conduct was, in his own words, always to seek 'practical and active employment; for without it,' he said, 'even if our time is spent in the most arduous study, there is danger that the character may be sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, and lose its vigor and aptitude for the contests of life.' He added that he had found 'nothing which so nearly approached happiness as the self-satisfaction arising from the exact fulfilment of prescribed duties.'" "I should say," says Peter McCall, of the Philadelphia bar, "he was a man for an emergency. If an enemy were at the gates, he was the man under whom I would have liked to serve. . . . He was a man of the highest probity, a true patriot, a lover of his country and of its institutions. . . . He was a scholar, a ripe scholar, and a thorough gentleman. His scholarship was more than ordinary. He was a graduate of Nassau Hall, and that was my first bond of union with him, and mark me, Nassau Hall will set him down among her distinguished children."

ALEXANDER SCHEMMELFINNIG, Colonel of the Seventy-fourth regiment, and Brigadier-General of volunteers, was born in Germany, in 1824. In the Hungarian War he was a soldier with Kossuth, and upon its unfortunate termination came to America. In 1854 he published a work entitled "The War between Russia and Turkey." He was commissioned Colonel of the Seventy-fourth, on the 23d of July, 1861. He was of the column which marched, in inclement weather and across swollen streams, to the support of Fremont in West Virginia, and had scarcely reached his destination before, with Fremont, he returned to the assistance of Banks in the Shenandoah Valley. He was afterwards in the corps of Sigel, and with it fought in Pope's campaign, distinguishing himself in the battle of Bull Run, for which he was made Brigadier-General. In the battle of Chancellorsville he commanded a brigade in the Third division of the Eleventh corps, and when the First division, commanded by Devens, gave way before the attack of Jackson, he faced to meet the disaster and, with Buschbeck's brigade of the Second, held the enemy in check under fierce assaults for nearly an hour.

The indiscriminate denunciation heaped upon the corps for its conduct called forth the vigorous protest of this intrepid soldier. In a letter to General Schurz he says: "For the surprise on the flanks and the rear in broad daylight, by a force outnumbering us four to one, the responsibility falls not on the Third division, holding the centre, but upon the First division, which held the right wing, and upon those whose duty it was to anticipate such a contingency, and to prepare for it. General, I am an old soldier. Up to this time I have been proud of commanding the brave men of this brigade; but I am convinced that if the infamous lies uttered about us are not retracted and satisfaction given, their good-will and soldierly spirit will be broken, and I shall no longer see myself at the head of the same brave men whom I have heretofore had the honor to lead."

General Schemmelfinnig commanded the Third division in the battle of Gettysburg, where he did effective service when hard pressed by the Louisiana Tigers. Early in the year 1864, he was transferred to the Department of the South, and had command of the forces on St. John's Island. Upon the fall of Charleston, on the 18th of February, 1865, his forces were the first to enter the city, and to take possession of Forts Sumter and Moultrie. He died at Minersville, Pennsylvania, on the 7th of September, 1865.

JOHN CLARK, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Third Reserve regiment, was born in Philadelphia on the 30th of November, 1822. He was the son of George and Ann (Kearney) Clark, of Irish descent. He received a good common-school education, but no military training previous to the Rebellion. He entered the service of the United States on the 31st of May, 1861, as Captain of Company E, in the Third Reserve. No officer of his command was more attentive to duty nor more constant than he. He was with the corps throughout the entire Seven Days' battle upon the Peninsula, and at its close was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel for meritorious services. At Antietam he was wounded in the hand, but refused to leave the field, and did not go to a hospital, though the wound resulted in the permanent injury of one of his fingers. He was here in command of the regiment, as also at South Mountain and Antietam, where he was in the



John Clark

LT COL. 3RD REGT P.R.V.

thickest of the fight and acquitted himself with distinction. Soon after the battle of Fredericksburg, Colonel Clark was detailed for special duty in the engineer corps. It was at a time when the Government was carrying on stupendous campaigns reaching over almost the entire breadth of the continent, and the building and repair of railroads for the transfer of troops and supplies was not among the least of its labors. Colonel Clark had, in early life, acquired great familiarity with the practical part of railroad construction, and his services were invaluable. At the close of his term he was mustered out, and was subsequently chosen a member of the City Council of Philadelphia, and a member of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, of which body he was elected Speaker. He died at his residence in Philadelphia, on the 30th of May, 1872.

JOSEPH ROBERTS, Colonel of the Third artillery, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born on the 30th of December, 1814, at Middletown, Delaware. His father, Joseph Roberts, was a native of Delaware, but has for many years been a resident of Philadelphia, where, at the advanced age of eighty-eight, he still lives. His mother was Elizabeth Booth, also a native of Delaware. The greater portion of his early years was spent in New Castle, where he received his preliminary educational training. At the age of sixteen he entered the sophomore class of the University of Pennsylvania, where he remained one year; but in 1831, having received an appointment to the Military Academy, he left the University and became a cadet at West Point. He graduated in 1835, standing the eighth in the class of fifty-six, and was promoted to Brevet Second Lieutenant in the Fourth United States artillery. He was, at successive periods, advanced through the several grades to that of Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment. For a year after entering the service he was in garrison at Fort Hamilton, New York harbor. In 1836, he was on active duty in the Creek Nation, in Georgia and Alabama. From September to November of this year he was Captain of a body of mounted Creek Indian volunteers, who were employed in the Florida War.

At the opening of the academic year of 1837, Captain Roberts

was transferred from field duty in Florida to civil duty at West Point; and for a period of twelve years was Assistant Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy at the United States Military Academy, where he had under his instruction Grant, McClellan, Stonewall Jackson, Longstreet, and many others who have since become famous in either army during the great Civil War. Little did Professor Roberts think, while he was quietly but earnestly engaged in teaching these boys the elements of the sciences, that they would eventually use the knowledge thus acquired in leading armed hosts of their own countrymen against each other in mortal conflict, and that these then nameless youths would be world-wide known, and chief in the eye of fame. But so it proved, and their later eminence bears ample testimony to the excellence of their early military instruction.

In 1849 he was again ordered to the field, having the year before been promoted to Captain in his regiment, and was engaged in active duty against the Seminole Indians in Florida. After a year's service here he was employed in garrison duty at Key West, Florida, in 1850; Fort Mifflin, Pennsylvania, in 1850–'53; Ringgold barracks, Texas, in 1853–'55; Fort Wood, New York, in 1855; Ringgold barracks, Texas, in 1856; and Forts McRae, Jupiter and Capron, Florida, in 1856–'59. At this period he took the field, and was again engaged in hostilities against the Seminole Indians, in that seemingly endless Florida War. After a brief period of duty he was transferred to the frontier at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and in 1858 to Platte Bridge, Nebraska. In 1859 he was detailed upon recruiting service, and in 1859–'60–'61, was in garrison at Fortress Monroe, employed in the Artillery School of Practice, and as a member of the board to arrange the programme of instruction for that institution.

Soon after the Rebellion broke out he was placed in command at Fortress Monroe, and promoted to the rank of Major in the regular army. On the 13th of September, 1862, he was selected for Chief of Artillery in the Seventh army corps, which position he continued to fill until the 19th of March, 1863. In the meantime the Third Pennsylvania Heavy Artillery—One Hundred and Fifty-second of the line—had been recruited, and an experienced officer was desired to lead it. Major Roberts was selected

for this purpose and commissioned Colonel. He was assigned to the command of Fortress Monroe, and his regiment to duty at this point and with the Army of the James. From June 10th, 1863, until November 9th, 1865, he continued to exercise this important trust, having in the meantime been brevetted Brigadier-General in the volunteer service, and Colonel and Brigadier General in the United States Army, "for meritorious and distinguished services during the Rebellion." He was subsequently for a short time in command of Fort McHenry, near Baltimore; but was, in November, 1866, called to court martial duty, where he was retained until April, 1867, when he was made Inspector-General of the Department of Washington. His merit as an instructor had been tested by a long service early in his career, and in March, 1868, he was assigned to duty as Superintendent of Instruction in the Artillery School at Fortress Monroe, where he has continued to serve with great credit until the present time. General Roberts was married on the 4th of October, 1860, at Fortress Monroe, to Miss Adeline C. Dimick, third daughter of General Justin Dimick, of the United States Army. In person he is below the medium height, but of powerful make, with the air and carriage of a soldier. He is the author of a "Hand-book of Artillery," published in 1861, and revised in 1863, which has given him a deserved reputation as a writer and a tactician.

SULLIVAN AMORY MEREDITH, Colonel of the Fifty-sixth regiment, and Brigadier-General of volunteers, was born in Philadelphia on the 5th of July, 1816. He was the son of the late William Meredith, an eminent lawyer of that city, and a brother of the Hon. William M. Meredith. He was educated at St. Mary's College, Baltimore. In 1835 he went to the Southwest, and resided at Natchez, Mississippi, for a period of three years, when, owing to the great commercial revulsion of 1837, he returned to Philadelphia. In 1840 he sailed for the west coast of South America, and after visiting the principal cities along the Pacific shore, returned and took up his residence in the city of New York, where he remained in business until 1849. Gold had then just been discovered in California, and he joined a com

pany who proceeded thither by the way of Mexico. It numbered a hundred strong, and sailed from New York to Vera Cruz. Here he organized a squadron of ten picked men, who elected him their Captain, and having purchased horses, proceeded across the country to San Blas, on the Pacific shore, by the way of Jalapa, Puebla, City of Mexico, Guadalaxara, and Tepic. This was the first company that reached California by that route. After two years he again returned to New York.

At the breaking out of the Rebellion he was in business in Philadelphia, and at the first call for men by President Lincoln tendered his services to Governor Curtin, and was elected and commissioned Colonel of the Tenth Pennsylvania regiment, called for a term of three months, which he led in Patterson's campaign in Northern Virginia. Upon his return at the close of this service he was appointed, by the Governor, Colonel commanding at Camp Curtin, near Harrisburg, where he superintended the drill and forwarding to the seat of war of more than 40,000 men. He organized and was made Colonel of the Fifty-sixth regiment, enlisted to serve during the war. In the winter of 1861–'62 he garrisoned Fort Albany. In April following he was ordered to the lower Potomac, and after reaching Fredericksburg was assigned to McDowell's corps. With this he served during the entire campaign, up to the Second battle of Bull Run, when on the 31st of August, 1862, he was severely wounded. His immediate commanding officer at this period says in a letter in which he refers to Colonel Meredith: "None is better fitted to command than he, and his conduct in battle has always excited my highest admiration." He was held in high esteem by his men.

For his gallantry in this engagement he was promoted to Brigadier-General, his commission bearing date of August 29th, 1862. When so far recovered from the effect of his wounds as to attend to business, he was appointed commissioner for the exchange of prisoners, and in the spring of 1863 proceeded to Fortress Monroe, where he remained until late in that year, performing the delicate duties of his office to the entire satisfaction of the Government. Early in 1864, he was ordered to report to General William S. Rosecrans at St. Louis, Missouri, under whose command he served until the close of the war. He was

honorably discharged on the 24th of August, 1865, having been in the service four years and six months.

ALGERNON SIDNEY MOUNTAIN MORGAN, Colonel of the Sixty-third regiment. The science of surgery made great gains during the late war, though at a fearful expense of life and limb. In many cases it was matter of astonishment how small an injury would produce death, while in others, what would seem almost certain to prove mortal, resulted in complete recovery. The subject of this sketch was of the latter class, and though wounded in a ghastly manner, was almost miraculously restored.

He was born on the 9th of May, 1831, at Morgansa, Washington county, Pennsylvania. His father was James B. Morgan, and when a youth of only sixteen, shouldered his musket, and with a company raised in the county marched across the mountains to meet the British, who, after burning the Capitol and President's House at Washington, were moving on Baltimore. His grandfather, General John Morgan, entered the army as an ensign at an early age, and served as aid to General Butler, at St. Clair's defeat. His great-grandfather, Colonel George Morgan, was in the service during the entire war of the Revolution. His mother was Susan S., daughter of James Mountain, a lawyer of Pittsburg. The year after his birth his parents removed to that city, where he was educated, graduating in the class of 1849 at the Western University.

Following the example of an illustrious line of ancestry, he enlisted in the First regiment, and served in the three months' campaign. Active in raising the Sixty-third regiment for three years, he was elected Lieutenant-Colonel, being associated with that sterling soldier, Alexander Hays, who was its Colonel. Morgan was very assiduous in drilling the regiment, though never having had any military education, and under the direction of Hays, who was a graduate of West Point, became an excellent drill-master. With the army of McClellan he went to the Peninsula, and at Fair Oaks was terribly wounded. The battle had been for a long time in progress before the division of Kearny, to which this regiment belonged, was ordered up. When the command was at length given, it marched at double-

quick, and went into position in a wood, a part of which was already filled with masses of the foe. Nearly every tree concealed a sharpshooter. The action was of the most determined and desperate nature, and until after nightfall the crash of musketry was incessant. The Sixty-third sustained severe losses—the dead and wounded covering all that blood-washed ground. In the midst of the fight, Colonel Morgan was struck by a musket ball in the left hip, just above the joint, which went tearing through, and issued from the right hip at almost the exact corresponding place. He was immediately carried off the field, and was transported to Philadelphia, where he was attended by Dr. George W. Morris, among the most eminent of his profession. His case was regarded as a remarkable one, and attracted the attention of many surgeons. He was afterwards removed to his home in Pittsburg, and for a year was helpless. He then began gradually to regain his strength. He finally recovered the use of his limbs, but with a broken constitution and greatly impaired health. All hope of ever being able to rejoin his regiment having been given up, he was, in April, 1863, mustered out of service. In December of that year, he was appointed military storekeeper, Ordnance Department of the Allegheny arsenal, near Pittsburg, which position he still holds.

Owen Jones, Colonel of the First cavalry, Fourteenth Reserve regiment, was born on the 29th of December, 1819, in Montgomery county, Pennsylvania. He was educated at the University of Pennsylvania, and read law with the Hon. William M. Meredith, of Philadelphia. After his admission to the bar he turned his attention to agricultural pursuits with a genuine zest. He was a member of the Board of Revenue Commissioners on the part of Montgomery and Bucks counties, and represented the fifth Pennsylvania district—comprising Montgomery county and part of Philadelphia city—in Congress, during a portion of Mr. Buchanan's administration. He entered the army as a Captain in the First Pennsylvania cavalry, on the 1st of August, 1861, was promoted to Major, August 5th, and to Lieutenant-Colonel in the October following. He was with this regiment at Dranesville, and when Stonewall Jackson made his appearance

in the Shenandoah Valley, creating consternation and horror by the superiority of his numbers, and his tireless energy, the First cavalry was sent thither. By forced marches it reached the valley in time to follow and engage the rebel rear-guard. For more than a week the action of the cavalry was almost constant, and at Harrisonburg, Port Republic, and Cross Keys, sharp encounters occurred. When the rebel army, after the close of the Peninsula campaign, began to press upon Pope's front, the cavalry was thrust out in all directions to hold him in check, and be informed of his movements. At the opening of May, 1862, Jones was promoted to Colonel, and now had the entire command of the regiment. At Cedar Mountain, in all the preliminaries to Bull Run, and throughout the trying battles at Groveton and Chantilly, he was where duty called, and rendered a service which must ever command the respect and gratitude of his countrymen. He was here under the immediate command of those heroic soldiers, Generals Reynolds and Bayard, and won their hearty approval. In the battle of Fredericksburg he had the advance of Franklin's grand division, and with his regiment opened that bloody contest. He afterwards had command of the cavalry on the left of the line. Upon the accession of General Hooker to the head of the Army of the Potomac, he resigned, and has since been exclusively employed with his private affairs.

William Dunlap Dixon, Colonel of the Sixth Reserve regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General of volunteers, was born at St. Thomas, Franklin county, Pennsylvania, on the 11th of December, 1833. He was the son of David and Catharine (Jeffery) Dixon, natives of that county, of Scotch-Irish descent. His ancestors on both sides served in the Revolutionary war, his grandfather, William Dixon, having been also a soldier in the French and Indian war, and his maternal grandfather, Benjamin Jeffery, having received a severe wound at the battle of the Brandywine, where he was captured and for over a year endured the horrors of British imprisonment. He was employed in early life in the varied occupations of the farm, where his frame was well developed by exercise, and the vigor imparted by much exposure to sunlight and pure air. He was educated at

the public schools then just being inaugurated throughout the State, and at Millwood Academy, Shade Gap, where he obtained a good English and classical training. For three years before the breaking out of the war he had been a member of a militia company.

Among the first to respond to the call for troops to suppress the Rebellion, he was, on the 18th of April, 1861, mustered into service for three months, and upon the expiration of this term recruited a company in his native county, for the Reserve corps, which became Company D of the Sixth regiment. In the battle of South Mountain, on the 14th of September, the Reserves rendered signal service in turning the left flank of the enemy, and gaining possession of the mountain pass which insured a speedy advance upon his main body. Captain Dixon led his company with marked skill and ability, carrying one after another a series of strong defensive positions occupied by the enemy, and finally emerging upon the summit forced him to retire. For his gallantry in this engagement, and in that which followed two days after at Antietam, he was promoted to the rank of Major.

At Fredericksburg, on the 13th of December, 1862, where the Reserves led the main assault of Franklin's column, and achieved a temporary success, as brilliant as it was dearly bought, Major Dixon's regiment was on the advance line of the brigade, leading the way with a heroism unsurpassed, bearing down all before it, but suffering most grievous losses. His valor in this charge won for him the commission of Lieutenant-Colonel, to date from the day of the action. In the battle of Gettysburg he was engaged with his command on the left, where he was brought to the assistance of Sickles' hard-pressed troops and won lasting honor. He received a slight wound in this engagement and was brevetted Colonel. In consequence of great losses sustained by the Tenth Reserve regiment in the Wilderness, Colonel Dixon was ordered by General Crawford to take command of it, which he did, and continued to lead it until the close of its service. At Spottsylvania Court House, in the Wilderness campaign of 1864, he was again conspicuous for nerve and daring, which won for him ready recognition and the brevet of Brigadier-General. On the last day of his service, he fought with his division at Bethesda

Church, and received two wounds, but fortunately slight. On the following day, the three years for which the Reserves had enlisted expired, and with the corps, after having shared their fortunes with singular steadfastness and fidelity, he was mustered out of service. General Dixon is in person six feet in height, muscular, of robust health, and in disposition quiet and taciturn. He held the office of Postmaster in his native town under the administration of President Buchanan. He was married on the 14th of June, 1856, to Miss Martha Gillan.

JOHN FREDERICK BALLIER, Colonel of the Ninety-eighth regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born on the 28th of August, 1815, in Wurtemberg, Germany. He received a good education in his native tongue in the place of his birth, and during the years 1833–'34 was a student in a military school in the city of Stuttgard. On leaving this he came to America, and settled in Philadelphia, where, from 1839 to 1845, he was a member of the Washington Guard, a volunteer militia company. For the Mexican War he volunteered as a private in the First Pennsylvania, in which he was made First Lieutenant of Company E. On his return from Mexico, he again joined the volunteer force, and became Captain and Major. From 1853 to the breaking out of the Rebellion in 1861, he was employed in the United States Mint at Philadelphia.

He was commissioned Colonel of the Twenty-first regiment for three months' service, which he had been active in recruiting, and which had received the designation of the First Rifle regiment. With this he served in the Shenandoah Valley, and after being mustered out at the expiration of the term, was authorized to recruit the Ninety-eighth regiment for three years, and was made its Colonel. He was with McClellan upon the Peninsula, was on the advance guard from Williamsburg to Richmond, and until arrived at Malvern Hill participated in all the actions of the campaign. At Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and that entire series of actions from the Rapidan to Petersburg, and in the siege of that place, down to the surrender at Appomattox Court House, including the brilliant campaign in the Shenandoah Valley, which was an episode to the regular

season's work, the Ninety-eighth bore an important and honorable part. In the action of Salem Heights, where the Sixth corps was saved from annihilation by the steady valor of this, together with the One Hundred and Second Pennsylvania, Colonel Ballier received a painful wound which completely incapacitated him for duty. In the action at Fort Stevens, before Washington, in July, 1864, where the rebel General Early sought by a sudden dash with his corps to capture the Capital, he was again wounded. He was, in this battle, in command of the First brigade Second division. The last wound proved serious, causing a rupture and permanent disability. He was promoted to Brevet Brigadier-General for meritorious services. After the close of the war he was employed as Inspector in the United States Custom House at Philadelphia, until 1867, when he was made City Commissioner, in which capacity he served until 1871.

JAMES STARR, Major of the Sixth cavalry, was born at Philadelphia, on the 19th of July, 1837. He was the second son of Isaac and Lydia Starr, and was educated at Harvard University, where he graduated in 1857. He served as a private in Company F, Seventeenth regiment, in the three months' campaign, and at its close recruited Company I of the Sixth cavalry, of which he was commissioned Captain. At the First Fredericksburg he served as Aide-de-camp to General Franklin, commander of the left Grand Division. He was with the head-quarters of General Hooker at Chancellorsville, and aid to General Meade at Gettysburg. In March, 1864, he was promoted to Major, and took command of his regiment in the spring campaign. In the action of Todd's Tavern, on the 7th of May, he received a gunshot wound in the face, by which he was for a time disabled for field duty; but returned to his command, then before Petersburg, on the 12th of July. He led his regiment in Sheridan's campaign in the Shenandoah Valley, and was mustered out at the expiration of his term of service in October. He was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel "for highly gallant conduct at the battle of Todd's Tavern," and Colonel "for meritorious services during the campaign in the Shenandoah Valley, and while in command of the Remount Camp at Pleasant Valley, Maryland."

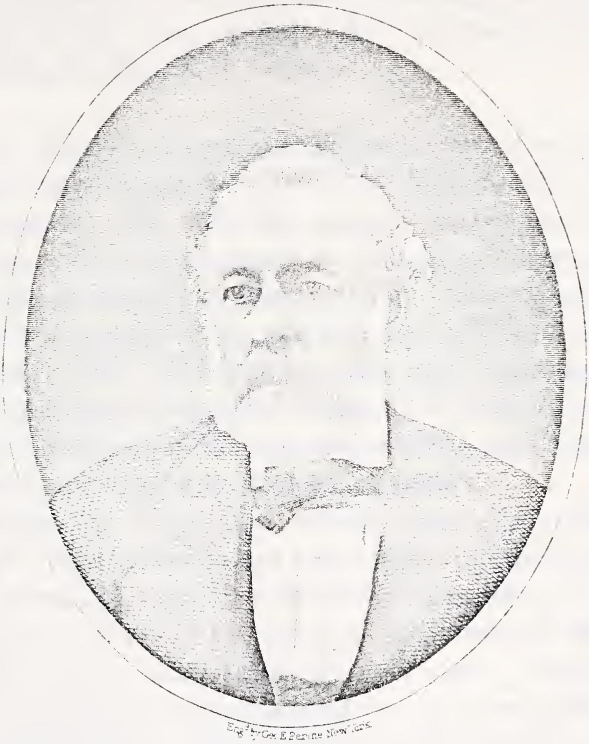
De Witt Clinton McCoy, Colonel of the Eighty-third regiment, was born January 18th, 1824, near the town of Mercer, Pennsylvania. He was the son of John and Elizabeth (Mourer) McCoy. Until the age of sixteen he was employed upon such work as he was able to perform in his father's shop, which was that of a wheelwright. He was then apprenticed for a term of three years to learn the business of chair-making. His opportunities for early education were, consequently, very limited, not having had the advantage of more than twelve months' instruction, and this of a few weeks at a time, at long intervals between the ages of nine and fifteen. But being endowed by nature with a good degree of mental activity he acquired a large stock of useful information, as many another has done, without the aid of teachers. After serving faithfully his apprenticeship, he commenced business on his own account in the village of Sheakleyville, Mercer county. In 1850, he was elected a Justice of the Peace for a period of five years. In the following year he sold out his interest in the chair factory, and procuring the necessary books commenced in earnest the study of the law, which he designed to make his permanent business, and in which he found employment congenial to his tastes. This he diligently prosecuted in the intervals of his official business until 1853, when he was admitted to practice in the courts of Crawford county. In the following year he resigned the office of Justice, and removed to Meadville, where he commenced the practice of his profession. In 1859 he was elected District Attorney for a term of three years. But when the cry was heard for troops to crush rebellion, he left a lucrative and honorable office, and buckling on his sword, went to the field as Captain of Company F of the Eighty-third regiment, commanded by John W. McLane. Upon the Peninsula, Captain McCoy led his company in the siege of Yorktown, in the battles of Hanover Court House and Gaines' Mill. In the latter, when the fighting was of the most desperate character, he was wounded.

Returning, after a brief absence, he was engaged at Bull Run, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg. In the latter battle the brigade of Vincent, in which was the Eighty-third, performed prodigies of valor, preserving to the Union com-

mander Little Round Top—the key point of the whole Gettysburg field—when attacked by the impetuous General Hood leading on a powerful body of the foe, fully intent on possessing it. The company of Captain McCoy occupied a prominent place on the very breast of the little mount, looking toward the Devil's Den; but fortunately being shielded by rocks and small trees, was able to inflict grievous slaughter, without being itself greatly injured. Early in the year 1864, he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

On the first day in the battle of the Wilderness, the leader of the Eighty-third, Colonel Woodward, was severely wounded and the command devolved on Lieutenant-Colonel McCoy. It was at a moment of great peril in the fortunes of the day, but ably did he execute the trust, pushing forward with unflinching valor and sweeping the enemy far back through the thickets of that gory field. Through all the battles of this terribly wasting and bloody campaign, from the Rapidan to the opening of the siege of Petersburg, he continued to have the leadership of the Eighty-third, manœuvring his command in the face of the enemy with the skill of a veteran officer. As an instance of this, the following, given by Mr. Greeley, in his History of the *American Conflict*, may be cited. The regiment had just crossed the North Anna, and was hastening to the relief of imperilled troops. "In making this advance," says Greeley, "the Eighty-third Pennsylvania, Lieutenant-Colonel McCoy, swept closely past the flank of Brown's (rebel) column, when McCoy instantly wheeled his forward companies into line, and gave a volley, which, delivered at close quarters on the flank and rear of the rebel column, threw it into utter disorder and rout, one of McCoy's men seizing Brown by the collar and dragging him into our lines, while nearly a thousand of his men were gathered up as prisoners."

At the expiration of his term, on the 14th of October, 1864, he was mustered out of service. On the 25th of April, 1865, he was brevetted Colonel, to date from August 1st, 1864, by the President, "for gallant and distinguished services at the battles of Spottsylvania and the North Anna." Upon his retirement from the army he resumed the practice of his profession, and



Eng^{d} by Geo. E. Perine New York

D C McCoy

became associated with Joshua Douglass, the firm, under the title of Douglass and McCoy, attaining a rank as one of the most eminent and successful in the State. In person Colonel McCoy is above the medium stature, deep-chested and powerfully made, and of a grave and dignified bearing. In military dress, which his grey locks set off to admirable advantage, he has the look and bearing of the ideal soldier. He was married on the 17th of April, 1846, to Miss N. J. Nelson.

JAMES ADDAMS BEAVER, Brevet Brigadier-General, was born on the 21st day of October, 1837, at Millerstown, Perry county, Pennsylvania. He was the son of Jacob and Eliza (Addams) Beaver. He was educated at Jefferson College, Cannonsburg, where he graduated in August, 1856. Subsequently he studied law and was admitted to practice at Bellefonte, Centre county, in January, 1859. He was for some time Lieutenant of the Bellefonte Fencibles, a volunteer company of which Andrew G. Curtin—since Governor of the Commonwealth—was Captain, and acquired some knowledge of elementary tactics.

When the echoes of rebel guns turned upon Fort Sumter aroused the loyal North, few troops were more prompt to rally to the national standard than the Bellefonte Fencibles. It was the third company to arrive at the camp of rendezvous at Harrisburg, and of this he was chosen Second Lieutenant. It became Company H of the Second regiment, and he was soon after promoted to First Lieutenant. He served in this capacity to the close of his term, and after being mustered out was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel of the Forty-fifth regiment. With this organization he proceeded to South Carolina, and was stationed in command of a battalion of five companies, at Fort Walker, occupying the fortifications commanding the entrance to Port Royal Bay. For several months he was engaged in active duty upon the sea islands before Charleston, for the most part having an independent command, and frequently meeting the enemy, by day and by night, in hostile encounters.

Towards the close of July, 1862, the regiment returned north, and, near the beginning of September, Lieutenant-Colonel Beaver was promoted to Colonel of the One Hundred and Forty-eighth,

one of a number of new three year regiments then being recruited. The Antietam campaign was just opening when he assumed command, and he was ordered to guard a portion of the Northern Central Railway most exposed to incursions by the enemy, and one of the main lines of supply for the Capital and the army. Upon the eve of the battle of Fredericksburg, he was ordered up, but was not put into the fight. At Chancellorsville, Colonel Beaver, while leading his command and while at close quarters with the enemy, was shot through the body and carried off the field. He was removed to a hospital in Washington, where he received the most skilful medical aid and attendance. It was near the middle of July before he was sufficiently recovered to return to his regiment. In the meantime the battle of Gettysburg had been fought and won, and the army was again advancing into Virginia. At Bristoe Station, and at Mine Run, he was actively engaged, at the former place the enemy being handsomely repulsed.

At Po River, on the fourth day after the opening of the spring campaign of 1864, Colonel Beaver led his command in a determined fight, holding his ground in the most intrepid manner. At Spottsylvania, the North Anna, and Tolopotomy, the struggle on the part of the two armies was no less desperate, but still indecisive. In the first of these, Colonel Beaver was struck by a Minié ball, but fortunately was shielded from its full effect by a memorandum book, in the thick cover and leaves of which its deadly power was spent. In the charge delivered at Cold Harbor by the division to which he was attached, the most desperate resistance was met, and upon the fall of the leader of the brigade, Colonel Beaver succeeded to its command. Here, too, he was again struck, but not disabled.

In the first assault upon the works before Petersburg, on the evening of the 16th of June, while gallantly leading his brigade amid the crash of musketry, and a terrific fire of artillery, he received a serious wound from the fragment of a shell, inflicting internal injuries, and cutting a ghastly gash in the side. Again was he confined to the hospital for weary weeks. Eager to be with his men at the front, he left it before he had entirely recovered. He chanced to reach the field just as his division

was preparing to go into battle at Reams' Station, and at once assumed command of his brigade. The fighting here was of unparalleled severity. Round shot and shell ploughed the field. Assault followed assault without decided advantage, and neither party was disposed to yield. In their desperation the combatants came hand to hand, and the crossing of bayonets and deadly thrusts were of frequent occurrence. In the midst of this terrible strife, as though some demon was its guide, he was again struck by the fatal missile, and so shattered was his right limb that amputation above the knee had to be resorted to. Possessed of temperate habits, he was able to withstand the shock, and soon recovered his accustomed health and vitality.

On the 1st of August, 1864, he received the brevet rank of Brigadier-General, as a recognition of valuable services rendered while commanding his brigade at Cold Harbor. After the close of the war he returned to his home at Bellefonte, and resumed the practice of the law. He was married, on the 26th of December, 1865, to Mary A. McAllister, daughter of H. N. McAllister, of Bellefonte. In person he is five feet ten inches in height, and previous to entering the military service was of a delicate organization, but became more robust and healthy while in the field—a vigor which he still retains. Sincerely devoted to the interests of his country, he displayed remarkable tenacity of purpose in the discharge of his duty, and though singularly unfortunate in having been often the mark for the shafts of the foe, was enabled to render signal service at a period when the most desperate and continued fighting of the whole war was in progress.

LANGHORNE WISTER, Colonel of the One Hundred and Fiftieth regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General of volunteers, was born at Germantown, Philadelphia, on the 20th of September, 1834. He was the son of William and Sarah Logan (Fisher) Wister. His boyhood was spent in the country, where a natural fondness for out-door life had full play. He was educated at the Germantown Academy, which he left at the age of eighteen to engage in business.

He received no military education, but on the 19th of April,

scarcely a week from the firing upon Fort Sumter, entered the service. He was successful in recruiting, and when the noted Bucktail regiment was formed he joined it with a company of which he was elected Captain. At Dranesville, where he first met the enemy in close combat, he stood with his company in a position where he was the object of the severest fire experienced by any of the Union troops on that field, and received the warm commendations of the commander of the regiment. His single company had two killed and four wounded. Six companies of the Bucktails, including Captain Wister's, under Major Stone, were sent to join McClellan on the Peninsula, and reached him in time to take the advance in the movement upon Mechanicsville. They were the first to meet the enemy as he came out to offer battle, and with wonderful skill and daring held him in check, skirmishing gallantly until the main line of battle was formed behind Beaver Dam Creek, and rifle pits completed. In the engagement which ensued, and in the subsequent retreat to Gaines' Mill, no troops could have acted with greater steadiness, or have rendered more efficient service. To the Bucktails was given the difficult and dangerous duty of skirmishing with the enemy, on the morning of the 27th, while the main body fell back. In all these manœuvres and hard fighting Captain Wister was among the most reliable and trusted of a battalion that was a special object of regard throughout the whole army. In the battle of the 27th, he received a severe contusion of the right ankle, but was able to keep the field, and at Charles City Cross Roads, where the Reserve corps for a third time in the Seven Days' fight was put at the fore-front, and made to bear the brunt of the battle, sustained his part with the same unflinching valor as on the preceding fields.

Soon after the retirement of McClellan's army from the Peninsula, the formation of a Bucktail Brigade was ordered, and Captain Wister was selected to head one of the regiments—the One Hundred and Fiftieth. The reputation which he had gained as a leader of one of the old Bucktail companies inspired confidence, and made it from the outset almost the equal of a veteran regiment. He was stationed a while at Washington, whence he was ordered to the Army of the Potomac, then lying about Falmouth.

In the preliminary movements to the battle of Chancellorsville, this brigade performed a leading part, marching to Port Conway, for a feint, afterwards operating with the First corps to which it belonged at the lower crossing before Fredericksburg, and finally joining the main army in the great battle itself, occupying the right of the line, and meeting every advance of the enemy with cool courage.

At Gettysburg Colonel Wister led his regiment upon the field at a little before noon of the first day, where the gallant Buford had presented a bold front and had held the enemy in check, covering the town until the infantry should come up. His position was upon a slight ridge, a little in rear of that held by Buford, and in advance of Seminary Ridge. Here, exposed to a fierce artillery fire, and the frequent assaults of the enemy's infantry, he held his men, changing front to meet every advance, until Colonel Stone, who commanded the brigade, was badly wounded and borne from the field, when he assumed control, turning over the regiment to Lieutenant-Colonel Huidekoper. The situation was every moment becoming more and more critical, as the enemy, having already brought up the main body of his forces, began to close in on all sides and to press heavily in front. With remarkable skill Colonel Wister manœuvred his small body of men to meet the masses brought against him, when he also was wounded, a Minié ball striking him in the face and shattering the jaw. "Colonel Wister," says Colonel Stone, in his official report, "though badly wounded in the mouth, while commanding the brigade, and unable to speak, remained in the front of the battle."

In recognition of his gallantry, General Doubleday made honorable mention of him in his report, and recommended him for promotion to Brevet Brigadier-General, which rank was conferred by the President and confirmed by the Senate. He resigned his commission in February, 1864, and resumed the business which he had left on entering the army—that of manufacturer of iron at Duncannon. A resolute purpose and undaunted heroism characterized him from his first entrance to military life, and the Bucktail corps had no more worthy or valiant representative.

CHAPTER VIII.

JOHN FREDERICK HARTRANFT, first Colonel of the Fifty-first regiment, Brigadier and Brevet Major-General, and Governor of Pennsylvania, was born in New Hanover township, Montgomery county, on the 16th of December, 1830. He was the son of Samuel E. and Lydia (Bucher) Hartranft, both of German origin, their ancestors having emigrated to this country in the first half of the last century. He received his elementary training in his native county, from the lips of those esteemed educators, John F. Evans, Philip Cressman, and Samuel Aaron. At the age of nineteen he entered Marshall College, and at the end of one year passed to Union College, Schenectady, New York, where he graduated in 1853. He distinguished himself in mathematics and civil engineering, and was popular among his fellows, being selected as their leader for society positions likely to be hotly contested, and, as in later years when on the broad arena of State and national politics, was sure to come out of the struggle bearing the palm.

He practised his favorite employment, civil engineering, for a time, having been engaged in running the line of the Mauch Chunk and Wilkesbarre Railroad, and subsequently of a proposed route from Chestnut Hill to Doylestown or New Hope. In 1854 he was made Deputy Sheriff of Montgomery county by the incumbent of the office, M. C. Boyer, though of opposite politics, Hartranft's business tact and popularity commending him above all others who were eligible. In this position he continued for nearly two terms, a period of four and a half years, in which he had a good opportunity for the development of his capacity for settling intricate business transactions, this being one of the largest counties in the State, and its interests varied. In the meantime,

he read law with James Boyd, and finally in the office of A. B. Longacker, and was admitted to practice in 1859. The citizens of Norristown, where he now dwelt, manifested their confidence in him, thus early, by electing him a member of the Council, School Director, and President of a fire company—offices of little or no emolument, but demanding judgment and sound discretion.

For several years he had been active in a militia organization, serving in various grades up to that of Colonel, in which capacity he was acting when the war broke out. Though opposed to the policy of the new administration, his resolution was at once formed. It was enough for him to know that the flag of his country had been fired on, and that its government was in peril. He proceeded to Harrisburg and tendered the services of his regiment, which were promptly accepted, and it became the Fourth of the line. Its term of three months expired just previous to the first battle of Bull Run, and it was mustered out; but Hartranft returned to the field and was assigned to duty on the staff of General Franklin. On that terrible day, when the hopes of twenty millions of people were dashed, and hosts of brave soldiers went down, he was in the hottest of the fight, encouraging the brave and holding the wavering, himself a tower of strength. "His services," says Franklin, in his report, "were exceedingly valuable to me, and he distinguished himself in his attempt to rally the regiments—Fifth and Eleventh Massachusetts—which had been thrown into confusion." And McDowell, in a letter afterwards addressed to him, said: "I always regretted that I did not make an exception in your case in my report of the battle of Bull Run, and name you for your good conduct, instead of leaving it with General Franklin. I regret this the more as General Franklin's report was not printed."

Some time previous he had sought and obtained permission to recruit a regiment for three years or the war. The fires of Bull Run had only tried, not weakened his ardor to serve his country, and before the smoke of that awful struggle had cleared away, he was on his way to Pennsylvania to call his trusty followers of his old command about him. An organization was speedily completed, in which he was Colonel, and it was sent under Burnside to the coast of North Carolina. The troops had a stormy pas-

sage, and were with difficulty landed. The enemy was found intrenched on Roanoke Island. To attack in front was to entail disaster. Hartranft was, accordingly, sent to lead his men through a swamp, which the foe had supposed was impassable, and to storm the works. The result was a signal victory, nearly the entire rebel force being captured. It was the key-note to the campaign, and inspired all with hope. The mainland was reached on the 13th of March, 1862, and an advance at once commenced upon Newbern. The place had been well fortified, the approaches being guarded by thirteen finished redans, well provided with artillery to sweep the ground for miles around. Skirmishing commenced early in the day, and at noon the battle became general. For three hours the roar of artillery and the crash of small arms was incessant. Finally, the Fifty-first was ordered to lead in a charge on the works. It was planned with judgment and executed with gallantry. A redan was carried from which the enemy fled in precipitation. It was the signal for a general advance, and the whole rebel line of works was soon waving with the stars and stripes. The city fell without further struggle, and the entire North Carolina coast was under the power of the Union arms. Hartranft was not present in the affair at Camden, the only engagement in which his regiment had a part while he remained at its head in which he did not participate. Sickness in his family induced him to ask for a furlough of twenty days. Two of his children died, and after committing them to the grave he hastened again to his post.

It was about this time that he was asked by his political friends to accept the nomination for Surveyor-General of the State. His answer discloses the feeling which actuated him in going to the field, and of what manner of man he was: "I thank you," he says, "and my friends in Blair county, for your kind intentions; but I do most positively decline to have my name brought before the public as a candidate for office. I desire to serve my country in no other position, during the continuance of the Rebellion, than that in which it has been my fortune to act since President Lincoln issued his proclamation for 75,000 men."

On the 22d of July, 1862—Burnside having returned to Virginia with his troops, except Foster's division, and Stevens

having joined him with a division from Port Royal—was organized the Ninth corps, with whose career—a long succession of glorious achievements—Hartranft and his regiment were identified. It was hurried forward to the relief of Pope, who was beginning to feel the weight of the enemy's power. Hartranft was sent with the brigade—Ferrero, its commander, being absent—to dispute his crossing the Rapidan. Without attempting to force a passage the enemy moved above, and soon had turned the right of Pope's army. Hartranft was ordered to retire across the Rappahannock, and act as rear-guard to the column in its movement back. A few days of manœuvring and fighting brought the two armies upon the old battle-ground of Bull Run, Hartranft's position on the line being almost identical with that on which he had fought in the former battle. It was at a critical moment in the struggle when the Union forces, broken and overborne, were being forced back, that Ferrero's brigade was posted in support of Graham's guns, to check the oncoming foe. Three times with desperation the enemy charged; but he met an unyielding resistance. Finally Ferrero with one of his regiments retired under a misconstruction of orders; but Hartranft, who had received his commands from General Reno, held fast his ground with the two remaining regiments, until the way was clear, when he withdrew with his guns unmolested. No less calm and considerate was his conduct at Chantilly. He had posted his guns where they would be particularly effective, when he was ordered by Reno to withdraw them. This he refused to do until he had seen that officer and explained his situation. Relying upon his judgment Reno directed him to remain; and when, in the progress of the fight, the fiery missiles of that battery rolled back the torn columns of the foe, it was seen how clear and correct was the judgment of Hartranft.

At the southern pass near Turner's Gap of the South Mountain, he again met the enemy. They were screened from view, and as he led on his regiment to the support of troops who had been ordered before him, and where he supposed a line had been established, he was suddenly assailed by a powerful force. Falling back to a wall near by he opened in reply, and by steady and stubborn fighting held his assailants in check until reinforced.

The bridge of Antietam has come to be celebrated with that of Lodi. It is on that part of the Antietam field, where it was necessary for the left of McClellan's forces to cross in order to reach the foe. Burnside with the Ninth corps was there, and he had ordered parts of Crook's and Sturgis' divisions to carry it. It is a stone structure of three arches, and the causeway leading over it was commanded by artillery which swept it from end to end, while infantry crouching behind the walls that skirt the roads leading above and below, and in the wooded thickets overhanging, were ready to shoot down any force which should approach from the Union side. Crook made a good fight but was beaten back. Sturgis charged gallantly, and his men reached the head of the bridge; but they also were unable to stem the tide of destruction setting against them. Is that bridge to defy the whole Ninth corps, glorying in valor, and never defeated? Shall a half of McClellan's army lie idly by, and see their comrades upon the right devoted to destruction for the lack of a crossing? It was not in the nature of the stubborn Burnside to bend to this humiliating alternative. When told that two determined attempts had been thwarted he exclaimed: "What! not carry that bridge! I will see! Ride to Ferrero's brigade, and tell Hartranft that I order him to open a passage." From a sheltered position Hartranft had watched all that had been done, and when the order came from his chief his plan was already matured. Avoiding the highway which leads up the bank of the creek, and where he would be exposed to a withering fire in reaching the bridge, he led his command along the bluff till he had come to a point opposite its head, when he burst like an avalanche upon it. Scarcely had the enemy time to point his guns before Hartranft was already upon the bridge. The Fifty-first New York, Colonel Potter, was advanced rapidly to his assistance, and though torn by shot and shell and many of his bravest stricken down, no destruction nor danger could deter his troops, and that narrow causeway, obstructed by the mangled and the dying, was crossed and the enemy dispossessed. "It was not till after Lodi," said Napoleon, "that I was struck with the possibility of my becoming a decided actor on the scene of political events. There was first enkindled the first spark of a lofty ambition." The triumph at

this bridge may not have inspired such ambitious desires, but it was no less signal and complete.

When Burnside, then in command of the Army of the Potomac, crossed the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg to offer battle, he put the Ninth corps upon the right centre; and here Hartranft manifested the same sterling qualities as on other fields. It was from the start a struggle against hope; but he faced the terrible storm with the intrepidity inspired of success.

In the campaign before Vicksburg he led a brigade, and though prostrated by sickness, directed the movements in the march upon Jackson from an ambulance. But in no part of his career were his talents and military skill more conspicuous than in the management of the retreat from Loudon to Knoxville, Tennessee, previous to siege of the latter place by Longstreet. He had just risen from a protracted illness, and had been placed in command of the Second division of the Ninth corps. Longstreet, who had suddenly cut loose from Bragg before Chattanooga, had come upon a fragment of Burnside's force unawares, and was likely to sever and overwhelm it. His purpose was discovered in time to thwart it. And to Hartranft was given the difficult task. Longstreet had already got upon the most direct road to Campbell's Station, a point where several thoroughfares cross, and the party which should reach it first was sure to win. Hartranft had heavy artillery and long trains to move. The roads were sodden, and terribly cut by the passage of heavy pieces. All night long his men toiled on. A stout heart and never yielding courage triumphed. Hartranft reached the menaced point in advance, and deploying upon the Kingston road was ready to meet the foe when they arrived. Burnside posted his artillery and infantry, as they arrived, in commanding positions, and as the masses of Longstreet came on, he hurled them back, torn and bleeding. But he was everywhere immensely outnumbered, and it was only for a little time that he could hold his ground. By retiring to new positions as often as turned out of the preceding, and at every turn fighting with the most determined spirit, Hartranft held Longstreet at bay until darkness set in, when the struggle was given over, and under cover of night the whole force with its guns and trains were brought safely into Knoxville. Here Burnside was closely

besieged, and the troops were kept busy night and day fortifying for its defence. The place was invested by the foe and the siege vigorously pushed; but before Longstreet was ready to assault, the defences were measurably complete, and his best efforts to carry it were fruitless. At the point where Hartranft's division lay was a small stream, by damming which it was made to flood a considerable area, rendering his position secure. Finally the troops began to suffer from famine, and were driven, at last, to subsist on meagre and unwholesome diet; but they never for one moment faltered, and their endurance was at length rewarded with success; for Sherman, who had been detached by Grant at Chattanooga, came thundering upon the rear of Longstreet, causing him to relax his firm grip, and make a hasty retreat towards Virginia, whither he was pursued and sorely harassed.

The three years for which his regiment had enlisted being now near its close, he returned home and was joyfully welcomed, "his foresight on the march, his coolness, bravery and judgment on the battle-field,' being publicly recounted and commended. His regiment reënlisted and was strengthened with recruits, and he again entered, with the Ninth corps, the Army of the Potomac. At the Wilderness, where many of his troops were raw, he was fearful lest they might be thrown into confusion by the sudden attack of the enemy. To assure them, he freely exposed his person, riding down the whole front of his line while the battle was on, and just as they were ordered to make a charge, and pausing before each regiment to give a word of advice. Its effect was electrical, and he had no difficulty ever after in manœuvring them in the most exposed positions. Few troops were more conspicuous for gallantry in the obstinate and bloody battle around Spottsylvania Court House than were those of Hartranft's brigade. He led them in a charge which shattered the rebel front, and for the time a marked advantage was gained, guns and prisoners falling into his hands; but the enemy rallying and receiving strong supports, checked him in his progress, and entailed a desperate struggle, in which both sides sustained terrible losses. From this charge dates Hartranft's commission as Brigadier-General. It had been fairly won at Bull Run, at Antietam, at Fredericksburg, and at Campbell's Station, each of

which should have brought the promotion. But from none of these was the general advantage gained equal to the expectations of the Government, and it was consequently slow in recognizing even conspicuous merit.

In the actions at Cold Harbor and before Petersburg, his conduct was alike worthy of notice; but it is unnecessary as it is impossible to exemplify all of that brilliant series of actions with which his name will ever be honorably associated. During the excavation of the noted Petersburg mine, it was given to him to guard the engineers and working parties. Wilcox's division was chosen by Burnside to make the attack, and Hartranft's brigade was selected to lead; but before the explosion occurred, which gave to destruction an immense fort with all its heavy armament and garrison—lifting the huge mass high in air, and then burying all in undistinguishable ruin—the plans were changed, and what was hoped might result in the rout of the rebel army ended in ignominious failure, though not from any fault of the troops making the assault: for never did men behave with greater gallantry. General Hartranft led his command resolutely forward to the crater; but the movement had been so long delayed that the enemy had fully rallied from the surprise, and had concentrated his fire upon the men huddled together, and no valor would suffice to gain an advantage. The only course dictated by wisdom in the emergency was to get the troops back with as little loss as possible. Hartranft was the ranking officer, and when the order came to retire, he sent a messenger out requesting that the guns to right and left should be opened upon the enemy, under the fire of which he might move. For a long time he was held in painful suspense; but finding no indications of compliance, and discovering that the enemy was preparing to deliver a relentless charge, gave the order to fall back, as commanded. This he managed to accomplish, narrowly escaping with his own life, men falling on every side.

A notable example of General Hartranft's presence of mind and soldierly judgment is afforded in his conduct at the Weldon Railroad, on the 18th of August. His brigade was supporting General Warren, who had captured an important portion of the road. There was danger that the enemy would assault at some

vulnerable point and retake it. Towards the close of the day he was ordered to go to the assistance of General Ayers, the enemy just then attacking. But he had but a few moments before come from the head-quarters of that officer, and knew from the sound of the fray that Ayers was not in danger. He accordingly acted upon his own judgment and replied, "I will move in the direction of the fire." Most fortunate was the decision! For the rebel General Mahone, having attacked, routed and captured a considerable part of Crawford's division, was bearing down all before him, and making for the very vital point in Warren's corps. Forming rapidly, Hartranft met him, and after a determined struggle beat him back and saved the whole corps from inevitable discomfiture. Hartranft's horse was killed under him, and his losses were very severe.

In December, 1864, General Hartranft was assigned to the command of a division of new troops, consisting of six full regiments—all Pennsylvanians. To the disciplining of this force, 6000 strong, he gave himself unreservedly. With this division he was engaged in two actions which will be ever memorable in the history of this war. The first was the recapture of Fort Steadman. Early on the morning of March 25th, 1865, the rebel commander, having assembled a powerful body of his best troops, assaulted just before day, and captured this strong fort with all its outlying works, and was advancing unchecked upon the railroad that led to City Point, where were the immense stores of the whole army. At four in the morning General Hartranft was aroused from sleep by an unusual noise, occasioned by the moving of signal officers upon the roof of his head-quarters. Springing from bed, he had not had time to dress, before it was reported to him that the enemy had assaulted and captured Fort Steadman. His faithful aide, Captain Dalien, was despatched to verify the report, and he at once got his division under arms. In the meantime he received orders from Parke, who commanded the corps, to support Wilcox, whose division was upon the front and had been thus suddenly broken in upon. His whole division was speedily in motion, all bearing upon the dissevered line. Wilcox was found, but was in total ignorance of the real condition of affairs—his Adjutant-General and McLaughlin's brigade having

been captured—and was mounted with his staff, his tents struck, in readiness for a movement to the rear. Hartranft perceived at a glance that what was to be done must be done quickly, and that he must rely upon his own troops unaided. He accordingly made his dispositions, and having drawn a cordon around the break, and resolutely driven back the enemy from his advanced position, ordered an assault along his whole line. At the moment of moving he got an order from General Parke to defer his attack until support should be sent. But his troops were full of spirit and confident of success; and he deemed it unwise as it would have been difficult to arrest a movement which was already in progress. He accordingly led on, and though fearfully exposed on all sides and suffering severe losses, he paused not until the entire works were in his possession, and nearly the whole rebel force were captives in his hands. His loss in killed and wounded was less than two hundred and fifty, while that of the enemy, in killed, wounded, and prisoners exceeded three thousand. "When you were about to make your final charge," said a rebel officer to Captain Sholler, who was detailed to deliver up the dead under flag of truce, "our Generals were holding a council of war; but it was the shortest council of war you ever saw; for when they beheld such magnificent lines advancing, they adjourned by each taking to his heels without ceremony." This action brought the eyes of the whole army upon Hartranft, and he received universal applause. The President immediately conferred upon him the rank of Brevet Major-General, and he was everywhere hailed as the HERO OF FORT STEADMAN.

The second action was his assault upon and capture of the enemy's works before Petersburg, on the 2d of April. As a military exploit it far exceeded, in daring and resolute courage that at Steadman, and had it been executed before the army had moved on its final victorious campaign, when the whole heavens were resounding with the noise of battle, it would have been bruited as one of the great triumphs of the war. The rebel works stood as they had for nearly a year previous, defying the best efforts of the Union arms. They were manned by as strong a force as they had ever been; the only difference being that there were no supports behind them. His division had never been in

but one heavy engagement before—that at Steadman—and in that it had been successful. It accordingly went to the work with a confidence that old troops would have lacked. The left of his line rested upon the Jerusalem Plank Road, with a part of Wilcox's division upon his right, and Potter's upon his left. The enemy were on the alert and their artillery was in full play, the sky being ablaze with bursting shells, and the fiery trails of the mortar missiles. At daybreak a rocket was sent up from the head-quarters of Hartranft, which was the signal for the advance. It was gallantly executed, Colonel Cox of the Two Hundred and Seventh leading the way. A murderous fire from the whole rebel front tore their ranks; but they unfalteringly moved on, fired by the spirit of their leader, and rested not until they had passed picket line, double line of chevaux-de-frise, moat and ditch, and had scaled the steep sides of the main works. The victory was complete, the enemy being driven, and his own guns turned upon his fleeing troops. The rebel cordon of works was broken, and that city which for so many months had defied the most subtle arts known to war, was finally compelled to yield to the gallant division of Hartranft.

Hostilities soon after ceased and the armies returned home. In the meantime the good President had been assassinated, and the conspirators who had plotted the foul deed had been apprehended. The Secretary of War was seeking some fearless, vigilant officer to take charge of them and hold them securely. General Hancock was consulted. He named Hartranft, and the appointment was immediately made. It was a just tribute to a true man. He executed that trust, as he had all others, with fidelity, and, while he showed the prisoners every kindness, he suffered no laxity of duty.

In the summer of 1865 he was nominated for Auditor-General of Pennsylvania, an office the most responsible of any in the government, even more so than that of the executive. He was triumphantly elected. At the end of three years he was reëlected, and by the unanimous action of the Legislature held it for a part of a third term. In 1872 he was nominated for Governor, and though, in the complication of party and personal interests, he was violently opposed, he was again triumphant.

In person Governor Hartranft is tall and commanding, of dark complexion, with a fine prominent eye, and is well preserved by temperance and sobriety. In all that pertains to executive ability in the management of the complicated affairs of State he is unsurpassed, the Commonwealth having rarely if ever had an executive so fully master of every subject himself, and so little dependent upon his constitutional advisers. He was married on the 26th of January, 1854, to Miss Sallie Douglas Sebring, daughter of William L. Sebring, of Easton. The issue of this marriage has been six children, of whom four survive—two sons and two daughters.

RICHARD COULTER, Colonel of the Eleventh regiment, and Brevet Brigadier and Major-General. The Mexican War schooled many a soldier who figured prominently on either side in the War of the Rebellion. Of such, none proved a more apt scholar and none served in the latter contest with more signal ability than Richard Coulter.

He was born in Greensburg, Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania, on the 1st day of October, 1827. His father, Eli Coulter—an active business man and prominent politician, holding the office of prothonotary for many years—was a brother of the Hon. Richard Coulter, a Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, and died on the 18th of April, 1830. His mother was a daughter of Colonel John Alexander, of Carlisle, Pennsylvania, an officer of the Revolution, and a sister of Major John B. Alexander, of Greensburg, and of General Samuel Alexander, of Carlisle. She was a woman preëminent for her Christian character, amiable disposition, and many virtues, and died on the 7th of August, 1854.

The son was educated at the Greensburg Academy, at the University Grammar School at Carlisle, and at Jefferson College. After leaving college in 1845, at the age of eighteen, he entered the office of his uncle, Richard Coulter, then a leading member of the Westmoreland bar, as a student at law, where he remained until the breaking out of the war with Mexico.

On the 24th of December, 1846, he was enrolled in the service of the United States, as a private in Company E, Second regi-

ment, Pennsylvania volunteers, to serve during the war, and was on active duty throughout its entire period of service. He was engaged in the siege and capture of Vera Cruz, in the battles of Cerro Gordo, at the storming of Chapultepec, Garita de Belen, and in the capture of the City of Mexico. Returning at the close of the war he was mustered out of service, with his regiment, at Pittsburg, on the 14th of July, 1848.

He immediately resumed the study of the law, and was admitted to practice on the 23d of February, 1849. His uncle having in the interim been elevated to the Supreme bench, the nephew, upon his admission to the bar, succeeded to the business of the office, and zealously pursued his profession until the opening of the Rebellion.

The mutterings of treason were listened to with an attentive ear, and when, in the early spring of 1861, the intelligence was brought to the young lawyer that the old flag had been fired on, he had no question as to his duty. Turning his back upon a successful and lucrative practice, he sounded the call for recruits, and on the 20th of April reported at Camp Curtin, in Harrisburg, with a full company, of which he was chosen Captain. His company became part of the Eleventh regiment, of which he was made Lieutenant Colonel. At Falling Waters this, with other troops, was pitted against rebel forces commanded by the afterwards famous Stonewall Jackson, and in the brisk skirmish which ensued that commander was driven, Coulter's regiment bearing a leading part and being crowned with the credit of that achievement.

At the conclusion of the three months' service, for which all Pennsylvania troops had been called, Colonel Coulter set about reorganizing his regiment for three years. It was composed largely of the men of the old regiment, and retained its former number. Of this he was appointed Colonel. During the Peninsula campaign he remained with McDowell, opposing the demonstrations of Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley. In Pope's campaign he rendered signal service at Cedar Mountain, upon the line of the Rappahannock, and at Thoroughfare Gap, in opposing the progress of the rebel army; and in the battle of Bull Run his command suffered great loss in men and officers. In the midst of the latter battle, the fall of General Tower and Colonel

Fletcher Webster left Colonel Coulter at the head of the brigade, who, with his accustomed heroism and daring, succeeded in checking the enemy's onset, and in bringing off his command.

On the morning of the 17th of September, the brigade, now commanded by General Hartsuff, was led into action on the field of Antietam with the corps of Hooker. With almost the first shot, Hartsuff was wounded, and Coulter took command of the brigade. For four hours he faced the enemy fighting to maintain their well-chosen position; but the valor of those troops led by the gallant Coulter proved superior, and the enemy was forced back. When relieved, one-half of the effective strength of the brigade had fallen, having lost six hundred and three out of twelve hundred and eleven. In the battle of Fredericksburg Colonel Coulter was severely wounded, and for a considerable time he was confined to the hospital; but a few days before the battle of Chancellorsville he was so far recovered as to resume command, and led his regiment in the desperate fighting of that unfortunate field.

At Gettysburg Colonel Coulter was upon the soil of his native State, and within sound of the homes of many of his relatives and friends; and never did the begrimed veterans of this regiment meet the storm of battle with stouter hearts. They were of the First corps, which soonest met the shock, and the ground on the right flank, where repeated assaults were triumphantly met, and the desperate charges of his men were rewarded with substantial fruits, is thickly strewn with the graves of friend and foe. In the desperate encounter of that First corps, when opposed by thrice their number, the commander of the First brigade, General Paul, was severely wounded. Thereupon the Eleventh Pennsylvania regiment was transferred from the Second brigade, where it belonged, to the First, and Colonel Coulter was ordered to assume command in place of the fallen General. In the last desperate struggle, on the afternoon of the third day of the battle, Colonel Coulter, while in the act of leading his brigade to a threatened part of the line, received a severe wound in the arm; but he persisted in remaining with his command until the battle was ended.

In the campaign of the Wilderness and before Petersburg,

Colonel Coulter was constantly at the post of duty, leading his own regiment, endeared to him by years of constant and devoted service, or the brigade and division as the exigencies required. For his services in these campaigns he was made a Brevet Brigadier-General, a recognition tardily bestowed, and not until after many an officer with far less experience and merit but more pretension had received it. General Coulter was now assigned to the command of the Third brigade, and started on the spring campaign with the Grand Army in its last struggle with the foe. It was of but short continuance, and ended in triumph at Appomattox Court House, General Coulter sharing the fortunes of his brigade to the last hour of its service, and until every enemy of the Government was willing to lay down his arms, and acknowledge that flag which in the beginning had been derided and trampled in the dust.

The rank of Brevet Major-General was conferred upon General Coulter for meritorious services in the final campaign, and in four years of constant and devoted duty. The record of the casualties which befell him show how well he deserved of his country. In the Second Bull Run, his horse was shot under him. At Fredericksburg, he was severely wounded, in the heat of the battle. At Gettysburg, he was struck in the arm. On the first day in the Wilderness, he had his horse killed and on the second day another horse wounded. At Spottsylvania, while drawing up his brigade for a charge upon the enemy's works, he received a wound in the left breast from a missile of the enemy's picket.

On being mustered out of service at the conclusion of the war General Coulter returned to the practice of his profession at Greensburg. In person he is five feet and eleven inches in height and stout, of fair complexion, and blue eyes.

ADOLPH BUSCHBECK, Colonel of the Twenty-seventh regiment and Brigadier-General. On the evening of Saturday, the 2d of May, 1863, the Eleventh corps of the Army of the Potomac, while in position on the right wing on the field of Chancellorsville, was attacked on its right flank and rear by Stonewall Jackson, with an overwhelming force of the rebel army. At the time this attack was made, Buschbeck's brigade was occupying a

position on the extreme left of the corps. "At about four o'clock P. M.," says General Steinwehr, who was commanding the division, in his report to General Howard, "you ordered me to send the Second brigade, General Barlow commanding, to support the right wing of General Sickles' corps, then engaged with the enemy. The brigade started immediately and, accompanied by yourself and myself, reached the right wing of General Birney's division of Sickles' corps in about an hour's time. We found General Birney's sharpshooters skirmishing with the enemy, and as no engagement was imminent, I returned to the First brigade, Colonel A. Buschbeck, commanding, near Dondall's Tavern. Soon I heard heavy firing in that direction, which showed that a strong attack was being made upon our corps. When I arrived upon the field I found Colonel Buschbeck with three regiments of his brigade still occupying the same ground near the tavern, and defending this position with great firmness and gallantry. The fourth regiment he had sent to the south side of the road to fill the place lately occupied by the Second brigade. The attack of the enemy was very powerful. They emerged from the woods in close columns, and had thrown the First and Third divisions —which retired toward Chancellorsville—into great confusion. Colonel Buschbeck succeeded to check the progress of the enemy, and I directed him to hold his position as long as possible. His men fought with great determination and courage. Soon, however, the enemy gained both wings of the brigade, and the enfilading fire which was now opened upon the small force, and which killed and wounded nearly one-third of its whole strength, forced them to retire. Colonel Buschbeck then withdrew his small brigade, in perfect order toward the woods, the enemy closely pressing on. Twice he halted, faced around, and at last reached the rear of General Sickles' corps, which had been drawn up in position near Chancellorsville. There he formed his brigade in close column and you will recollect offered to advance again to a bayonet charge."

Rarely on any field were soldiers subjected to such an ordeal as were those of Colonel Buschbeck in this terrible conflict. The whole right wing of the army was flying in disorder. The first troops to meet and interpose a check to the hordes of the enemy

rushing forward, exultant and victorious, was this small brigade. The heroism there displayed is of so signal and pronounced a character that it stands out as one of the striking events in that battle, and as a brilliant achievement in the life of its commander.

Adolph Buschbeck was born on the 23d of March, 1822, in Coblentz, Prussia. His father, Adolph Buschbeck—Major in the Engineer corps—and his mother, Minna (Morgenstern) Buschbeck, were natives of Dresden, Saxony. From his eleventh to his seventeenth year he was a cadet in the military school at Berlin. He received the full education necessary to enter the University, besides instruction in tactics for infantry, cavalry, and artillery, practical surveying, and in the German, English, and French languages. Upon his graduation from the military school, he was commissioned a Lieutenant in the Prussian army, and in 1846 was commended by the then Prince of Prussia, now the Emperor William. General von Steinwehr said of him, "I can also state from personal knowledge that Colonel Buschbeck is one of the most thoroughly educated officers of the service."

Colonel Buschbeck came to this country several years before the war, and in September, 1861, was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel of the Twenty-seventh Pennsylvania volunteers. A month later he was made Colonel of the regiment, and on the 25th of October, 1862, was assigned by General Banks to the command of the First brigade, Second division of the Eleventh corps. During the winter of 1864 he commanded a division of this corps, and was subsequently brevetted a Brigadier-General of volunteers.

Of the character of General Buschbeck, the authority of his superior officers will be received as conclusive. General Sherman, in his report of the 19th of December, 1863, says: "The brigade of Colonel Buschbeck, belonging to the Eleventh corps, which was the first to come out of Chattanooga to my flank, fought at the Tunnel Hill, in connection with General Ewing's division, and displayed a courage almost amounting to rashness. Following the enemy nearly to the Tunnel gorge, it lost many valuable lines." General von Steinwehr, in a communication of the 26th of February, says of him: "He distinguished himself partic-

ularly in the battle of Cross Keys, where he saved his regiment and a battery attached to it during the action, by resolute determination and intrepidity." General Hooker says, in a communication addressed to the Secretary of War, dated March 3d, 1864, at his camp in Lookout Valley: "His mode of governing men and enforcing discipline is excellent. He is cool, prompt, and fearless in battle and his private relations are unexceptionable." General Buschbeck since the close of the war has for the most part resided in Philadelphia, where he married Agnes, youngest daughter of the late Doctor William E. Horner, Professor of Anatomy in the University of Pennsylvania.

CHARLES P. HERRING, Colonel of the One Hundred and Eighteenth regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born in the city of Philadelphia. Until the opening of the Rebellion he was engaged in mercantile pursuits. In June, 1861, he became Second Lieutenant of Company C, of the Grey Reserves, commanded by Captain Charles M. Prevost. In May, 1862, he acted as Adjutant of the battalion under Colonel Charles S. Smith, in its service in quelling the Schuylkill county riots. In August, 1862, he was commissioned Major of the One Hundred and Eighteenth regiment, and commanded the camp for recruits in Indian Queen Lane, near the Falls of Schuylkill. With little opportunity for drill the regiment was called to the front at a time when the Antietam campaign was in full progress. On the 20th of September, 1862, two days after the battle of Antietam, Barnes' brigade, which embraced the one Hundred and Eighteenth, was ordered across the Potomac to follow up the retreating foe. But Lee had left a strong rear-guard under A. P. Hill, which was held in ambush, and this regiment, which was in advance, was no sooner over than the enemy attacked and overwhelmed it, killing, wounding, and capturing considerable numbers. Its commander, Colonel Prevost, received a severe wound, when the direction of affairs partially devolved upon Major Herring, who with rare tact and judgment brought off the remnants of his troops. In the battle of Fredericksburg he was wounded in both arms, and at Chancellorsville was in command of the rear-guard in the retreat of the army across the river. The service at

Gettysburg was no less trying. He was brought upon the field at a critical period in the fortunes of the day on the afternoon of the 2d of July, 1863, and aided in checking the foe in his crushing blow aimed at the Third corps.

In November he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel. On the 7th of May, 1864, in the midst of the fierce conflicts of the Wilderness, Colonel Herring was placed in command of a brigade of five regiments, two of them of the regular army, and with it made a brilliant charge, driving the enemy and holding his ground. On the following day, at Laurel Hill, occurred the most notable act of his military life. General Crawford was moving forward with his command to charge the enemy when, at five P. M., Colonel Herring with his brigade arrived upon the ground, and was ordered forward to support the movement. He had been on picket all the previous night and had been marching all day, but he went gallantly out, and met and signally repulsed one of the most determined and desperate charges made by the enemy, preserving throughout the struggle an immovable front, inflicted terrible slaughter, captured two hundred prisoners, and took two stands of colors. General Warren, in a familiar letter written just two years later, says: "Your successful engagement of the enemy on the evening of the 8th of May, two years ago, with its captures, will help relieve a record made up of many gloomy repulses so trying to us all." He continued with the army under General Grant, and was conspicuous in all the engagements in which his regiment had a part before Petersburg and Richmond. On the 6th of February, 1865, at Dabney's Mill, while at the head of his command, he was severely wounded in the leg, which resulted in its amputation. For his gallantry here he was brevetted Brigadier-General. After his recovery he sat upon a general court-martial convened in Philadelphia, and soon after his muster out of the service, in June, 1865, was appointed Brigade Inspector of the National Guard, in which capacity he was influential in resolutely holding up the standard of excellence. In a remarkable degree he had the confidence and friendship, not only of his own command, but of his superior officers. General Barnes, in allusion to his loss of a limb. said: "You bear with you the evidence of the perils of the field. This gives me

no cause for surprise; for I had seen you at Shepherdstown, at Fredericksburg, and Gettysburg." "Gallant and ever reliable as an officer," says that bold soldier, General Griffin, "he was humane and considerate towards those under him, always being solicitous for their welfare. On the field of battle, or in camp, his manly bearing won for him the friendship of all. His record is one that he not only should feel proud of, but his State should prize as belonging to one of her sons." "With a moral courage," says Major-General Chamberlain—late Governor of Maine—who served with him, "scarcely excelled by his physical daring, he won and held my perfect confidence and love."

MATTHEW STANLEY QUAY, Colonel of the One Hundred and Thirty-fourth regiment, was born on the 13th of September, 1833, at Dillsburg, York county, Pennsylvania. He was the son of Anderson B. and Catharine (Kane) Quay. He was educated at Jefferson College, where he graduated at the age of sixteen. After completing his course he travelled in the South, but finally settled in Beaver as a student at law, where he was admitted to the bar in 1854. In 1856 he was appointed Prothonotary of Beaver county, and in the fall of the same year was elected to that office by the people, and reëlected in 1859. When the tocsin of war was sounded in April, 1861, he resigned his civil employment, and received the appointment of Lieutenant in Company F, Tenth Reserve regiment. In June following, he was elevated to a more arduous and responsible position, that of Assistant Commissary-General of the State. On the 1st of January, 1862, he was selected by Governor Curtin as his private Secretary. In August, when the General Government was importunate for troops, he again took the field as Colonel of the One Hundred and Thirty-fourth regiment. He was brought upon the ground at Antietam near the close of the battle, and remained under arms in momentary expectation of a renewal of the fight, until it was discovered that the enemy had fled. On account of serious ill health he was obliged to tender his resignation, which was accepted about a week previous to the battle of Fredericksburg. When he ascertained that a battle was imminent, he refused to leave the field, and volunteered as aid upon

the staff of General Tyler, commanding the brigade to which his former regiment belonged. In this capacity he was in the hottest of the fight at the Stone Wall on Marye's Heights, and by his courage and endurance won the high commendation of his commander, both upon the field and in his official report. In closing the detail of the action of his brigade, he says: "Colonel M. S. Quay, late of the One Hundred and Thirty-fourth Pennsylvania infantry, was on my staff as a volunteer aide-de-camp, and to him I am greatly indebted. Notwithstanding his enfeebled health, he was in the saddle early and late, ever prompt and efficient, and especially so during the engagement."

When his health had become measurably restored he was appointed agent of the State at Washington, where he performed highly important and useful labor in looking after and protecting the interests of Pennsylvania soldiers. He had not been long engaged in this capacity when he was recalled to Harrisburg, to perform official duty near the person of the Governor. At the State election, in October, 1864, he was chosen, by the almost unanimous vote of his district, a member of the Legislature, where he exerted a commanding influence, and on being returned for the succeeding term was selected as Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means—the virtual leader of the House. He was returned for a third term, when he was a prominent candidate for Speaker. After retiring from this office he founded at the seat of his county the *Beaver Radical*, an eight-page sheet, which, under his skilful and able management, gained a large circulation and an influence scarcely second to any in the State. When Governor Hartranft, at the opening of 1873, formed his cabinet, he called Colonel Quay to occupy the first place—that of Secretary of State—which he still worthily holds. In person he is above the medium height, well formed, and of a vigorous and determined mien. In debate he is ready and persuasive; and as a writer, terse and sententious, with few equals in the editorial corps.

JACOB H. DEWEES, Colonel of the Thirteenth cavalry, was born in Philadelphia on the 5th of December, 1831. He was the son of Henry and Louise Charlotte (Schollosser) Dewees.

Eng^{d} by Geo. E. Perine, New York

J. F. Hartranft

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He was brought up upon a farm, and received a liberal English education at the public schools and at the Lower Dublin Academy, especially distinguishing himself in mathematics and civil engineering. He was fond of field sports, and was a good horseman.

Before entering the United States service he had been connected with a volunteer company, known as the Washington Cavalry, where he acquired some knowledge of this arm. In May, 1862, he was commissioned Captain of Company A of the Thirteenth Pennsylvania cavalry. For the rough riding, in which he delighted, he now had ample opportunity; for bands of the enemy led by the daring partisan chieftains Moseby, White, and Imboden were active in the Shenandoah Valley, whither with his command he was sent, and it required all the skill and courage of which the Union forces were master to match them. In November, 1863, Captain Dewees was promoted to Major, and in the campaign of the Wilderness rode with Sheridan in advance of the Grand Army. The cavalry was tireless in this campaign, raiding upon the enemy's communications, pushing up to the very doors of Richmond, and away on the Trevilian Station enterprise. Finally, in the hard battle at St. Mary's Church, on the 24th of June, 1864, Major Dewees was taken prisoner, and for a period of nearly nine months, at a time when Union captives were treated with the greatest severity, was in the enemy's hands, being confined first at Macon, Georgia, for two months under fire of the Union siege guns in the city of Charleston, and finally at Columbia. Early in March he was released, and on rejoining his regiment was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel. At the conclusion of the war, he returned to his home in Philadelphia, and has since been actively engaged in the construction of railroads, for which he has natural talent. He was married on the 29th of January, 1867, to Bella M. Dale, of Venango county, Pennsylvania.

EVERARD BIERER, Colonel of the One Hundred and Seventy-first regiment, was born at Uniontown, Fayette county, Pennsylvania, on the 9th of January, 1827. His father, Everhart Bierer, was a native of Wurtemberg, Germany, having

been born in 1795, near Stuttgard. His mother was Catharine Margaretta Rukenbrod. He was reared amidst agricultural pursuits. He received his education at the common schools, and at Madison College, in his native county. A few days after the call of the President for troops, he commenced recruiting, and on the 23d of May was commissioned Captain of Company F, Eleventh regiment of the Reserve corps. He did good service with his company at Beaver Dam Creek, and in the desperate fighting to which his regiment was subjected on the following day at Gaines' Mill—where it was brought up as a forlorn hope—was taken prisoner. With other officers captured on that field, Captain Bierer was marched to Richmond, gratifying the eyes of the populace eager for a sight of Yankee prisoners, and was confined in Libby Prison. He was released on the 14th of August, and returned to his command in time to lead his company in the assaults at South Mountain. In the midst of the battle, while the enemy was contesting every inch of ground with the greatest obstinacy taking shelter behind rocks and wooded heights, the regiment was ordered to charge. Captain Bierer was the first of his company to issue from the covert of woods through which the line was moving, and, dashing forward into an open field amidst a storm of bullets, led the way. His heroic conduct reassured his men, and their onward move was resistless; but before the summit of the mountain was reached, while pressing on, he was struck just above the elbow, breaking the arm and injuring the joint. He was carried off the field, and his wound dressed; but not until the 25th of November was the ball extracted. The wound finally healed and the arm was saved.

As soon as he was fit for duty, he was appointed, by the Governor, commandant of Camp Curtin, near Harrisburg, with the rank of Colonel, and not long afterwards was chosen Colonel of the One Hundred and Seventy-first regiment. With this he was sent first to Suffolk, Virginia, and thence to North Carolina, where he was engaged against the rebel General Hill. At Blount's Creek, on the 9th of April, the brigade of Spinola was obliged to retire before superior numbers. To Colonel Bierer was assigned the command of the rear guard. The duty was critical, the enemy crowding upon him and attacking in heavy force. Nearly

the entire night, in the midst of intense darkness, through pine forests and cypress swamps, the march was pushed, and he finally succeeded in bringing off the column, with the trains and all the wounded. He was subsequently advanced to the command of the brigade, which he led in a diversion towards Richmond, from Fortress Monroe, and subsequently to Maryland, to the aid of the Army of the Potomac in its conflicts with Lee. The term of service of his regiment soon after expired, when he was mustered out. In person he is nearly six feet in height, of an iron frame, and was never sick except when confined in Libby. Studious and industrious, he has acquired varied information, and by his integrity and worth commands respect and confidence. In October, 1850, he was elected district attorney of Fayette county, and in November, 1864, was one of the Presidential electors for Pennsylvania. He was married on the 8th of April, 1852, to Miss Ellen Smouse. In 1865 he removed to Hiawatha, Brown county, Kansas. In November, 1867, he was elected a member of the Kansas Legislature. His occupation has in the main been that of farming, stock-raising, and the practice of law.

ROBERT THOMPSON, Colonel of the One Hundred and Fifteenth regiment and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born on the 19th of July, 1828, in Philadelphia. His father was Robert Thompson. His mother was daughter of Dr. William Delaney, a surgeon in the Revolution, and a niece of Sharp Delaney, a prominent patriot in that struggle, contributor to the Robert Morris fund, first Collector of the Port of Philadelphia, having been appointed by Washington, and the founder of the *Friendly Sons of Saint Patrick*, from which strictly the First Troop, Philadelphia City Cavalry, originated. He received a thorough education in the schools of his native city. In the July riots of 1844, he served with the Washington Grays, an artillery corps, and subsequently, in 1849, attached himself to the First Troop. In 1852, he was married to Elizabeth S. Winebrener. Just previous to the breaking out of the Rebellion he raised a militia company, known as the State Guard, which became Company E of the Seventeenth regiment, commanded by Colonel Francis E. Patterson, and served as Captain through the three months'

campaign. When, in April, 1862, the One Hundred and Fifteenth regiment was formed, he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel. His first duty was to take charge of five hundred rebel prisoners captured in the fight at Winchester, in April, 1862, whom he took to Fort Delaware, and thence proceeded to Fortress Monroe with his regiment. He joined the Army of the Potomac in July, and had part in the second engagement at Malvern Hill. In the fierce fighting at Bristoe Station, with the enemy under Stonewall Jackson, and at Bull Run, which immediately followed, Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson commanded the regiment, in the former being particularly commended for a charge in which he led, and in the latter was complimented by General Carr, in the report of the battle, for his courage and gallantry in the face of a bold and defiant foe. At the close of Pope's campaign, he was obliged to leave the service on account of illness and loss of hearing incurred in the line of duty, the last four days of this campaign having been very depressing and exhausting. The command was without food, blankets, or covering during all this time, and he was compelled, from the loss of his horse, to march fifty miles, and led in three battles. Upon the recommendation of General Joseph Hooker, who commanded the division, he was brevetted Colonel, and Brigadier-General, which appointments were confirmed by the Senate.

JOSEPH H. HORTON, Lieutenant-Colonel of the One Hundred and Forty-first regiment, was born at Tarrytown, Bradford county, Pennsylvania, on the 2d of June, 1842. He received a common school education, and engaged in mercantile pursuits previous to entering the service of the United States. He enlisted in August, 1862, in the One Hundred and Forty-first Pennsylvania regiment for the war, and was elected First Lieutenant of Company A. In August, 1862, he was promoted to Captain. At Fredericksburg he had his first experience of severe fighting, his regiment being in Birney's column. The battle of Chancellorsville brought hard marching and sharp conflict, the regiment sustaining heavy losses. At Gettysburg it performed important service, holding a very exposed position, and keeping back the masses of the enemy until it was finally pushed by sheer weight

of numbers. "Captain Horton," says the Colonel of the regiment, "though severely stunned by the concussion of a shell, remained on the field, and I am greatly indebted to him for his services, as he was the only Captain left with the regiment." He was at Auburn, Bristoe Station, Mine Run, United States Ford, and the Wilderness, preserving, by his devotion to duty, his title to gallantry. At Spottsylvania he was wounded in the left arm and left hip by a gun shot. Neither proving serious, he was on duty again in time to take part in the battle of Cold Harbor, and continued through the siege of Petersburg down to the surrender of Lee. In January, 1864, he was promoted to Major, and in March, 1865, to Lieutenant-Colonel. The regiment made the final campaign under his command, and when he was about to start for home, on the morning of May 30th, 1865, General Pierce, who commanded the brigade, said: "I regret that the early hour at which you leave will forbid my turning out the brigade and firing a salute as you start for those homes you left some three years ago to battle for your country. You have all performed your duties faithfully, and the result is, our country is redeemed from traitors, the old flag now waves over every State in the Union, and you go home to be received by a grateful people, who will, I trust, not forget your sufferings and deeds of valor." Since the war, Colonel Horton has been Superintendent of the Sullivan Anthracite Coal Company.

JOSEPH W. HAWLEY, Colonel of the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth regiment, was born in Lionville, Chester county, Pennsylvania, on the 14th of July, 1836. His boyhood was spent at school and in the intervals in a country store. He received, in addition to that of the public schools, instruction for a year and a half in the best academies of the county. At the breaking out of the war he was paying teller of the Bank of Chester County, at West Chester. He was granted leave of absence therefrom, and recruited a company for the nine months' service, of which he was made Captain. It became part of the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Pennsylvania regiment, which was ordered to the front under his command with the expectation of having Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas S. Bell of the Fifty-first made

its leader. But this was not permitted, and Captain Hawley was commissioned Colonel. In the battle of Antietam his regiment was in the hottest of the fight, and was terribly decimated. Colonel Hawley received a rifle ball in the neck which just missed the jugular vein, lodging in the muscle. Its removal being considered dangerous it was allowed to remain, where, after the lapse of more than ten years, it still holds its place. His wound was sufficiently healed at the end of sixty days to enable him to return to his regiment, which in the battle of Chancellorsville was again exposed to a withering fire, and lost heavily. Its term of service expired a few days afterward, and Colonel Hawley returned to his place in the bank. He was afterwards commissioned Colonel of the Twenty-ninth regiment, Pennsylvania volunteer militia, called out for the emergency in 1863, but was in no engagement with the exception of a slight skirmish at Clear Spring, Maryland. On being mustered out he returned to his former duties. In January, 1864, he was appointed paying teller of the First National Bank of West Chester, and in March following was made cashier of the First National Bank of Media, Delaware county.

JOHN HERRON CAIN, Colonel of the One Hundred and Fifty-fifth regiment, was born at Pittsburg, on the 18th of November, 1839. He is the son of Henry P. Cain, a native of Trenton, New Jersey. His mother was Caroline (Wilson) Cain. He was educated at Bethel under the instruction of the Rev. George Marshall, receiving a good English training. He enlisted on the 19th of April, 1861, in the City Guards of Pittsburg, which subsequently became Company K, of the Twelfth Pennsylvania regiment, and for a term of three months served as a private. He was here associated with Alexander Hays, killed in the Wilderness campaign, with James H. Childs, who fell while leading a brigade at Antietam, with A. S. M. Morgan, who was fearfully wounded at the head of his regiment at Fair Oaks, and with A. B. Bonaffon, who also became eminent as a soldier, and yielded up his life while in the line of duty. On the 29th of August, 1862, he was chosen Captain of Company C, of the One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Pennsylvania regiment, which he had

been instrumental in recruiting, and three days thereafter was made Major. In this capacity he participated in the battles of Antietam and Fredericksburg. In the latter, the regiment was subjected to an ordeal such as seldom falls to the lot of even veteran soldiers. In this trying situation he acquitted himself gallantly, and two weeks after was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and given the active command of the regiment. At Chancellorsville, on the morning of the 3d of May, he was brought into conflict with the hitherto invincible troops of Stonewall Jackson, and the fighting was of a desperate character. When the division of Humphreys, to which the One Hundred and Fifty-fifth belonged, was obliged to fall back behind the guns, Lieutenant-Colonel Cain conducted the movement of his own men with much skill. In the battle of Gettysburg he was posted on the summit of Little Round Top, and was largely instrumental in holding that key-point of the field. Sharpshooting was rife, as almost every bush and rock concealed a rebel marksman, and many brave men of his command fell. A month after this battle he was promoted to Colonel, and soon afterwards resigned. Since the war he has been engaged in producing oil at various points in Venango county.

HORATIO N. WARREN, Colonel of the One Hundred and Forty-second regiment, was born in Clarence, Erie county, New York, on the 26th of October, 1838. He received a good English education in the Clarence Academy. His early occupation was that of a clerk, and he afterwards engaged in business on his own account. He was married on the 9th of September, 1861, to Miss Mary M. Everhart. On the 8th of August, 1862, he was commissioned Captain of Company A, One Hundred and Forty-second regiment. He at once took the field, and in the battles of Fredericksburg, Salem Church, and Gettysburg, led his company, exhibiting soldierly qualities. In February, 1864, he was promoted to Major and took command of the regiment. In that terribly wasting and bloody campaign from the Rapidan to the James, and subsequently before Petersburg, he displayed the most devoted gallantry, never having been absent from his command for an hour from the time when the army first plunged into

the Wilderness, on the 4th of May, to the 4th of July, when it finally settled down to the siege of Petersburg. He was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel on the 17th of September, and in the actions of the Weldon Railroad, Hatcher's Run, Dabney's Mill, where he had his horse shot from under him, and Boydton Plank Road, he displayed like devotion and steadfastness. In the battle of Five Forks, on the 5th of April, 1865, he was severely wounded, and had to be removed to the hospital at City Point. For his gallantry in this action he was promoted to Colonel, and at the close of the war was mustered out of service with his regiment.

Samuel B. M. Young, Colonel of the Fourth cavalry, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born on the 9th of January, 1840, at Forest Grove, Allegheny county, Pennsylvania. His father, John Young, was of English descent as was his mother, Hannah (Scott) Young. His early years were spent upon the farm and at school, where, in addition to the common English branches, a knowledge of civil engineering was acquired. His youthful inclination was for a military life, and the opening of the Rebellion, just as he was coming of age, afforded him the coveted opportunity. He enlisted in the Twelfth United States infantry, in April, 1861, and was made Corporal in the following June. On the 6th of September, 1861, he was commissioned Captain in the Fourth Pennsylvania cavalry. At the Peach Orchard, and at Charles City Cross Roads, he had experience in hard fighting, and, mere youth though he was, showed that he was constituted with those qualities of which heroes are made.

He led the famous charge of one squadron of his regiment, and one section of Tidball's guns under Lieutenant Dennison, across the Stone Bridge on the left centre of the line, in the battle of Antietam, where in the mortal conflict which ensued in defence of the Union guns the gallant Colonel Childs met his death. In November, 1862, with two squadrons of the Fourth, he attacked the rear of J. E. B. Stuart's column at Jeffersonville, Virginia, and dismounted two guns, destroying the carriages before the supports arrived. In the Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville campaigns the Fourth regiment was with Averell, and

had little hard fighting, though in the latter the cavalry was in motion towards Gordonsville. But in the Gettysburg movement a close conflict occurred at Aldie and Upperville, where Major Young led his battalion in repeated charges with the steadiness and determination of a veteran officer. Moving on the right flank of the Union army this regiment stretched away in its course to the Susquehanna river, arriving at the Wrightsville head of the Columbia bridge just after its destruction. Hastening back, it came up on the flank of the army upon the Gettysburg field during the morning of the 2d of July. In the remainder of the struggle, and in the pursuit of the enemy upon his retreat, it was kept in constant service.

On the 12th of October, when Lee attempted his flank movement, the Fourth was sent to the relief of the Thirteenth Pennsylvania cavalry, which, while on picket duty near Jeffersonville, on the right bank of the Rappahannock and opposite the White Sulphur Springs, was attacked and hard pressed by the advancing enemy. What bravery could accomplish was done, the two regiments making a bold stand and fighting with remarkable courage; but it was hopeless, as the overwhelming masses of the enemy were pressing forward from all sides, and a large number of both regiments were killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. Major Young was conspicuous for his valor, and in the heat of the engagement was struck by a Minié ball in the right elbow-joint, inflicting a painful and serious wound. After six months of intense suffering, the arm was saved; but the joint was left permanently stiff. In an action on the 20th of July, 1864, this arm was again hit, both bones of the fore-arm being broken. Youth and a good constitution favored recovery, and in a comparatively brief period he was again with his regiment. In the following year the same arm was a third time struck; but from all its hard fate it holds out, and in striking for country is a good arm yet.

In October Major Young was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, and in December following to Colonel. The action at Hatcher's Run, in February, 1865, proved unfortunate for the Union arms; especially disastrous was it to Crawford's division. After an unsuccessful attempt had been made by an infantry brigade to

drive the enemy from his intrenchments, Colonel Young was ordered to charge with his brigade of cavalry. Gallantly was the command executed, and the intrenched line before which the infantry had recoiled the cavalry carried. Colonel Young was complimented, in the presence of the entire division, by General Gregg for this heroic action. The rebel General John Pegram was killed in this encounter. Colonel Young was active throughout the entire final campaign of Sheridan's cavalry, from Five Forks to the surrender, in which the movements were remarkable for rapidity and skill. He led a charge of his brigade even after the surrender had been consummated, though not known upon the front, routing a rebel brigade and capturing its colors. For this action he was brevetted Brigadier-General. At the conclusion of the war he was appointed to a lucrative position in the Revenue Department of the General Government, but refusing to sacrifice his principles to party purposes, he was removed by President Johnson. He was soon after appointed Second Lieutenant in the Twelfth infantry. At the reorganization of the army, in July, 1866, he was commissioned a Captain in the Eighth United States cavalry, and with one exception has achieved remarkable success in every campaign against the hostile Indians in Arizona and New Mexico, whither his command was ordered.

JOHN MARKOE, Colonel of the Seventy-first regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born in the city of Philadelphia, on the 9th of January, 1844. The family came from Denmark to St. Croix, and afterwards to Philadelphia. His great-grandfather, Abraham Markoe, was the first Captain of the Philadelphia Troop of Light Horse, which acted as escort to Washington in the battle of Trenton. He graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in the class of 1860. He was fond of athletic sports, and held the bow oar in two races by the University boat. When recruiting of the Washington Grays for the three months' service commenced, he was the first man to affix his name upon the books as they were opened, and served as a private in that regiment throughout that campaign. He proved himself a good marksman, having been excused from guard duty for a time for having made the best shot at target practice.

While in camp at Kalorama, near Washington, he was tendered the position of Second Lieutenant in Colonel Baker's California regiment, Seventy-first Pennsylvania, then being recruited for the war, which he accepted, and was soon after promoted to First Lieutenant of Company A. At Fort Schuyler, New York harbor, where the regiment was encamped before taking the field, he drilled officers and men in the manual of arms and skirmish practice. The regiment was first ordered to Fortress Monroe, where he was promoted to Captain. After the first battle of Bull Run, it moved to Washington, and in the night advance to Munson's Hill he commanded the skirmishers, which were fired into by other United States troops, and had several killed and wounded.

In the action at Ball's Bluff, where Baker fell, Captain Markoe was selected to lead two companies of skirmishers upon the left wing. "Captain Markoe," says Colonel Wistar, "had a company I could trust, an excellent company, and I sent it out. . . . They had got about ten paces in the woods, and I was about thirty paces behind with the second company, when the whole of the Eighth Virginia regiment arose up from the ground, about thirty paces off, and ran right at them with the bayonet, without firing a shot. Captain Markoe held his men steady. I ran up with my company, and a very hot fire immediately commenced on our part. . . . I put these two companies in charge of Captain Markoe, and ran back as hard as I could to take command of my regiment. Captain Markoe, with his two companies, held his position there for about fifteen minutes, during which time they lost all their officers, all their sergeants but two, one of them wounded, all their corporals but three, and two-thirds of their privates, when the rest of them, under the command of the only remaining sergeant unwounded, fell back in pretty good order, bringing with them a First Lieutenant and fourteen men of the Eighth Virginia regiment prisoners, under the fire of the whole regiment." Captain Markoe received a severe wound in the shoulder and fell into the enemy's hands, after having himself taken Lieutenant Berry and three privates prisoners. His men did fearful execution in this engagement, as the enemy, being in greatly superior numbers, were much exposed, while his own

stood in open order. For four months he was a prisoner in Richmond. During that time his name was twice deposited with those from which hostages were to be drawn; but he fortunately escaped the fate of the victims of retaliation.

On being exchanged he returned to his regiment in time to go with McClellan to the Peninsula. He was at Yorktown, West Point, and in the fierce fighting at Fair Oaks was severely wounded in the left thigh and right hand. For nine weeks he was unable to move. After the healing of his wound he was appointed by President Lincoln to the additional corps of aids, with the rank of Captain, and for a time served on the staff of General McDowell. But he soon tired of inactivity, and again returned to his regiment, of which he was made Lieutenant-Colonel, and had the active command. He led in a reconnoissance to Charleston, and in the battle of Fredericksburg, on the 13th of December, 1862, was of the column under Howard, where his troops were exposed in open ground to fire of infantry and artillery behind intrenchments, and were terribly cut to pieces. Colonel Markoe himself suffered greatly from his old wound which was still open, the weather being intensely cold. He was ultimately compelled on this account to resign, which he did on the 27th of February, 1863. He was subsequently brevetted Colonel and Brigadier-General. Few more resolute or heroic soldiers faced the enemy in the late war than John Markoe.

JOHN BAILLIE MCINTOSH, Colonel of the Third cavalry, Brigadier and Brevet Major-General, was born at Tampa Bay, Florida, on the 6th of June, 1829. His father, James S. McIntosh, was a Colonel in the United States army, and a native of Georgia. His mother was Eliza (Shumate) McIntosh. He was educated at Nazareth Hall, Pennsylvania, at S. M. Hammill's School, Lawrenceville, New Jersey, and at Marlborough Churchill's Military School at Sing Sing, New York, receiving a good classical and English training. His tastes were military, and efforts were made to have him appointed a cadet at West Point; but having one brother there already, they were unsuccessful. On concluding his studies he entered the navy as a midshipman, in 1848, at the age of nineteen, but after two years of experience,

resigned. On the 2d of October of that year, he was married to Miss Amelia Short, of New Brunswick, New Jersey. In person he is five feet ten inches in height, and of robust health.

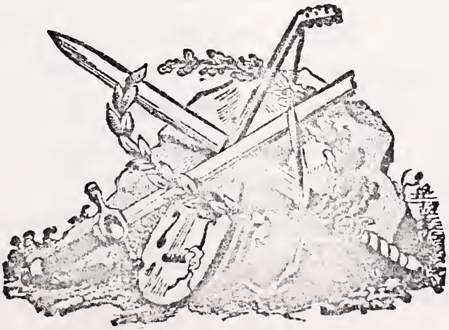
Soon after the opening of the Rebellion he was appointed Second Lieutenant of the Fifth United States cavalry, his commission bearing date 8th of June, 1861, and on the 27th of April, 1862, was promoted to First Lieutenant. With this regiment he served upon the Peninsula in the summer of 1862, and won the rank of Major by brevet in the affair at White Oak Swamp. On the 26th of September, 1862, he was appointed Colonel of the Third Pennsylvania cavalry, which he led in the campaigns under Hooker. In the battle of Kelly's Ford, he led a brigade under General Averell, in which Fitz Hugh Lee and Stuart were defeated and driven. "To the intrepidity," says General Averell, "promptitude and excellent judgment of McIntosh on that occasion our success was chiefly attributable. Although off duty from illness, he voluntarily joined his brigade in the field and displayed all the vigor of an indomitable soldier." After the battle of Chancellorsville he was placed in command of the First brigade, Second division, of the cavalry, Army of the Potomac. At the battle of Gettysburg, and subsequently in pursuit of the rebel army, he won for himself an enviable reputation as a leader. When the fighting at Gettysburg was ended, McIntosh's brigade of cavalry and Neill's of infantry were detached to follow up the line of rebel retreat, while the main body of Meade's army marched down on the south side of the Blue Ridge. On the 10th of July, McIntosh fell in with the rebel force at old Antietam Forge, where a brisk engagement ensued. In recognition of his services throughout this entire campaign he was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel in the regular army, having been previously brevetted Major, and in the December following he was promoted to the full rank of Captain.

At half past six on the morning of the 5th of May, 1864, he held Parker's store with a single regiment of cavalry, and received the first attack of the enemy in the battle of the Wilderness. It was made by the advance of a whole corps, but it was withstood with all the stubbornness and determination of which so small a force was capable, and was finally driven down to near

the intersection of the Brock road, where it was relieved by a division of the Sixth corps under General Getty. On the 8th of May McIntosh charged with his brigade into Spottsylvania Court House, took the town and captured many prisoners. Moving forward he attacked the rear of Longstreet's corps, and only withdrew upon the order of General Sheridan. Having defeated W. H. F. Lee's brigade at Hanover Court House on the 31st of May, he achieved a brilliant success on the following day at Ashland, where, with only three regiments, he withstood for two hours the combined attack of three brigades of rebel cavalry, and finally retired with the loss of only a few led horses. For his gallantry here he was brevetted Colonel in the regular service and made Brigadier-General of volunteers. He had already won a reputation for skill and bravery as a cavalry leader before entering with Sheridan upon the Shenandoah Valley campaign, and when that skilful General sought men for desperate and daring work, he chose McIntosh and was not deceived. The Shenandoah Valley, previous to the advent of Sheridan, had been literally the "valley of the shadow of death" to the Union arms. From the start, he was determined to turn the tide of disaster, and at once initiated an active campaign. By adroit manœuvres he succeeded in drawing his opponent, Early, forward to the Opequan creek. Then did he believe had come his time to act, and falling upon his adversary with the whole weight of his force, he scattered those legions which before had been invincible, as the wind drives the dust of the summer threshing-floor. In that marvellous achievement, Colonel McIntosh bore a conspicuous part. "Although the main force," says General Sheridan in his report, "remained without change of position from September 3d to 19th, still the cavalry was employed every day in harassing the enemy, its opponents being principally infantry. In these skirmishes the cavalry was becoming educated to attack infantry lines. On the 13th one of those handsome dashes was made by General McIntosh, of Wilson's division, capturing the Eighth South Carolina regiment at Abram's Creek." And of the great battle of the 19th, he further on in his report says: "Wilson, with McIntosh's brigade leading, made a gallant charge through the long cañon, and, meeting the advance of

Ramseur's rebel infantry division, drove it back and captured the earth-work at the mouth of the cañon. This movement was immediately followed up by the Sixth corps."

But though triumph could not have been more complete or glorious, it proved a costly victory to General McIntosh. He was struck, in the heat of the battle, in the leg, and so mangled was the limb that amputation had to be resorted to. If wounds must of necessity be received, an action could not have been chosen in which to have had them inflicted, more full of joyful and proud recollections, than this. "For distinguished gallantry, and good management at the battle of Opequan," such was the language in which the distinction was conferred, he was promoted to the rank of Major-General by brevet. In reviewing his record, General Averell said: "I beg to remark that there are few subalterns thoroughly capable of leading an advance guard. I do not remember above six in the cavalry, and McIntosh stood at the head of the list. As a brigade commander, either in camp or in action, he had no superior." And General Stoneman said: "His bravery, loyalty, and integrity are equal to his capacity, and all are conspicuous." On the 28th of July, 1866, he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the Forty-second United States infantry, Veteran Reserve corps, which position he held until the reduction of the army. In the summer of 1869, he was retired upon the rank of Brigadier-General.

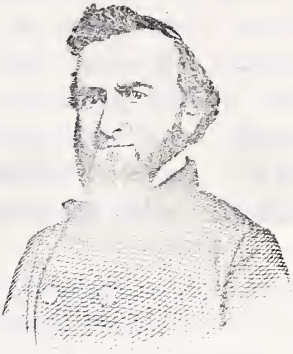


CHAPTER IX.

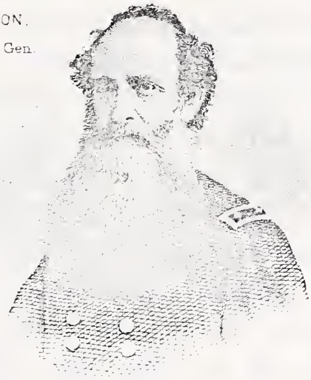
WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK, Major-General in the United States Army, was born in Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, on the 14th of February, 1824. He was educated at West Point, where he graduated in 1844. He entered the service as Brevet Second Lieutenant in the Sixth infantry, and distinguished himself in the war with Mexico, receiving the brevet rank of First Lieutenant for gallantry at Cherubusco, and subsequently becoming the Quartermaster, and afterwards Adjutant of his regiment. He was made First Lieutenant in 1853, and on the 7th of November, 1855, was promoted to Captain in the Quartermaster's Department, and ordered to duty in California, where he exerted his influence in retaining that State in the Union.

Possessed of a thorough military training, enriched by experience in active warfare in Mexico and against the crafty savage, he entered the volunteer service on the 23d of September, 1861, as a Brigadier-General. Youthful in appearance, modest in demeanor, with a countenance frank and open, he held the hearts of his associates and won the confidence of the stranger. He was fortunate in his first battle. Hooker had arrived in front of the rebel forces in their intrenchments at Williamsburg and had promptly attacked; but soon found his single division, though fighting gallantly, overmatched. Messenger after messenger was sent for reinforcements, first to Heintzelman and then to Sumner, who had that day superseded Heintzelman. Sumner, a true soldier and a skilful, sent Hancock with his brigade to the extreme right of the line. At the outset Hancock found himself outnumbered and was unsupported. It was a perilous situation; but that resource which never failed him—cool courage—proved

SAMUEL M. JACKSON.
Col. 11th Reg't Brvt Brig Gen.



OWEN JONES.
Col 1st Pa (Reserve) Cav'y



THOMAS J. JORDAN.
Col 9th Pa Cav'y Brvt Brig Gen.
Maj Gen Pa Nat Gd

D. W. C. STRAWBRIDGE
Col 7[illegible]

ROBERT C. COX.
Col 207th Reg't Brvt Brig Gen
Maj Gen. Pa. Nat Gd

Eng'd by Geo E Perine N York

equal to the emergency. He at first retired as if in trepidation, but with his force well in hand, and when the enemy came on pell-mell with overweening confidence, he gave them several heavy volleys, and then turned upon them with the bayonet, routing their entire force, killing and capturing 600 of their number, with a loss on his own part of only thirty men. It was the turning point in the battle, and assured the victory. It was a gallant exploit, and it glorified the name of the actor. Hancock was henceforward a household word.

The reputation thus early won was maintained, and when, at Antietam, General Richardson fell, Hancock succeeded to the command of his division and led it to the end of the battle. It consisted of the brigades of Zook, Meagher, and Caldwell, which he continued to lead in the battle of Fredericksburg, having in the meantime been promoted to Major-General of volunteers, and brevetted Major, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Colonel in the regular army. He followed French's division in the assault of the famous Marye's Heights, which bristled with artillery, and along the foot of which, screened by a stone wall, crouched the rebel infantry. French's men could effect nothing. Hancock moved rapidly to his assistance, and though his men displayed heroic bravery—returning again and again to the assault, Meagher's Irish brigade manifesting a reckless daring—he could effect no more than French. Two other divisions, those of Howard and Humphreys, followed; but no earthly power could stand against the storm of shot and shell, and the deadly missives which poured like ceaseless hail upon their defenceless and unsheltered heads. The day was lost, but through no want of valor. In the battle of Chancellorsville Hancock held the left centre, and with Geary's division of the Twelfth corps—at a moment when the enemy, having seized some key positions, was bearing down all before him, and the Union lines to right and left were crumbling—checked the rebel onset until the new line could be taken and the integrity of the army could be secured. After this battle he succeeded to the leadership of the Second corps.

When General Meade relieved General Hooker in command of the Army of the Potomac, and commenced the movement into Pennsylvania in pursuit of Lee, he kept the Second corps on the

centre of the line of march; and when on the morning of the 1st of July he found that the left wing of his army had struck the enemy, and Reynolds had fallen, reposing great confidence in Hancock, he sent him upon the field to assume supreme command. Upon his arrival he found affairs in great extremity. The First and Eleventh corps had alone been pitted against a full half of the rebel army, and broken and bleeding were retreating through the town to Cemetery Hill, where the well-planted artillery of Steinwehr formed the nucleus for rallying, and where he saw at a glance was a favorable point for making a stand. It was with a thrill of gladness that the weary and begrimed soldiers hailed the face of the good chief. Howard, the leader of the Eleventh corps, who had been in command, was already there. Hancock made known his instructions from Meade. "You cannot take command over me," says Howard, "for I rank you." This was true, and by the organic law of the army General Meade had not the power to put a junior officer over a senior. "Well," says Hancock, "then I must return to General Meade." "No, no," says Howard, the nobility of his nature being aroused, "in this moment of dire necessity Agamemnon and Achilles must not quarrel. Stay and let us prepare to meet the common foe. I will not stand in the way. Our country at this hour needs us both." Soon General Sickles came upon the field, riding in from Emmittsburg; and he likewise ranked Hancock. But in the spirit of Howard he also waived his right and they all went resolutely to work.

Hancock had an excellent military eye. He could take in at a glance the advantages and defects of a great battle-field. The character and composition of the army, too, were perfectly familiar to him. His first care was to secure immediate safety, and to preserve it until darkness should come, when he could retire to a new position, if necessary; for as yet General Meade had not decided where he would fight. Hancock was instructed before leaving head-quarters to watch for good positions as he rode up. He was pleased with the Gettysburg ground and so notified Meade, though he detected its inherent weakness in its liability to be turned upon the left. His dispositions were wisely made. The resolute Wadsworth was sent to Culp's Hill

to cover the little ravine that makes up in rear of Cemetery Hill, and there also he posted the artillery of Stevens. To the indomitable Geary was given the vulnerable ground stretching towards Round Top. The Eleventh corps was disposed upon the crest of Cemetery Ridge. Along the open ground on the left flank he placed the watchful Buford, and in rear of all, as a reserve, the dauntless Doubleday, with the remnants of the First corps, grim veterans who had all day long received unmoved a baptism of fire.

When the troops had been posted and all seemed secure, he turned over the command to Slocum, who had now arrived, and who also ranked him, and returned to head-quarters. His action was approved, and his dispositions were carried out in every particular by Meade when he came upon the field. On the afternoon of the following day, when the tornado of battle burst upon the army, and Sickles was wounded and his corps crushed, Meade called for Hancock, and put him in command of the whole left wing, which by vigorous efforts he succeeded in bringing into form and comeliness. On the evening of this day, when the Louisiana Tigers made their furious charge upon Cemetery Hill, without waiting for orders—knowing that peril was imminent—he sent Carroll's brigade to the rescue, which, advancing upon the run, came in time to repel the assault. In speaking of this event afterwards, Hancock said that he felt in his bones that there was urgent need of help. On the third day of the battle the grand charge of Longstreet fell full upon Hancock's corps; and gallantly was it met and its massed columns swept away as flax by fire. In the midst of this terrific onset, and when the whole heavens were wrapt in flame, while dashing over the ground unheeding danger, he was struck and severely wounded. He was laid in an ambulance but refused to leave the field until he saw the enemy beaten, and victory perching upon his standards. Nor was the bleeding hero yet content. "When I was wounded," he says, "and lying down in my ambulance and about leaving the field, I dictated a note to General Meade, and told him if he would put in the Fifth and Sixth corps, I believed he would win a great victory." By a joint resolution of Congress he received the thanks of that body for "his gallant, meritorious, and conspicuous services in that great and decisive victory."

In the battle of the Wilderness, in May, 1864, his corps, now recruited and enlarged beyond its pristine strength, was early in the fight and drove the enemy, inflicting great slaughter, until Hill, who was in his front, was reinforced by Longstreet, when he was in turn obliged to fall back. But it was at Spottsylvania Court House, on the morning of the 12th of June, that he achieved his greatest success and won his proudest trophies. The two armies for several days had been hurled against each other with terrific violence. The slaughter had been terrible. The keenest strategy had been employed on either side to gain an advantage, and the commanders had grown wary and vigilant. Not a soldier threw himself upon the ground for a half hour that he did not cover himself with a rifle-pit. Failing in his frequent endeavors to break the enemy's line, General Grant determined to strike a heavy blow upon the rebel right centre, nearly at right-angles to the opposing main line. Hancock was chosen to deliver it. On the evening of the 11th, marching quietly to the rear, he made a circuit to the designated point and at midnight was in readiness to move, having come in close upon the rebel position. At a little before daybreak the signal was given; and, moving forward under cover of a dense fog, he came upon the enemy unawares, capturing nearly 5000 prisoners with their battle-flags, and twenty pieces of artillery. But the resistance became more determined as rebel supports were hurried to the scene of the disaster; and finally, on reaching a new and main line of works—well manned and supplied with artillery—it became impossible to push farther, and preparations were made to hold what had been gained. This was now no easy task, for the enemy, nettled by his loss, was intent on regaining his works; and charge after charge, at each time by fresh troops, until five had been delivered, was made upon Hancock's exhausted men. But in each assault the foe was thrown back with great slaughter. Encouraged by the first successes, Hancock indulged the hope of winning a still greater triumph, and sent this message to Grant: "I have captured from thirty to forty guns. I have finished up Johnson and am going into Early." But he was soon after checked. It was subsequently discovered that he had come close in upon Lee's head-quarters, and had the rebel

army nearly cut in two. The troops captured were General Edward Johnson's, of Ewell's corps. Johnson and General George H. Stewart were among the captives. The latter had been an old army friend and companion of Hancock, and when he was brought in, Hancock in a friendly way held out his hand in recognition, saying, "Stewart, I am glad to see you." But Stewart persisted in showing his teeth, and drawing back replied, "Under the circumstances, sir, I cannot take your hand;" to which Hancock quickly replied: "And under any other circumstances, sir, I would not have offered you my hand." He was made a Brigadier-General in the regular army, to date from this action.

In the battles at North Anna, Tolopotomy, Cold Harbor, and in the operations around Petersburg, he led his corps with his usual skill. On the evening of the 17th of June, 1864, on account of the wound received at Gettysburg, which was still open, and from which during the entire campaign he had suffered great pain, he was obliged to turn over the command of his corps to another and seek repose. He was sufficiently recovered to resume his place on the 27th, and at Deep Bottom on the 12th of August, where he led, in addition to his own, the Second and Tenth corps and Gregg's cavalry, he had a number of sharp engagements, gaining a decided advantage. On the 25th he fought the battle of Reams' Station against a superior force, and at the Boydton Road, on the 27th of October, drove the enemy with severe loss, capturing nearly a thousand prisoners and two stands of colors. In November, he was ordered to Washington to command an army corps of veterans which was to consist of 50,000 men. He remained in this duty until February 26th, 1865, when he was assigned to the Middle Military Division, comprising the Department of Washington, West Virginia, and Pennsylvania, with 35,000 men. But the rebel power was now rapidly waning. The war soon after ended, and the roar of battle which for four long years had sounded in his ears was hushed. He was brevetted Major-General in March, 1865, for gallant conduct at Spottsylvania, and in July, 1866, made a full Major-General in the regular army. In 1866 he was at the head of the Department of the Missouri, and made a campaign against the hostile Indians

in Kansas and Colorado. In September of the following year he was assigned to the Department of the Gulf, with head-quarters at New Orleans, where he showed good administrative ability in civil affairs. In March, 1868, he was relieved at his own request, and was assigned to the Division of the Atlantic, but in the following March was placed over the Department of Dakota, where he remained until November, 1872, when he was again given the Division of the Atlantic, with head-quarters at New York.

THOMAS JEFFERSON JORDAN, Colonel of the Ninth cavalry and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born on the 3d of December, 1821, at Walnut Hill, in Lower Swatara township, Dauphin county, Pennsylvania. The family was of Scotch origin and came to this country in 1720, first settling in King and Queen county, Virginia. In 1742, his great-grandfather, James, left Virginia, and with his slaves came to Pennsylvania, where he bought a large tract of land on the Susquehanna river, near Wrightsville, York county. This he sold in a few years, and in 1754 bought and removed to Walnut Hill, at which place the grandfather, Thomas, and the father, Benjamin Jordan, were born. During the war of the Revolution the grandfather was a paymaster with the rank of Major, and served as such during the entire war. The father married Molly, the only daughter of Edward Crouch, a Captain in the Revolutionary army, she being a granddaughter of General James Potter, of Pennsvalley, also a soldier of the Revolution. The father during a long life sustained the reputation of an honest Christian gentleman, a true friend, a good citizen, and died universally regretted. He served six years in the House of Representatives, and two terms in the Senate of Pennsylvania.

During the first fourteen years of the son's life, he was educated, as were other farmers' boys, in the country school. At the end of that time he was sent to a seminary at Mount Joy, where he remained till the summer of 1839. In December of that year he entered the law school connected with Dickinson College, under the charge of Hon. John Reed. In 1842 he was admitted to practice, and followed his profession till the opening of the Rebellion. He early evinced a liking for military

life, before he was of age having been an aid to General Alexander, of Carlisle, and afterwards held commissions from Captain to Lieutenant-Colonel.

On the 18th of April, 1861, he was mustered into the service of the United States, as Aide-de-camp to General Keim, who commanded one of the divisions of Patterson's army, and with him assisted in organizing the three months' levies. He first met the enemy at Falling Waters, on the 2d of July, when Keims' division struck Stonewall Jackson's brigade, and after a sharp skirmish drove him back on Martinsburg, which place was occupied on the following day. At the end of the campaign he was appointed Major and ordered to recruit a regiment of horse, which was known as the Lochiel Cavalry, afterwards the Ninth Pennsylvania, Ninety-second of the line. The regiment was ordered west to the column commanded by General Buel, then at Louisville, Kentucky, where it arrived in November, 1861. Major Jordan was soon after detached and ordered with one battalion to the front at Murfreesboro, and participated in all the movements of the army against Nashville in the spring of 1862. In the action at Lebanon, Tennessee, on the 6th of May, while in command of a detachment of his own and the First Kentucky cavalry, he assisted in defeating General John Morgan. On the 7th of July, at Tompkinsville, Kentucky, he again encountered General Morgan, but being largely outnumbered, was compelled to retreat, after a spirited action, and with his rear guard was captured. For five months he was a prisoner, first at Madison, Georgia, and afterwards at Richmond, Virginia.

He was exchanged, and returned to his command early in January, 1863. In the meantime the Colonel had resigned, and the Lieutenant-Colonel was sick even unto death. Jordan was, accordingly, appointed Colonel. At Shelbyville he led the charge on the left, a most gallant action, which scattered the enemy and put him to inglorious flight. At Thompson's Station, when Colonel Coburn of an Indiana regiment had tamely surrendered, he brought off the surviving forces, saving the artillery and baggage, and fighting heroically against a force of 5000 cavalry, led by the redoubtable General Forrest. At the moment when General Bragg's army was retiring across the Cumberland mountains

at Cowan, Tennessee, Colonel Jordan charged with his command and captured over five hundred of his men. In the battle of Chickamauga, when ruin was impending on other parts of the field, he heroically defended the right of General Thomas, enabling that gallant soldier to stem the tide of disaster. For his good conduct here General Thomas mentioned him in terms of appreciation in his report. He fought and defeated General Dibbrel at Reedyville, though the latter was at the head of a force of 2500 men. He was active in the campaign against Longstreet in East Tennessee in the winter and spring of 1863–64, and fought in the battles of Mossy Creek, Dandridge and Fairgarden. In the battles of Lafayette, Dalton, Kenesaw, Big Shanty, Resaca, New Hope Church, Peach Tree Creek, and in front of Atlanta, Colonel Jordan was incessantly employed. When the enemy finally retreated, he followed close upon the trail and was sharply engaged at Jonesborough and Lovejoy's Station. He was placed in command of the First brigade of the Third division of the cavalry in the campaign to the sea, with which he met Wheeler at Lovejoy's Station, and after a sharp engagement routed him and captured all his artillery, retaining the pieces which were of superior quality in his command until the end of the war. He again defeated General Wheeler at Waynesburg, Georgia, where he led his brigade in a charge upon the enemy's position, and ended the fight before the reserves, sent to his relief, could arrive. He first invested Fort McAllister near Savannah, driving the rebels within their works, and was only prevented from carrying them by assault by the arrival of General Hazen, with his division of infantry, who superseded him in command.

On the march through the Carolinas Colonel Jordan crossed the Savannah river in advance of the infantry at Sister's Ferry, and covered the left wing of the army under General Slocum. His position in the column on the march north was such that he was brought often to severe conflict. He led the charge at Blackville, dislodging the enemy from the town. He held the position at Lexington, protecting the flank of the infantry, while Columbia was being occupied. With Wheeler and Hampton he had a stubborn action at Lancaster, and crossing

into North Carolina led the advance to Fayetteville, daily and hourly skirmishing heavily. The battle of Averysborough, which opened early in the day, was sustained by his command unaided until two in the afternoon, when the infantry of the Twentieth corps came to his assistance. In this action every twelfth man in his entire force was either killed or wounded. At Bentonville he held the left flank, and participated in all the movements of the day. In the advance against Raleigh he again had the lead, and entered the city on the morning of April 12th, 1865. On passing through, he found that the rebel cavalry were ready for action on the Hillsborough road, and at once moved forward to the attack, driving them before him the entire day. At Morristown he was met by a flag of truce, with a letter for General Sherman from General Joseph E. Johnston, proposing to surrender, when fighting ceased. On the 23d of February, 1865, his appointment as Brevet Brigadier-General was confirmed by the Senate of the United States, and he was commissioned accordingly. This promotion was asked for by General Thomas, in a letter to the President, written soon after the battle of Chickamauga, for gallant and meritorious services in that action. With his regiment and brigade he was mustered out on the 18th of July, 1865.

WILLIAM McCANDLESS, Colonel of the Second Reserve regiment, was born on the 29th of September, 1834, in the city of Philadelphia. After passing through the public schools, he was apprenticed to Richard Norris and Son, to learn the business of a machinist, where he remained for a period of five years. Impelled by the sense of its exalted nature and an aptness within for its mastery, he turned from his trade to the study of the law, and was admitted to practice in 1858. When the call for troops was made in 1861, he enlisted as a private. At the organization of the Second regiment he was chosen and commissioned Major, and subsequently was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel and to Colonel. At the head of the upper road, in the battle of Beaver Dam Creek, stood McCandless. It was his first fight; but a veteran could not have behaved with greater valor. Repeatedly did the enemy assail him, yet with steady nerve he met and

hurled them back, and at last begged permission to deliver a counter-charge; but this would have hazarded too much. No less fearless was his bearing at Gaines' Mill, where he was thrown into the breach when the line of battle had given way, and in the dread encounter at Charles City Cross Roads.

At the Second Bull Run Colonel McCandless was severely wounded in the groin, after having manœuvred his regiment with rare skill throughout almost the entire battle, and fought with desperation in face of great odds. He attempted still to lead, and grasped the flag to advance; but had to be carried from the field. He was borne to a hospital in Washington, where, under skilful treatment, he rapidly recovered, and rejoined his regiment at Sharpsburg. At Fredericksburg he led in the assault on the enemy's works, where the only advantage—a gleam of sunshine in a most black and awful day—was gained, and where by his dash he captured an entire regiment of the enemy—the Nineteenth Georgia. The command of the brigade devolved upon him while on the field, and he led it in the battle of Gettysburg. In that memorable struggle on Pennsylvania soil, a victorious foe was pressing on, having overcome brigade after brigade, division after division, and portions of three corps, when McCandless formed for a charge to check and hurl him back in his triumphant course, the enemy having already come within easy rifle-range of the famous Little Round Top. The bullets were flying thick on every hand when the order to advance was given. Never was a charge more resolutely made or more successful in its results. The foe was checked and driven, and a firm line of battle established. On the following day the ground in front, which had run red with the blood of innumerable victims, was swept over, a battery captured, and prisoners, battle-flags, and small arms in abundance.

During the winter of 1863 Colonel McCandless commanded the division. He entered the Wilderness at the head of the First brigade. In obedience to orders he led it forward in that tangled field, where friend could scarcely be distinguished from foe, until he found himself surrounded and the way of retreat cut off. Fortunately he managed to elude his captors and returned to camp. At Spottsylvania Court House he was severely wounded in the

hand and disabled from immediate duty, the Reserves then having but a few days longer to serve. The commission of a Brigadier-General was tendered him but he declined it, and returned to Philadelphia, where he resumed the practice of his profession. In 1865 he was elected a member of the Pennsylvania Senate, where he served with great acceptance for a period of six years. Possessed of a pleasing elocution, and ready in debate, he held a commanding influence in that body. He was nominated, in 1872, for Auditor-General of the State, but was defeated. He is at present engaged in his profession at the Philadelphia bar, where he has a large and lucrative practice.

St. Clair A. Mulholland, Colonel of the One Hundred and Sixteenth regiment, and Brevet Brigadier and Major-General, was born in Ireland in 1839. He came to this country in childhood. His tastes early inclined him to military duty, and he became a member of a militia company in the city of Philadelphia, where his family had settled. On the 1st of September, 1862, he was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel of the One Hundred and Sixteenth, which he had been active in recruiting. Upon joining the Army of the Potomac he was assigned to General Meagher's Irish Brigade. While advancing to battle on the field of Fredericksburg, the commander of the regiment, Colonel Heenan, was severely wounded by the bursting of a shell, when Lieutenant-Colonel Mulholland assumed command, and in one of the bloodiest and most desperate struggles in which it was engaged during the war, he led it with dauntless bravery, until he was himself wounded and rendered incapable of duty. When his wounds were sufficiently healed he returned to the field, though not with promotion as the reward of gallantry and honorable scars, but with even a reduction of rank; for his command, having been fearfully cut to pieces, was so much reduced as to be unable to retain a regimental organization, and it was consolidated in a battalion of five companies, which he led with only the rank of Major.

In the battle of Chancellorsville, this battalion was charged with supporting the Fifth Maine battery. These pieces were in conflict with a number of powerful batteries of the foe, and gallantly

maintained the unequal contest; but when, after repeated losses, the ammunition began to fail, and the guns were in danger of falling into the enemy's hands, Major Mulholland rushed forward and drew them off to a place of safety. During the 4th and 5th of May, he was field officer of the day for Hancock's division, and with fidelity preserved his lines, extinguishing the fires raging in the forest on his front, where many of the Union wounded were suffering excruciating torments.

At Gettysburg he led his command over the celebrated Wheat Field, which, in consequence of the large number of troops from several corps brought into conflict there, has been called the Whirlpool. The struggle was fearful in the wooded, rugged ground where it fought, and it held its position with determined valor; but the division, being unable to maintain its ground, was withdrawn, after having sustained severe losses.

In the winter of 1863–'64, the battalion was recruited to the full strength of a regiment, and Major Mulholland was promoted to Colonel. The Wilderness campaign proved one of unparalleled severity, and its commander suffered by repeated wounds. In the first day on the Wilderness field, at Po River, and Tolopotomy Creek, he was struck by the enemy's missiles, in the latter receiving what was supposed to be a mortal hurt. He however recovered, and being of that spirit which is not intimidated by hostile weapons, returned to duty, having been rewarded with the brevet rank of Brigadier-General. He was placed in command of the Fourth brigade, First division of the Second corps, in October, 1864, and on the 27th of that month, while heavy detachments from the whole army were moving to Hatcher's Run, he assaulted and carried one of the enemy's earthworks, which was permanently held, taking many prisoners. For his intrepidity in this affair he was brevetted Major-General. To the close of the war he was at the post of duty, and won for himself the enviable reputation of being among the most reliable of officers. After leaving the army, he was appointed Chief of Police of the city of Philadelphia, a position of great responsibility and power, and has acquitted himself with that ceaseless vigilance which characterized him in the field.

SAMUEL McCARTNEY JACKSON, Colonel of the Eleventh Reserve regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born in Armstrong county, on the 24th of September, 1833. He was the son of John and Elizabeth (McCartney) Jackson, both of Scotch-Irish lineage. He early shared in the toils of farm life, and in his sixteenth year was sent to the Jacksonville Academy, in Indiana county; but the death of his father at the end of a year necessitated his abandonment of a more liberal course of study which he had contemplated. He early developed a special liking for history and biography, in which he became well versed. In his thirteenth year he joined the militia as a drummer, and after several years was promoted to Lieutenant, and finally to Captain. He recruited a company for the Eleventh Reserve, of which he was Captain. In July, 1861, he was promoted to Major, in October following to Lieutenant-Colonel, and in April, 1863, to Colonel. On two occasions he received slight wounds.

The principal battles in which he was engaged were Gaines' Mill, Second Bull Run, South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and Bethesda Church. He particularly distinguished himself in the actions at South Mountain, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Wilderness, and Spottsylvania, where the conflicts were of such a nature as to thoroughly test his manhood. In the latter he commanded a brigade and was brevetted a Brigadier for his gallant conduct. At Gettysburg he was thrown forward upon the bloody ground where the Third corps had been driven back, and supports from several corps which had been sent to the relief of the Third had been terribly broken. The position there taken was held and the entire field was subsequently regained. At the Wilderness, while in command of his own and the Second regiment, he was cut off from the balance of the division by a strong force of the enemy; but rallying his men around him he charged the hostile lines, and by a circuitous route reached the Union front, where he had for several hours been given up for lost. At the close of his term of service he was mustered out and returned to private life. In the fall of 1869, he was elected to the Pennsylvania Legislature, and was re-elected in the following year, where he maintained the character of a valuable and faithful legislator.

William Jordan Bolton, Colonel of the Fifty-first regiment and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born on the 22d of October, 1833, at Norristown, Pennsylvania. He was the son of James and Mary Ann (Kirk) Bolton. He was bred a machinist and engineer. He completed his education at Freemount Seminary, under the Rev. Samuel Aaron. He early manifested a taste for military life, when a mere boy forming a company of his companions which he headed as Captain. For seven years he was a member of the volunteer militia, holding the position of Second Lieutenant. At the commencement of the war he recruited Company A of the Fourth regiment, of which he was Captain. At the conclusion of its service he recruited and reorganized his company for the Fifty-first, a veteran regiment. It went with General Burnside to the coast of North Carolina, returning in time to take a leading part at the Second Bull Run and Chantilly, South Mountain, Antietam, and Fredericksburg. Early in 1863 the corps was transferred to the West, and at Vicksburg, Jackson, and in the siege of Knoxville, performed much wearisome and perilous duty. In 1864, it returned to the Army of the Potomac and was with Grant throughout the remaining campaigns. In storming the bridge at Antietam Captain Bolton received a gun-shot wound in the face, the ball passing through the angle of the jaw on the right side, crashing on through the mouth, and emerging just below the ear on the left side. For his conduct here he was promoted to Major.

In the progress of the siege of Knoxville, in a night attack, the enemy had obtained possession of the Union picket line. Towards daybreak an order was received to retake it, and it was desirable that the attempt should be made before light. The progress of the preparations seemed dilatory to the chivalrous Bolton, and fearing that the darkness would entirely be dissipated, he went to the commander and with some impatience inquired if it was the intention to move. On being assured that it was, he asked and received permission to lead in the attack. Rapidly disposing his regiment, he led it on with unflinching bravery, and in three minutes had routed the foe and was in possession of the lost works. Soon after the arrival of the army before Petersburg, he was ordered to take his regiment out upon

the picket line where afterwards was the crater of the mine. For several days and nights other regiments had been there exerting themselves to make an unbroken line, but still there was a space of a hundred yards reaching across the Petersburg road that they had utterly failed to cover. On that piece of "sacred soil" an enfilading fire of infantry and artillery was unceasingly kept up, apparently with the fixed determination to prevent its occupation. Waiting until the shadows of night had fallen, and aided by his brother Joseph K., he went resolutely to the work. On the first three nights every attempt to get possession failed; but on the fourth, profiting by previous experience, hugging the ground closely and crawling stealthily forward, they reached the coveted position, though a perfect storm of deadly missiles was poured without cessation upon them. His coolness and daring inspired his men, and daylight revealed to the astonished rebels a continuous line of Union pickets so well protected by rifle-pits as to defy their fire. In his charge upon the enemy immediately after the explosion of the mine, on the morning of the 30th of July, 1864, he received another severe wound in the face. In June of this year he was promoted to Colonel, and in March, 1865, to Brevet Brigadier-General. One who had served under him says, "As a disciplinarian he had few superiors. His government was not harsh, but was tempered with kindness and reason. He subjected himself to strict discipline, and he exacted unquestioning obedience from those beneath him."

JOHN IRWIN CURTIN, Colonel of the Forty-fifth regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born on the 17th of June, 1837, at Eagle Forge, Centre county, Pennsylvania. His paternal grandfather, Roland Curtin, emigrated from Ireland in 1797, and was one of the earliest and most enterprising settlers of that county. His maternal grandfather, John Irwin, was also from Ireland, who with his brothers pushed out towards the central part of the State, ascending upon a flat-boat from Columbia to Lewistown, and thence across the mountains on foot to Penn's Valley, then a wilderness, but which he lived to see bud and blossom as the rose. He is the second son of Roland Curtin, Jr., and a nephew of ex-Governor Curtin. He was educated at

Academia, Juniata county, and Dickinson Seminary, at Williamsport. He was of the corps of engineers which located the Bald Eagle Valley Railroad, and when the war opened, volunteered in the Bellefonte Fencibles, which became part of the Tenth regiment, sent first to defend the bridges on the line of railway leading to Washington, and subsequently to Patterson in the Shenandoah Valley. At the close of the three months' term, he recruited a company, of which he was made Captain, for the Forty-fifth, a veteran regiment. Soon after taking the field, in the fall of 1861, this regiment was sent to the Department of the South, landing at Hilton Head, and engaging, until July, 1862, in the operation undertaken for the reduction of the foremost of rebel cities. It was then ordered north and became part of the Ninth corps, under General Burnside. On the 30th of this month, Captain Curtin was promoted to Major, and to Lieutenant-Colonel on the 4th of September following. At Turner's Gap, in the South Mountain, Lee, glorying in his recent triumph at Bull Run, was met, and after a severe struggle was routed. Colonel Curtin here had command of the regiment and was struck in the right elbow, disabling the arm for a time, but not preventing his continuance in duty.

Soon after the disastrous battle of Fredericksburg, in which the regiment took part, the Ninth corps was ordered west, and for a while performed duty in Kentucky; but subsequently was sent to Vicksburg, where it participated in the siege, and shared in the glories of the capture. It then moved out under Sherman to Jackson, where, after a brief conflict, that able rebel chieftain was put to flight. In the meantime Lieutenant-Colonel Curtin had been made Colonel. The corps now returned to Kentucky, but was greatly reduced by sickness, a fever prevailing of which General Welsh, the original commander of the regiment, died, and Colonel Curtin was prostrated and returned on furlough to his home. In his absence the Ninth corps was sent to Knoxville, where, after having triumphantly entered and advanced towards Chattanooga to coöperate with the forces under General Grant, found itself confronted by a larger force, that had been detached from the main rebel column. For twenty-two days Burnside was shut up, making a stout and very gallant resistance, until

Longstreet, who was in chief command, withdrew. In the meantime Colonel Curtin, who had recovered from his sickness, while on the way to the front was placed in command of a brigade at Cumberland Gap, with which he rendered good service upon Clinch River in harassing the enemy, and when Longstreet was compelled to raise the siege, striking the rear of his column as he retreated towards Virginia.

The Ninth corps returned to the Army of the Potomac before the opening of the spring campaign of 1864. Colonel Curtin was here intrusted with the command of a brigade in General Potter's division, and wielded it with skill in the fierce fighting which ensued. On the 21st of May, he was sent in advance with his brigade to secure the crossing of the Po River near Stannard's Mill. Before reaching the designated point he met the enemy in considerable force, but drove him handsomely, and held the hither bank. Though the fighting of the campaign had been severe, it was nowhere so terrible and destructive as at Cold Harbor. The Ninth corps held the right here, and on the 3d of May Colonel Curtin led his brigade in a daring and impetuous charge—driving the opposing force, which consisted of parts of Ewell's and Longstreet's corps, from their skirmish line and rifle-pits, back to their fortifications—and planted his column immovably in the very face of the foe.

One of the most brilliant of the exploits of Colonel Curtin in the course of the war was executed at a little before dawn on the morning of the 17th of June. The Union army having just crossed the James had come up before Petersburg; but the enemy were already there and intrenched. Potter's division was ordered to make a night attack. Curtin and Griffin were to lead with their brigades, supported by Ledlie. Woodbury, in his *Ninth Army Corps*, gives a vivid description of this daring charge: "At the first blush of the morning," he says, "the word 'Forward!' was passed quietly along the column. The men sprang to their feet, and noiselessly, rapidly, vigorously moved upon the enemy—Griffin to the right, Curtin to the left. They burst upon him with the fury of a tornado. They took him completely by surprise. They swept his lines for a mile, gathering up arms, flags, cannon, and prisoners all along their victorious pathway.

A stand of colors, four pieces of artillery with their caissons and horses, fifteen hundred stands of small arms, a quantity of ammunition and six hundred prisoners were the fruits of this splendid charge. A wide breach had been made in the enemy's lines, and it seemed as though the defences of Petersburg were within our grasp. But the energetic movement of General Griffin was not followed up. Colonel Curtin had most gallantly done his part, and General Potter was promptly on the ground to direct the assault. But where were the supports?" These were not at hand and Curtin and Griffin could only hold fast what was gained. In this charge Colonel Curtin was severely wounded in the shoulder, and was carried from the field. He was removed to the hospital at Annapolis. His wound fortunately healed without permanent disability, and in August he again joined his brigade. His gallantry was not without its reward. In October, the brevet rank of Brigadier-General was conferred by President Lincoln. In the fierce encounter at Peebles' Farm the enemy succeeded in gaining the rear of the Fifth corps, seriously compromising the position of the left wing of the Union army. General Curtin that day rode a beautiful horse presented him by his old regiment. In the heat of the action it was killed under him, and although surrounded, and called on to surrender, he cut his way out and escaped while many were killed and captured. From this time forward until the close of the war he had command of a division. With his regiment he was mustered out of service in June, 1865, having served with honor and distinction during the entire period of the conflict. Upon his return to private life he went to Kentucky, where he was engaged in developing oil and coal lands, building a railroad for the use of the company. He returned to Pennsylvania in 1867, and entered largely upon the manufacture and sale of lumber in Clinton county, where he now resides.

JOSEPH P. BRINTON, Colonel of the Second cavalry, was born on the 22d of July, 1837, in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania. His father, Judge Ferree Brinton, was of Huguenot descent, his ancestors having been among the earliest settlers in that county, where the family for six generations has resided.

His mother, Elizabeth (Sharpless) Brinton, was descended from the earliest Quaker settlers in Chester county. The boy received careful rudimentary instruction from private Quaker teachers at the Watson boarding-school, and afterwards in the University of Pennsylvania, where he graduated in the Law Department. He further prosecuted his professional studies in the office of Eli K. Price, from whence he was admitted to practice at the Philadelphia bar.

As a youth he manifested a fondness for equestrian exercises, which naturally led him to choose the cavalry when he came to enter the service. When the call of the President was proclaimed he was a private in that historic body, the First City Troop, and with it he volunteered, serving during the three months' campaign with the column of Patterson in the Shenandoah Valley. Returning at the close of this period, he was, upon the organization of the Second Pennsylvania cavalry, commissioned senior Major, and in August following was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel. By the frequent call of the Colonel to command the brigade, the charge of the regiment principally devolved upon Brinton. From October, 1862, to March, 1863, with the exception of a short interval, he had the active leadership, as he did also from July, 1863, to February, 1864, and from May to November of the latter year. During these periods the regiment performed almost constant severe service. In the actions at Rappahannock Station and Mine Run, in Meade's campaign of 1863, and at St. Mary's Church, Deep Bottom, Boydton Road, and Jerusalem Plank Road under Grant, the youthful commander particularly distinguished himself. At Trevillian Station, where the division was suddenly attacked by a superior force of the Confederate army, Brinton led a charge of dismounted cavalry with such steadiness and daring as to win the plaudits of his entire command, and the warm approval of his sturdy chief, General Gregg.

In August, 1864, he was brevetted Colonel, in the language of the commission, "for conspicuous conduct and distinguished gallantry in the battles of Trevillian Station and St. Mary's Church." In November, 1864, he was assigned to duty on the staff of General Meade, as Judge Advocate of the Army of

the Potomac, in which position he remained to the close of his service, at the end of the war. During his long and active duty in the field he fortunately escaped without wounds, though he had six horses shot under him at various times, and was twice injured by their fall upon him. He was particularly commended by General Birney for a scout in the rear of the enemy's lines after the second battle of Bull Run—a daring exploit—and by General Gregg for his conduct in the Mine Run campaign, in addition to those mentioned in his brevet commission.

Duty in the cavalry arm of the service is more constant and harassing than in either infantry or artillery, and for it there is far less credit given in the general award. When a great battle is fought the cavalry is pushed out upon the flanks, and its exploits are scarcely mentioned in the glowing descriptions of the field plowed by grape, and the charges of the infantry hosts. But often the most critical and daring part of a battle is performed by this arm. When the battle is over and the infantry and artillery are relieved, the duty of the cavalry does not intermit, and often its most trying and wasting service is when no fighting is reported. Few men served with a more constant and unremitting valor than Colonel Brinton.

VINCENT MEIGS WILCOX, Colonel of the One Hundred and Thirty-second regiment, was born on the 17th of October, 1828, at Madison, Connecticut. He was the son of Zenos and Louisa (Meigs) Wilcox. His boyhood was spent upon the farm, and he was educated at Lee's Academy in his native place. For some years after leaving school he was engaged in teaching. He was married in 1856 to Catharine M. Webb. He became an officer in the State Militia of Connecticut in 1856, in which he displayed considerable enthusiasm. Having become a citizen of Scranton, Pennsylvania, upon the formation of the One Hundred and Thirty-second regiment he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel. In the battle of Antietam Colonel Oakford, who led this regiment, fell, and the command devolved on Lieutenant-Colonel Wilcox. It held a position of great importance, inasmuch as it was the key to the Union position. The line had been broken in other parts, but if this could be held there was a chance of regaining

the portions lost. In the crisis of the battle Colonel Wilcox received an order from General French, who commanded the division, directing him to hold the ground to the last extremity. But the ammunition had all been expended. By searching the bodies of the dead a little was obtained, which was economically used. When that was gone the Colonel reported the fact to General Kimball for orders; but instead of being relieved he was ordered to fix bayonets and charge, which was executed with the utmost gallantry, driving the enemy before him and capturing a Colonel and several men. The battle raged long and fearfully, and the loss among his men was very great; but he exercised his responsible duties with skill and fidelity, holding his position against powerful assaults made by a veteran foe. At the close of the battle he was promoted to Colonel, to date from the day of the engagement, as an acknowledgment of his merit; but his health soon afterwards failed, and he was obliged to leave the army. His service, though brief, embracing only the battles of South Mountain and Antietam, was marked by a full measure of devotion, and contributed not a little to the fortunate result of the campaign.

DE WITT CLINTON STRAWBRIDGE, Colonel of the Seventy-sixth regiment, was born at Millerstown, Perry county, Pennsylvania, on the 5th of August, 1837. His father, David Strawbridge, was a native of Pennsylvania, of Irish descent. His mother was Eve Long, of German origin. He received a good English education, embracing the higher mathematics and natural sciences, at Sharon, Pennsylvania, and at the Hiram Eclectic Institute, Ohio. His first experience in military duty commenced on the 20th of April, 1861, with the Nineteenth Ohio volunteers. On the 2d of July he was promoted to First Sergeant, and participated in the decisive campaign in West Virginia, under McClellan and Rosecrans, which terminated triumphantly on the 13th at Rich Mountain. For his capacity and faithfulness to duty here he was promoted, on the 24th of September, to Captain of Company B, of the Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania, and with it proceeded immediately to the Department of the South. Early in August he was promoted to the rank of Colonel, and in this capacity led

his regiment in the affair at Pocotaligo, with such good judgment, and in the face of such hard fighting, that he was especially complimented by General O. M. Mitchell, in chief command. He was also conspicuous in the reduction of Fort Pulaski, and in the battle on James Island. He was of the force which stormed and took the batteries of the southern part of Morris Island, and here again his conduct attracted the attention and warm approval of General Strong, in command of the brigade. He also took part in the first assault upon Fort Wagner, and in the varied operations of the campaign conducted by General Hunter. His regiment having suffered severely in the engagements on Morris Island, and being reduced to scarcely two full companies, he was sent with the surviving veterans by General Gilmore in August to take charge of the post at Hilton Head, and was there placed in command of a brigade.

On account of injuries received in the service, which were incurable, he was forced to resign on the 20th of November, 1863. His health was, however, so much improved that in the summer and fall of 1864 he served as adjutant of the Seventeenth Kansas regiment for a period of five months, and until that body was mustered out. In person, Colonel Strawbridge is above the medium height. He was married on the 6th of April, 1868, to Miss Alice L. Turner, of Brookfield, Missouri, where he now resides.

Robert Levan Orr, Colonel of the Sixty-first regiment, was born on the 28th of March, 1836, in Philadelphia. He was the son of William Hennessy and Justinia (Scull) Orr. He was educated at the public high school, and until the breaking out of the war was employed in the dry goods house of the Sharpless Brothers. He entered the service on the 25th of April, 1861, and at the conclusion of the three months' campaign was made Captain in the Sixty-first regiment. In the terrible battle of Fair Oaks, the field officers of this body were all cut down and the command devolved upon Captain Orr. In a skirmish before Richmond in the month of June, he was wounded. He was engaged in all the battles in which the Sixth corps had a part, and in the storming of Marye's Heights, in the Chancellors-

ville campaign, displayed marked courage. In October, 1863, he was promoted to Major. In the battle of Winchester under Sheridan, and in all subsequent battles in the Valley, he rendered distinguished service, and at its close was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel. With his gallant regiment he led the assault on the works before Petersburg on the morning of April 2d, 1865. He received a slight wound in that assault, and was promoted to Colonel for gallantry therein displayed. He was mustered out with his regiment on the 28th of June, 1865.

Samuel Dale Strawbridge, Colonel of the Second artillery, was born on the 31st of August, 1825, in Liberty township, Montour county, Pennsylvania. His father was James Strawbridge, of Scotch-Irish extraction, though his father and grandfather were natives of Chester county. His mother was Mary (Dale) Strawbridge. The son received his education at private schools in the neighborhood and in the Danville and New London Academies. He had no military training previous to the Rebellion.

He entered the United States service as First Lieutenant of Battery F, Second artillery, in January, 1862, and in December following was promoted to Captain of Battery I. The regiment was placed on duty in the defences of Washington, where it remained until the campaign of the Wilderness opened, when, to supply the great waste to which the army had been subjected, this regiment, which had been recruited to over thirty-three hundred men, was organized in two, and having been taken from their guns, were armed with muskets, and sent to the front. They went among veterans and were immediately put upon the advance line to do veterans' work. Captain Strawbridge was commissioned Major of the new regiment, and throughout the hard fighting which followed, and until the reunion of the two regiments in September, he was ceaselessly employed. His gallantry won for him the rank of Brevet Colonel. Of the united regiments he became in succession Lieutenant-Colonel, and Colonel, and until the muster out in the early part of 1866 was faithful and vigilant, commanding the esteem of his men, and the approval of his superior officers.

JOHN MILLER MARK, Colonel of the Ninety-third regiment, was born on the 15th of March, 1822, in East Hanover, Lebanon county, Pennsylvania. He was the son of George and Elizabeth (Miller) Mark. His boyhood was passed in a rural neighborhood and his school advantages were few. He entered the service as Captain in the Ninety-third on the 3d of October, 1861, and was promoted to Major in June following, and Colonel in November. He was with Peck in the battle of Williamsburg, of whom General Couch said, "He had the good fortune to be in advance, and arriving on the battle ground at a critical time, won a reputation to be greatly envied." In the desperate fighting at Fair Oaks, Colonel Mark was wounded in the right arm, which resulted in the stiffening of three fingers. At Antietam he was again with his regiment, and at Fredericksburg was in General Wheaton's brigade of General Franklin's Grand Division. On the 12th of March, 1863, Colonel Mark was mustered out of service.

THOMAS FOREST BETTON TAPPER was born at Germantown, Pennsylvania, August 31st, 1823. His father was John Tapper, by birth a Prussian. His mother, Lydia Maria (Vogal) Tapper, was a native of the city of Amsterdam, Holland. At a very early age he was put to work in a factory, and was also employed upon a farm. He subsequently spent four years in learning the trade of a carpenter; but being dissatisfied with this, finally became a machinist and engineer—employments for which he had genius. A single term at school when at the age of fourteen was all the opportunity he ever had of acquiring educational discipline. But being of an inquiring turn of mind, he was able to supply, by his own exertions, what of scholastic training had by the hard lot of poverty been denied him.

For several years previous to the war he was Lieutenant in the Spring Garden Rifle company. When hostilities opened, in April, 1861, he was active in recruiting soldiers for the common defence, and on the 29th of May was commissioned Captain of Company G of the Fourth Reserve regiment. He led that company in the battles before Richmond under McClellan; and at Charles City Cross Roads, on the 30th of June, 1862, performed

prodigies of valor, receiving a sword-cut on the right arm, and a bayonet wound in the left leg. Though suffering intensely, and weak from the loss of blood, he kept the field and lay down at night with his men on the bare ground without cover.

At Second Bull Run, South Mountain, and Antietam, at Fredericksburg, Cloyd Mountain in West Virginia, and New River Bridge, he was with the foremost, and no soldier was more sorely tried nor found more vigilant. Few campaigns more severely tested the metal of men than that conducted by General Crooke in West Virginia. For twenty days the troops were upon the march; skirmishing commencing on the third day out, and continuing without cessation until the end of the campaign. But no hardship nor fatigue could turn a soldier like Tapper from his purpose, and with such, no enterprise was too daring, nor trial too great. On the 1st of March, 1863, he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, on the 10th of May, 1864, to Colonel, and on the 17th of June following, having served the full period for which he had enlisted, was mustered out of service with his command.

WILLIAM M. MINTZER, Colonel of the Fifty-third regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born on the 7th of May, 1837, in Chester county, Pennsylvania. He was the son of Henry and Rebecca (Bechtel) Mintzer. He entered the service of the United States on the 19th of April, 1861, as an enlisted man for the three months' term, and at its conclusion reëntered for the war as a Lieutenant in the Fifty-third. In this capacity he participated in the battle at Fair Oaks, and subsequently in the Seven Days' battle, in which he belonged to the rear guard, stubbornly holding back the foe at Peach Orchard, Savage Station, and White Oak Swamp. On the 2d of June, 1862, he was promoted to Major. In front of the sunken road, and the stone fence on the hill beyond, at Antietam, and at Marye's Heights in the battle of Fredericksburg, the Fifty-third was put to a severe test, but came forth from the ordeal with a reputation for valor unsurpassed. On the afternoon of the 2d of July, 1863, this regiment was put into the terrible maelstrom of battle near the Peach Orchard on the Gettysburg field, and here it combated under a deadly fire of musketry and artillery

until a large proportion were either killed or wounded. At the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Po River, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, and a score of minor battles, he was with his regiment, having the active command for the most part, and leading it with rare skill and judgment. On the 29th of September, 1864, he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, and on the 30th of October following, to Colonel. At the Boydton Plank Road, where he charged, recharged, and finally took the enemy's works, resulting in the cutting of the Weldon Railroad, he displayed a coolness and courage unsurpassed, was warmly commended by his superior officers, and was brevetted Brigadier-General "for gallant and meritorious services."

THOMAS JEFFERSON TOWN, Colonel of the Ninety-fifth regiment, brother of Gustavus W., noticed elsewhere, was born on the 9th of October, 1841. Their tastes were not unlike, and their education was substantially the same. He entered the three months' service as Second Lieutenant of the company of which his brother was First Lieutenant, and in the Ninety-fifth he was Captain of Company A, from which he was subsequently promoted to Major. In the battle at Salem Church, on the 3d of May, 1863, when his brother fell dead upon the field, he made strenuous efforts to bring off his body; but while thus engaged, received a severe and painful wound in the hip, compelling him to abandon the purpose. The field remained in the enemy's hands, and the body was never recovered. Major Town was commissioned Colonel; but his wound was of so serious a character that in the August following he was mustered out of service "for physical disability arising from wounds." In stature he is six feet and nearly three inches in height, and well proportioned.

WILLIAM ROSS HARTSHORNE, Colonel of the One Hundred and Ninetieth regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born at Curwensville, Clearfield county, Pennsylvania, on the 26th of January, 1839. He was the son of William and Sophronia (Swan) Hartshorne. He was educated at the Tuscarora Academy. He was commissioned First Lieutenant of Com-

pany K, Bucktail regiment, on the 29th of May, 1861. In August following, he was transferred to the Signal corps, in which capacity he served on the staff of General Banks. Before the Reserve corps departed for the Peninsula, he was made Adjutant of his regiment and returned to duty with it. At the battle of Beaver Dam Creek he received a severe wound, his skull being fractured by a musket ball. The process of trepanning was performed by rebel surgeons at Savage Station, and he remained a prisoner until August 10th, 1862, when he rejoined his regiment and participated in the battles of South Mountain and Antietam. On the 22d of May, 1863, he was promoted to Major, and after the fall of Colonel Taylor at Gettysburg, the command devolved upon him. At Gettysburg and the Wilderness he was hotly engaged, and led his men with great gallantry. At the close of the term of service of the Reserve corps, two veteran regiments were formed from the remnants who were willing to reënlist. The command of the first of these, the One Hundred and Ninetieth, was given to Colonel Hartshorne. On the 20th of July, 1864, he was placed at the head of the Third brigade, Third division, Fifth corps, which he led with marked ability in the fierce fighting before Petersburg. In the action at the Weldon Railroad, on the 19th of August, his command was overwhelmed and he was taken prisoner. He was confined in Libby Prison, Salisbury, and Danville, and not until the 25th of March, 1865, was he released, being subjected to great privation and suffering for a period of over seven months. Three days after his release he rejoined his command and led it till the close of the war. He was made Brevet Brigadier-General on the 13th of March, 1865, and was mustered out with his regiment on the 2d of July.

NORMAN MACALESTER SMITH, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel of the Nineteenth cavalry, was born on the 22d of December, 1841, in Philadelphia. He was the son of Edward T. and Ann Macalester (Bacon) Smith. Until his sixteenth year he was educated in his native city, and in Burlington, New Jersey. He then entered the Norris locomotive works, for the purpose of learning practically mechanical engineering, which was frustrated by the opening of the war. He was deprived, by death, of a

mother at ten, and a father at fourteen years of age. He volunteered, on the 19th of April, 1861, in the Commonwealth Artillery of Philadelphia, in which he served for three months at Fort Delaware. On being mustered out he was appointed Second Lieutenant in the Fifty-eighth regiment, but declined the position, enlisting instead in the Anderson Troop, on the 15th of October, and serving in it until June, 1862, having in the meantime participated in the battles of Shiloh and Corinth. In the former he was personal orderly to General Buell, who, in noticing the conduct of his staff, said: "I would add that the conduct of privates Smith and Hewitt came particularly under my observation, and the gallant manner in which, during the hottest of the fight, they rallied scattered parties of men, and led them back to their regiments, is deserving of the highest commendation."

In June, 1862, he was ordered to Pennsylvania to recruit for the Fifteenth Pennsylvania cavalry, then being organized, in which he was commissioned Captain. In this capacity he participated in the battles of Antietam and Williamsport, Maryland, and in Triune, Wilkinson's Cross Roads, Stone River, Lavergne, and Woodbury, Tennessee. In June, 1863, he resigned and entered the Nineteenth Pennsylvania cavalry, serving first as Quartermaster, then as Adjutant, and finally as Captain of Companies L and C, participating in the actions at Okaloona, Ivy Farm, Mississippi; Cypress Swamp, Tennessee; Gun Town, Black River, Utica, Port Gibson, Grand Gulf, Mississippi; Marion, Arkansas; Nashville, Hollow Tree Gap, Franklin, Anthony's Hill, Tennessee; and Sugar Creek, Alabama. During the summer of 1864 he served as Inspector and Assistant Adjutant-General of the First brigade, cavalry division of the Army of West Tennessee. In the Nashville campaign he was for the most part in command of his regiment, and by his energy and skill won for it lasting renown. General Hammond, who led the brigade to which it belonged, says: "The Nineteenth Pennsylvania cavalry was for the greater part of the time commanded by Norman M. Smith, who, although only a Captain, was alone able to do anything with the regiment. Under him it was efficient, and at all times ready for work. I strongly urged that he be made Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment, a rank belonging to the

position which he holds. I now hope that it is not too late to recognize his merit, by the brevets of Major and Lieutenant-Colonel, which he richly deserves for his services during the campaign when Hood was defeated at Nashville and pursued across the Tennessee River, even if he had served nowhere else, and for personal gallantry and attention to duty in the field." To this unqualified commendation General George H. Thomas added his own approval, particularly calling attention to the request.

HORACE BLOIS BURNHAM, Colonel of the Sixty-seventh regiment, was born on the 10th of September, 1824, at Spencertown, Columbia county, New York. He received a good English education, with some knowledge of the classics, and read law with D. A. Lathrop, of Luzerne county, Pennsylvania. He came to the bar in 1844, and practised in the counties of Luzerne, Carbon, Wayne, Pike, and Monroe. He was married on the 22d of February, 1846, to Miss Ruth Ann Jackson. He entered the service in July, 1861, and in October following was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the Sixty-seventh regiment. For more than a year and a half it was on duty at Annapolis, Maryland. It was at Winchester in the column of Milroy when struck by the head of the entire rebel army on its way to Gettysburg, and was terribly decimated in the encounter which ensued. He remained with the Third corps until the expiration of his term of service, on the 30th of October, 1864, when he was appointed by President Lincoln a Judge Advocate with the rank of Major in the regular army, in which capacity he acted on court-martial duty and in the Bureau of Military Justice at Washington, until April, 1867. He was then ordered to duty as Chief Judge Advocate of the First Military District, with head-quarters at Richmond, Virginia. He was at the same time Judge of Hustings Court here, from September, 1867, to May, 1869, and President Judge of the Court of Appeals of Virginia, from May, 1869, to May, 1870, by appointment, in accordance with an act of Congress. At the end of this time he was ordered to Atlanta, Georgia, as Chief Judge Advocate of the Department of the South, and subsequently, when the head-quarters of that department were transferred to Louisville, Kentucky, he accompanied it thither. On

the 4th of November, 1872, he was assigned to duty in the same capacity in the Department of the Platte, embracing Iowa and Nebraska, and the Territories of Wyoming and Utah, headquarters at Omaha, where he is still engaged. He was brevetted Colonel by the President in July, 1865, for gallant and meritorious services during the war.

MARCUS A. RENO, Colonel of the Twelfth cavalry, and Brevet Brigadier-General, is a native of Carrolton, Green county, Illinois. His ancestors were of French descent, who, three or four generations back, had settled upon the French possessions on the Mississippi. His mother was a native of Hyattstown, Maryland. His boyhood was spent at school in his native place, and he was destined for the mercantile profession; but, having received the appointment at West Point through the influence of Senator Stephen A. Douglas, who was a friend of the family, he entered that school, and in due course graduated in 1857. He engaged immediately thereafter in the national service, as an officer of the First United States cavalry, from which, towards the close of the late war, he was promoted to Colonel of the Twelfth Pennsylvania cavalry, One Hundred and Thirteenth of the line. In the action of Kelly's Ford in March, 1863, he was severely wounded, which incapacitated him for duty in the battles of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, the only battles in which the Army of the Potomac had part in which he did not participate. He was brevetted a Brigadier-General on the 13th of March, 1865. He was married in 1863 to a daughter of Robert J. Ross, of Harrisburg.

WILLIAM ANDREW ROBINSON, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Seventy-seventh regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born at North East, Erie county, Pennsylvania, on the 17th of June, 1830. He was the son of William A. and Nancy (Cochran) Robinson, both of Scotch-Irish descent. His father, his grandfather, Thomas, and his great-grandfather, George, were all natives of central Pennsylvania. His early years were passed upon a farm, and his education was obtained in the district school, and at academies in Chatauqua county, New York, and

Ashtabula, Ohio. After leaving school and until the Rebellion came he was associated with older brothers in business in Pittsburg. When the flag of his country was assailed, and troops were called for its defence, he enlisted in a company known as the Pittsburg Rifles, in which he served as a Sergeant. Failing of acceptance in the three months' force, it was held in camp, and became Company A of the Ninth Reserve. In October, 1861, he was transferred to the Seventy-seventh regiment, as First Lieutenant of Company E, and in the April following was promoted to Captain. It was one of the few infantry regiments sent to the Western army from Pennsylvania, in the early part of the war, and was with Grant at Shiloh, being upon the front in the final charge and taking many prisoners. At Stone River, on the 31st of December, 1862, where the right wing of Rosecrans' army was attacked at early dawn with great fury and by overwhelming numbers, this was one of the few regiments which was in readiness to receive the blow, and made a stubborn defence. Robinson led his company with marked valor, and received the warm commendation of his superior officers. He participated in all the battles of the Army of the Cumberland down to the ill-starred contest at Chickamauga. Here the Seventy-seventh with some other troops were isolated in a critical stage of the battle, and being unsupported, the field officers, seven line officers, and the greater part of the men were taken prisoners. For fifteen months Captain Robinson was an inmate of rebel prisons of the worst type, at a period when the harshest treatment was accorded to the unfortunate victims: six months at Libby; three at Columbia, South Carolina; three at Macon, Georgia; and three at Charleston, under fire of General Gilmore's powerful guns. He was associated with Colonels Streight and Rose in tunnelling their way out of Libby—a herculean labor, and attended with remarkable immediate success, but not in the liberation of Captain Robinson. While confined at Macon he was selected as one of a committee of Union officers to go to Andersonville and make known to the Union Government the horrors to which the poor victims of cruelty and barbarity were subjected, in the hope that the administration would be induced on hearing their report to enter upon a system of exchange which the Confederates well knew

would redound largely to their advantage. But this committee refused to interfere, believing that the Government was well aware of the facts and would act wisely.

After his exchange and a brief furlough, he was placed on duty for a time at Columbus, Ohio, whence he was sent to his regiment, of which he had command during most of the time until his final muster out on the 6th of December, 1865. After the close of hostilities in the East he was sent to Texas, where further trouble was anticipated, but which subsided under the strong arm of Sheridan. He was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel and Brevet Brigadier-General, on the 13th of March, 1865. Throughout his entire term of service he displayed great coolness and courage, and wonderful powers of endurance. The terrible marches he performed in East Tennessee, where for weeks the men were forced to subsist on green corn—his journey home through Kentucky after his furlough, where he was captured by guerillas—his escape and journey to the Union lines through rain and storm—and his long imprisonment would have broken the spirit and the constitution of one not preëminently endowed. "I asked him," says his brother, the Rev. Thomas H. Robinson, D. D., of Harrisburg, "how he managed to come home from fifteen months of rebel prison life looking so fat and hearty. He answered 'by keeping cheerful and keeping clean.' He was strictly temperate, full of patience and endurance, very bright and hopeful in disposition and a fine companion in camp. He was an excellent singer, and in Libby he had a good chance to use his voice. He read and with others acted from the plays of Shakspeare, which I sent him while there in six volumes. He said he never felt fear but once, and that was when moving under a terrible fire at Stone River. There for a moment he leaned against a tree. The feeling passed quickly, and he led his company on. His picket duty at Stone River and the fighting there he considered about as trying as any he ever witnessed."

JOHN FRANCIS GLENN, Colonel of the Twenty-third regiment. Few regiments in the volunteer service deserve greater credit than the Twenty-third Pennsylvania. It was first commanded by Colonel Charles P. Dare; and upon its reorganization at the

end of the three months' service was led by that fearless and intrepid soldier, Major-General David B. Birney. He was succeeded by Brigadier-General Thomas H. Neil, an officer whose ability soon gained him promotion, and he was followed by Brevet Brigadier-General John Ely. Though these several officers in succession held the nominal command, their skill and their reliability caused them to be often called to command brigades or divisions, and the real leadership fell to an officer of minor rank, John Francis Glenn, who finally became its Colonel, and continued at its head till the close of its term of service.

He was born on the 2d of November, 1829, in Philadelphia. His father, William Glenn, and his mother, Margaret (Tate) Glenn, were both natives of that city. His parents being poor, the son enjoyed scarcely any educational advantages, and from the age of seven to sixteen was obliged to labor incessantly at various occupations. At the close of this period he entered a printing office, where he acquired not only practical skill but a large fund of useful information.

In the summer of 1847, upon the call for troops to go to Mexico, he volunteered, then at the age of eighteen, as a private in Company D, First regiment, Pennsylvania volunteers. After his return from a victorious campaign, in which he acquitted himself with credit, he joined the National Rifle company, a militia organization of Philadelphia, in which he rose to the rank of Lieutenant and afterwards to Captain. When the Rebellion opened no soldier more promptly stepped to the front. He raised a company for the Twenty-third three months' regiment, and showed himself in the affair at Falling Waters a true soldier. Upon the reorganization of this regiment for three years, he became Captain of Company A. At the close of the Peninsula campaign, in which his regiment served, he was promoted to the rank of Major. In the battle of Fredericksburg, he bore himself with distinguished gallantry, and fairly won the honor which was accorded him at its close, promotion to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. Scarcely a year later, in December, 1863, he was again promoted, and now to the full command of the regiment.

Colonel Glenn was the recipient of many complimentary notices from officers high in command. That veteran soldier,

General Heintzelman, at the battle of Fair Oaks, publicly commended him for volunteering, after he had been wounded, to advance with one hundred picked men and a section of Miller's battery, to hold the enemy in check until a division, which was on its way to the front, could get into position. The duty was executed with fearless intrepidity, and with success. At Malvern Hill, General Couch warmly praised his courage and steadfastness in holding his regiment for thirteen hours under a fire unparalleled for its severity. At Marye's Heights, General Alexander Shaler gave him unqualified commendation for the manner in which he advanced with five companies of his regiment to open the engagement on the morning of the 3d of May, 1863. At Cold Harbor, General David Rüssell, following the generous impulse of the brave soldier, spoke in the most laudatory terms of his gallant bearing in the terrible conflicts of the 1st, 2d, and 3d of June, 1864.

At the expiration of his term, on the 8th of September, with his regiment, he was mustered out of service. Colonel Glenn is in person six feet in height, of fair complexion, and of nervous temperament, a condition indicative of ceaseless vigilance, which signally characterized him. He was married on the 17th of February, 1850, to Eleanora Forebaugh.

CHARLES M. BETTS, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fifteenth cavalry, was born in Bucks county, Pennsylvania, on the 9th of August, 1838. His boyhood was passed upon a farm, and in attending the public schools. He received, in addition, instruction at an academy in his native county, and at Burlington, New Jersey. Having a taste for mercantile life, he went to Philadelphia in 1857, where he became clerk in a wholesale lumber establishment. In November, 1861, he was appointed chief clerk in the Quartermaster's Department of General Franklin's division, then stationed near Alexandria, Virginia, and served in that capacity through the entire Peninsula campaign. At Harrison's Landing he left that army, and in response to the President's call for fresh troops, enlisted as a private in the Fifteenth Pennsylvania (Anderson) cavalry, which rendezvoused at Carlisle. He was soon after promoted to Sergeant, and when the enemy invaded

Maryland on the Antietam campaign, he was sent as acting First Lieutenant of a detail made to picket the southern border of Pennsylvania, and to coöperate with the troops of McClellan. He was subsequently commissioned First Sergeant at Louisville, Kentucky, whither the regiment had been ordered.

Upon the reorganization of the command at Murfreesboro, Tennessee, in March, he was commissioned Captain of Company F, which he led in the stirring campaign of 1863, and near the close of the year, in a fight with the Cherokee Indians at Gatlinsburg, received a severe wound in the left arm, by which he was incapacitated for duty for a period of two months. In May, 1864, he was commissioned Major, which gave him the leadership of a battalion. As the armies of the Union advanced, the duties of the cavalry were greatly increased, requiring incessant activity. At the opening of the campaign of 1865, he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel and given the active command of the regiment. With Stoneman's column he went upon an important expedition into North Carolina, and after rapid riding and the successful accomplishment of the object, he was put upon the trail of Jefferson Davis, who, after the surrender of Lee and Johnston, was endeavoring to escape to the Gulf with large sums of Confederate treasure. "On the morning of the 8th instant," says General Palmer, "while searching for Davis near the fork of the Appalachee and Oconee rivers, Colonel Betts, Fifteenth Pennsylvania cavalry, captured seven wagons, hidden in the woods, which contained $188,000 in coin, $1,588,000 in bank notes, bonds, etc., of various Southern States, and about $4,000,000 of Confederate money, besides considerable specie, plate, and other valuables belonging to private citizens in Macon. . . . The wagons also contained the private baggage, maps, and official papers of Generals Beauregard and Pillow." In closing his report of this exciting chase, General Palmer says: "I desire to recommend for honorable mention and promotion, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles M. Betts, commanding Fifteenth Pennsylvania cavalry, for gallant conduct in charging and capturing a South Carolina battalion of cavalry, with its commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson, in front of Greensboro, on the morning of April 11th, 1865; also for thoroughly preserving the discipline of his regiment, on an

active campaign during which the troops were compelled to live exclusively on the country." At the conclusion of the war, Colonel Betts returned to the mercantile business which he left to enter the service. In stature, he is six feet and nearly two inches in height.

WILLIAM BUEL FRANKLIN, Major-General of volunteers, and Brevet Major-General United States Army, was born at York, Pennsylvania, on the 27th of February, 1823. He was educated at West Point, where he graduated first in the class of 1843. In the same year he joined the Topographical Engineers, and was with Kearny in his expedition to the Rocky Mountains in 1845. He was on the staff of General Taylor in Mexico, and was brevetted First Lieutenant for gallantry at Buena Vista. For four years, commencing in 1848, he was Assistant Professor of Natural Philosophy at West Point. During a part of the year 1852 he was Professor of Natural Philosophy and Civil Engineering in the Free Academy, New York city. In 1857 he was commissioned Captain, and from 1857 to 1859 he was Engineer Secretary of the Light House Board. He was subsequently appointed Superintendent of the extensions of the Post Office and Capitol at Washington, and in March, 1861, of the extension of the National Treasury building and Chief of the Bureau of Construction of the Treasury Department.

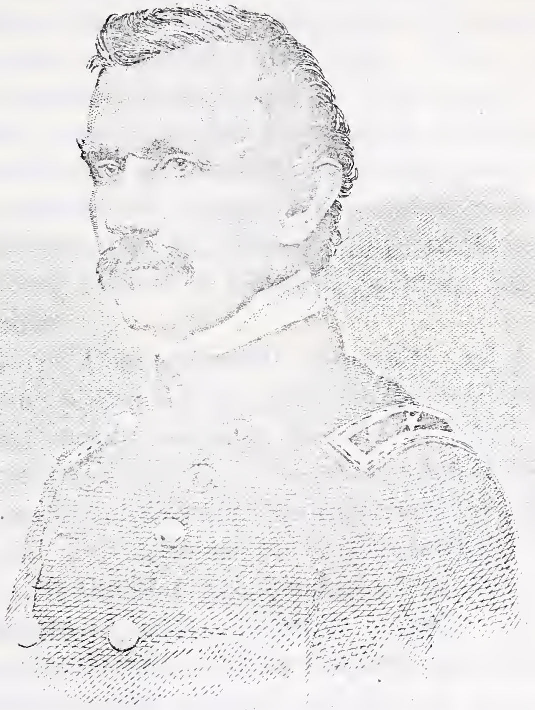
On the 14th of May, 1861, he returned to military duty as Colonel of the Twelfth infantry, and in the same month was made Brigadier-General of volunteers. In the first battle of Bull Run, he commanded a brigade in Heintzelman's division, and was active and fearless throughout the long hours of that trying day. In the advance up the Peninsula in May, 1862, McClellan sent him in command of a division by transport to White House to strike the flank of the enemy's column. On the 15th of May he was given a corps, which he held in front of Richmond during the first three of the Seven Days, easily repulsing the noisy demonstrations of the foe, and on the fourth, the 29th of June, in conjunction with Sumner, checked the enemy in his eager advance on Savage Station. On the 30th he was in chief command at the bridge at White Oak Swamp, holding the enemy at bay,

and preventing him from reaching the Charles City Cross Roads field. For his services in this campaign he was made Major-General of volunteers, and Brigadier-General by brevet in the regular army. In the battle of South Mountain he had the left wing, and having swept the enemy from Crampton's Pass, led on towards Antietam. It was here McClellan's intention to have held Franklin in reserve; but being hard pressed on the right, Franklin was sent to the assistance of Sumner, where he was thrown upon the most hotly-contested part of the field. At Fredericksburg he commanded the left Grand Division, composed of the First and Sixth corps, led respectively by Reynolds and Smith. He was ordered by Burnside to make a demonstration with a division, and be prepared to support it with another. He made the attack with the First corps, the Pennsylvania Reserves being selected for the assault. It was entirely successful, the Reserves penetrating to the rear of the rebel line, and was supported by two divisions instead of one as directed; but even these were insufficient for more than a demonstration. It would seem that Burnside intended that a demonstration should be made upon the left, and that the main attack should come from the town itself. From the fact that the battle proved a great disaster, a disposition was manifested to censure Franklin for not cordially supporting Burnside. But the facts do not warrant this view. Had Burnside ordered him to attack and break the enemy's left, then there would have been cause for blame.

General Franklin was subsequently transferred to the Department of the Gulf, and during the summer of 1863 commanded at Baton Rouge. On the 15th of August he was placed in command of the Nineteenth Army corps. He took part in the Red River expedition, being engaged at Sabine Cross Roads, where he was wounded, at Pleasant Hill, and Cane River. On the 13th of March, 1865, he was brevetted Major-General in the regular army, and resigned one year thereafter. He became Vice-President and general agent of Colt's Fire-Arm Company at Hartford, Connecticut, in November, 1865, where he is still engaged. He was chosen President of the Commissioners constituted for the erection of a new State House in that city, and is at present Consulting Engineer of the Board.

CHAPTER X.

ANDREW ATKINSON HUMPHREYS, Brigadier-General in the regular service, and Major-General of volunteers, was born in Philadelphia, on the 2d of November, 1810. He was the son of Samuel Humphreys of that city, Chief Constructor of the Navy. He was educated at West Point, graduating in 1831. Entering the service as Brevet Second Lieutenant in the Second artillery, he served until April, 1832, as Assistant Professor of Engineers at West Point. He then took the field and was engaged against the Indians in Florida, where he displayed that resolution and intrepidity which was destined to make his name illustrious. He was promoted to First Lieutenant in August, 1836, but in September following resigned. On the 7th of July, 1838, he was reappointed First Lieutenant of Topographical Engineers. From 1845 to 1849 he was assistant to the Chief of the Coast Survey, having in the meantime been promoted to Captain. In August, 1853, he was placed over the Bureau of Explorations and Surveys in the War Department. He was promoted to Major in August, 1861, and in March, 1862, was Aide-de-camp on the staff of General McClellan, with the rank of Colonel. On the 6th of May, 1862, he was made Brigadier-General of volunteers. Upon the organization of the regiments from Pennsylvania for the nine months' service, late in the summer of 1862, General Humphreys was given their command, constituting the Third division of the Fifth corps. It was of Hooker's Grand Division, and at a critical period in the battle of Fredericksburg he was ordered in as a forlorn hope. It was in front of Marye's Heights, where three veteran divisions had already been thrown back torn and bleeding. A great harvest of death


Eng.d by A.H. Ritchie

MAJ. GEN. A. A. HUMPHREYS.

had been gathered, and ghastly forms covered all the ground now drenched with gore. His troops were fresh levies, who had never been under fire. But in that hour of desperation they knew that they were led by a tried soldier, and obedient to his call they were borne onward in the face of a storm of shot and shell, over the prostrate forms of the unhappy victims of previous charges, up to the very muzzles of the enemy's guns; yet no valor was equal to that fearfully destructive fire, and his decimated columns were compelled to fall back. Where was ever a heroism that exceeded Humphreys' in this charge! He was doubtless as well convinced when he went in, as when, scourged and almost annihilated, he came out, that the attempt would be fruitless; but obedient to an imperious mandate he went to the very verge of destruction, and did all that mortal could do to snatch victory and achieve a triumph, perilling life and limb without a murmur.

In the battle of Chancellorsville he again led his division where the conflict waged fiercest, and the fire was most destructive. On that Sunday morning, the 3d of May, when the legions of Jackson were led on by his most resolute Lieutenants, with a desperation and determined courage rarely paralleled, they met Humphreys. But here, as at Fredericksburg, there were inherent defects in the plan and conduct of the battle, and the grandest exhibitions of valor counted for naught. At the close of this campaign his division was for the most part mustered out, its term of service having expired, and he was given a division in the Third corps. When General Meade came to the command of the army, he selected General Humphreys for his chief of staff, an office of honor and responsibility; but being upon the point of fighting a great battle, he deferred making the change until the conflict was over, and Humphreys led his division at Gettysburg. Few positions can be selected in all the great battle-grounds of the war more exposed or perilous than that on which he was called to stand on this field. But he took it, and held it manfully until ordered back; and when the foe followed with desperation and sought to throw him into rout, slowly and sullenly he went, turning often to deal swift destruction to his too sanguine pursuers.

After the close of this battle he assumed the duties of chief of staff, and remained in that position through the fall campaign in the Valley of Virginia, during the Wilderness campaign, and the siege of Petersburg, to November, 1864. He was then put in command of the Second corps, which he led with great skill and gallantry in the remaining operations before Petersburg, and in the pursuit and final triumph over Lee, particularly distinguishing himself at Sailor's Creek. He was brevetted Brigadier and Major-General in the regular army in 1865. On the 8th of August, 1866, he was made Chief of Engineers with the rank of Brigadier-General, which position he still holds. He is withal a man of literary tastes and accomplishments, is a member of several learned societies, and in 1861 published a memoir on the *Physics* and *Hydraulics* of the *Mississippi River*. In 1868 the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by the corporation of Harvard University.

GEORGE W. CULLUM, Brevet Major-General in the regular army, was born in the city of New York, on the 25th of February, 1809. When he was quite young the family removed to Meadville, Pennsylvania, where his boyhood was spent. He was educated at the Military Academy at West Point, where he graduated in the class of 1833. He entered the service as Brevet Second Lieutenant in the Engineer corps, was promoted to Second Lieutenant in 1836, and to Captain, in 1838. His life has been largely devoted to the construction of coast defences. His earliest work was upon the massive structure of Fort Adams, at Newport, Rhode Island. For a period of ten years, commencing in 1838, he superintended the erection of Fort Trumbull, and the battery at Fort Griswold, New London, Connecticut. During the last two of these years, he was also engaged upon Forts Warren, Independence, and Winthrop, in Boston harbor. In 1848 he was Professor of Practical Military Engineering at West Point, where he continued until 1855, spending, in the meantime, two years in foreign travel for the benefit of his health, and superintending the construction of the Assay Office in New York. Subsequently he was engaged upon the public works in North and South Carolina, including Fort Sumter, and in 1858 was placed

over the fortifications at New Bedford, Newport, New London, and Sound entrance to New York. At the opening of the Rebellion he was ordered to Washington, where he was assigned to the staff of General Scott, with the rank of Colonel. In November, 1861, he was appointed Brigadier-General of volunteers, and Chief of staff and of Engineers to General Halleck, serving with that General in his campaign in the West, embracing the siege of Corinth. He was for a time in command at Cairo, Illinois. He served with Halleck in Washington while the latter was at the head of the army, and during almost the entire period of the war was a member of the United States Sanitary Commission. In September, 1864, he was appointed Superintendent of the Academy at West Point, which position he held for two years. He was brevetted Major-General on the 13th of March, 1865. General Cullum has been quite a voluminous writer on military subjects, having published a *Register* of the Military Academy in 1850, *Military Bridges with India Rubber Pontoons* in 1849, a translation of *Duparcq's Elements of Military Art and History* in 1863, and a *Biographical Register* of the Military Academy in two volumes in 1868. He is at present third in the Corps of Engineers, with the rank of Colonel.

Alfred Sully, Brevet Major-General of volunteers, and Brigadier-General in the regular army, was born in Philadelphia, in 1821. He was the son of the eminent portrait painter, Thomas Sully. He was educated at West Point, graduating in 1841, and entered the service in July, as Second Lieutenant in the Second infantry. He served against the Seminoles in Florida, and in the Mexican war was at the siege of Vera Cruz, for which he was made First Lieutenant, and in February, 1852, was promoted to Captain. On the 4th of March, 1862, just previous to the departure of McClellan's army to the Peninsula, he was appointed Colonel of the First Minnesota volunteers, and was soon after placed in command of a brigade, which he led throughout the Peninsula campaign, distinguishing himself at Fair Oaks, and receiving the brevet rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the regular service. He was also conspicuous at Malvern Hill, and was brevetted Colonel. In October, 1862, he was made Brigadier-

General of volunteers, having led his command at South Mountain and Antietam, and in the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, in all of which he acquitted himself with marked gallantry. In 1863, he was in command of a column in Dakota, where he remained for three years, having in the meantime carried on successful campaigns against the Indians in the Northwest, distinguishing himself at the battle of Whitestone Hill. He was brevetted Brigadier-General in the regular army and Major-General of volunteers, for gallant and meritorious services. He was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the Third infantry in July, 1866, and in December, 1870, was assigned to duty with the Nineteenth infantry. In December, 1873, he was promoted to Colonel of the Twenty-first infantry, with which he is still serving.

THOMAS H. NEILL, Colonel of the Twenty-third regiment, Brevet Brigadier-General in the regular service, and Brevet Major-General of volunteers, was born at Philadelphia, on the 9th of April, 1826. He was the son of Henry Neill, M. D., and Martha (Rutter) Neill. He was educated in private schools in that city, and at the University of Pennsylvania, where he had passed to the Sophomore class when he was appointed a cadet at West Point, graduating in 1847. He entered the army as Second Lieutenant, and served in the Mexican War. Until 1853 he was on duty on the frontier in Arkansas, against Cherokee, Creek, and Indian nations, and in northwestern Texas. He was Assistant Professor of Drawing at West Point in 1856, and afterward served in Utah, on the Plains, and in winter campaigns against the Navajoes in New Mexico. As mustering officer at Philadelphia, in 1861, he inducted more than 10,000 men into the United States service. During the three months' campaign he was Assistant Adjutant-General to General Cadwalader, in the column of General Patterson. At its close he organized a battalion of regulars from fragments of the First, Third and Eighth regiments, which had been captured and afterwards paroled, in Texas.

Upon the promotion of Colonel Birney to Brigadier-General, Neill was selected to succeed him as Colonel of the Twenty-third regiment. The first severe fighting in which he was engaged

was at Fair Oaks, on the 31st of May, 1862. At two in the afternoon, Neill was ordered to the support of Casey's hard-pressed troops, where he displayed a bravery that attracted the attention and won the applause of all. "Once more," says a correspondent of the New York *Herald*, "the woods were alive with fire. Gallant Colonel Neill, with the Twenty-third Pennsylvania, was first into it, and by his presence kept up the spirit of his men. His fire had been reserved until the enemy were very near to him, and only six rounds had been discharged when his own men and the enemy were fairly face to face. Then he gave his men the word to charge, and went in ahead to show them how to do it. The enemy gave way and scattered before the Twenty-third; but now Neill had the fire of the foe upon his right and left, and began to suffer severely as he fell back to his place." Three color-bearers were stricken down, and Colonel Neill had his horse shot under him. At Malvern Hill he was thirteen hours upon the front line without relief, and rendered the most important service. "The left of the regiment," he says, "was in a trying position here. It overlapped a battery which was obliged to fire over our heads. Several men were lost by premature explosion of shells from our own guns. . . . The success of this day had a fine effect upon the men, as they had a better field in which to act than at Fair Oaks." In the Maryland campaign, and afterwards in the pursuit of the enemy towards Warrenton, he was temporarily in command of a brigade.

He was now made a full Brigadier-General, and was advanced to the permanent charge of a brigade, which he led in the Fredericksburg battle, in the storming of Marye's Heights in the Chancellorsville campaign, and at Salem Church, in which the duty was severe. After the battle of Gettysburg, where he was held upon an important part of the field in an important period in the battle, he was placed in command of a light division composed of McIntosh's brigade of cavalry, his own brigade of infantry, and Martin's battery, with which he was sent in pursuit of the retreating enemy, pushing him through Waynesboro and across the Antietam to Hagerstown. In the battle of Rappahannock Station he led his own brigade, and, after

the fall of General Getty, succeeded to the command of his division. In the Wilderness, at Spottsylvania, the Bloody Angle, at the North Anna and Pamunky, at Cold Harbor and at Petersburg, he was constant in his duty and ever ready to meet the foe. He went with the Sixth corps to the Shenandoah Valley in the summer of 1864, and fought under Sheridan in the battle of Winchester. Afterwards he was assigned to a command in General Hancock's First army corps, and was president of a board for the examination of officers for colored troops. He was also Recorder of a board for the examination of infantry officers in the regular army. He was in command of the regiment in the field at camp near Fort Hays, and at Fort Riley from December, 1871, to August, 1872. He is at present in command of a column directed against hostile Indians in Colorado.

GEORGE SHORKLEY, Brevet Colonel of the Fifty-first regiment, was born at Scipio, Cayuga county, New York, on the 20th of May, 1837. His father, James Cushman Shorkley, was of Scotch and English origin, and his mother, Julia Annie (Thornton) Shorkley, of English descent. Until the age of eighteen he remained with his parents acquiring a fair business education, after which he removed to Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, to engage with his brothers in the manufacture of iron and agricultural implements, and was employed in this business until the opening of the Rebellion. He was active in recruiting, and on the 22d of September, 1861, was mustered as First Lieutenant of Company H, of the Fifty-first.

The regiment was with Burnside in his expedition upon the North Carolina coast, and in the battles of Roanoke Island, Newbern, and Camden, Lieutenant Shorkley fought with his company, doing efficient service in each, this regiment being assigned prominent places, and acquitting itself, though on its first campaign, in a manner worthy of its gallant commander, Colonel John F. Hartranft. In the movement upon Camden, Lieutenant Shorkley acted as Adjutant of the regiment, and on the 6th of June, 1862, received his commission for that position. He was solicited by General Ferrero to become Assistant Adjutant-General to the brigade, but this position he declined, preferring to remain

with his regiment. At Bull Run, Chantilly, South Mountain, and Antietam, the command was put at the fore-front, proving itself, in the most trying emergencies, steadfast and true. In the battle of Antietam, it was this regiment which carried the celebrated Burnside Bridge, after repeated failures by other troops. Adjutant Shorkley in this desperate charge was fearless and intrepid, inspiring courage and daring by his example, executing the orders of Colonel Hartranft with fidelity, and actually leading the column upon the bridge, swept by the enemy's fire. In that terrible ordeal few escaped unscathed, and he was among the severely wounded, receiving a musket shot in the left arm. He was taken from the field, and sent for treatment, first to the Georgetown Seminary Hospital, and from thence to the General Hospital at Philadelphia, where he remained until the spring of 1863. Though still disqualified for field service, his arm requiring the use of a sling, he sought such duty as was suited to his condition, and was assigned as Aide-de-camp to General D. N. Couch, then commanding the Department of the Susquehanna, during the Gettysburg campaign. He was also in command of Camp Parole at West Chester.

In the meantime, the Ninth corps, in which was the Fifty-first regiment, had been sent to the Western armies, first to Kentucky, then to Grant, at that time pressing the siege of Vicksburg, and subsequently to Knoxville, East Tennessee, at which place Adjutant Shorkley rejoined it in November, 1863. Hartranft was now in command of the Second division of the Ninth corps, and with him Shorkley served as Acting Inspector-General in the siege of Knoxville. Upon the reorganization of the corps, after its return to the Atlantic coast, he was ordered to duty as Acting Assistant Adjutant-General to General Hartranft, and in this capacity took part in the battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, and of the Petersburg mine. In the latter he was severely wounded in the right hand, which he lost with the exception of the thumb. He was sufficiently recovered to return to duty in November, 1864, when he was desired to take the position which he had left, with the rank of Captain. But this he declined on account of the loss of his right hand, not having yet acquired the habit of writing well

with the left, and accepted instead the position of Assistant Inspector-General on the staff of General Hartranft, in command of a division of Pennsylvania troops.

In the brilliant engagement at Fort Steadman, on the 25th of March, 1865, Captain Shorkley was again severely wounded in the right thigh. While lying in the field hospital he was visited by the Commander of the Army of the Potomac, who complimented him for his gallant conduct, and gave him leave to proceed as soon as able to Georgetown Hospital for treatment.

As early as May, 1863, while serving in the Department of the Susquehanna, he had been commissioned Major, but not mustered. In April, 1864, he was commissioned Captain. And now, for gallant and meritorious services at Fort Steadman, he was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel, and a month later Colonel, for long, faithful, and valuable services. Rejoining the division in April, he was ordered to duty as Acting Inspector-General of the Ninth corps, on the staff of General Parke, in which he remained until mustered out of the volunteer service with his regiment.

In February, 1866, he was appointed Second Lieutenant of the Fifteenth United States infantry, and was commissioned on the same date First Lieutenant. On the 2d of March, 1867, he was brevetted Captain in the regular army for "gallant" services at Antietam, and Major for "gallant and meritorious" services at Fort Steadman. In October following he was commissioned Captain in the Fifteenth infantry. He first served as Acting Assistant Adjutant-General to Generals Shepherd and Hayden, commanding in the District of Alabama, during 1867–'8, whence he proceeded to Texas with his regiment, and during parts of 1868–'9 was in command of the post at Clarksville. In September, 1869, he was placed in command of the post at Fort McRae, New Mexico, the nearest station occupied by any part of the army to the Southern Apache Indians, where he remained till 1872. He is at present with his company at Fort Craig.

LEVI MAISH, Colonel of the One Hundred and Thirtieth regiment, was born on the 22d of November, 1837, in Conewago township, York county, Pennsylvania. He was the son of David and Sallie (Nieman) Maish. He received a common-

school education, and in the York County Academy a higher English training, but made only indifferent progress in the ancient languages. When not at school, he was employed upon the farm until the age of seventeen. He then served an apprenticeship to a machinist, and remained two years, developing a decided taste for this business.

In July, 1862, he recruited a company for the service of the United States, and with it joined the One Hundred and Thirtieth regiment, of which he was soon after promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel. In the battle of Antietam, where his regiment, which had had hardly time to learn anything of its duty, was put into the fight upon the most hotly-contested part of the field, he received a shot in the right lung, which the surgeons were unable to extract, and which still remains in its lodgment. On the 14th of December, 1863, on the day after the fall of Colonel Zinn at Fredericksburg, he was promoted to Colonel, and led his regiment in the battle of Chancellorsville, where he received a slight wound in the right hip. The time of his command expired soon afterwards, and with it he was mustered out of service. He represented York county in the Legislature, in the sessions of 1867 and 1868.

Lemuel Todd, Major of the First Reserve regiment, was born on the 29th of July, 1817, at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, of Scotch-Irish descent. He was educated at Dickinson College, read law with General Samuel Alexander, and, on being admitted to the bar in 1841, formed a business partnership with his preceptor. His tastes ran in the line of his profession and of politics, and he became noted for his effective oratory. In 1849 he married Miss Sarah A. Wilson, granddaughter of Captain David Wilson, of Adams county. Upon the call for troops, in 1861, he raised a company for the three months' service, but not being accepted, he held it for three years' duty, and it was incorporated in the First Reserve, of which he was made Major. He participated with his command in the battle of Dranesville, in the Seven Days' battle upon the Peninsula, in the Second Bull Run, and Chantilly. At the end of this time he was obliged, on account of severe attacks of disease, to leave the field, and soon afterwards

resigned. In the fall of 1862, and winter of 1863, under the appointment of Governor Curtin, with the rank of Colonel, he organized the drafted men of the eastern part of the State, in the camp at Philadelphia. He subsequently served on the staff of the Governor as Inspector-General, and in that capacity was charged with the organization of the militia, and the formation of the State Guard. He was a member of the Thirty-fourth Congress, and is now serving in the Forty-third.

DAVID WATSON ROWE, Lieutenant-Colonel of the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth regiment, was born at Greencastle, Franklin county, Pennsylvania, on the 12th of November, 1836. He was the son of John and Elizabeth (Prather) Rowe. His father was a member of the Legislature of Pennsylvania in 1853, was Surveyor-General of the State from 1856 to 1859, and was Speaker of the House during the period of the late war. His great-grandfather, James Watson, was an officer in the Revolution; his commissions as Captain and Colonel bearing date July 8th, 1776, and July 1st, 1777. The son early manifested a taste for study, and graduated at Marshall College, after which he read law. He enlisted as a private in the Second regiment, and served through Patterson's campaign in the Shenandoah Valley, having been promoted to Sergeant-Major and First Lieutenant. When the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth regiment was organized, he was selected as Lieutenant-Colonel. On the 5th of August, 1862, the day previous to his departure for the front, he was married to Miss Annie E. Fletcher. He was present at Antietam, but was held in reserve and not actively engaged. His regiment, in the battle of Fredericksburg, bore itself with great steadiness and courage, in the face of a most deadly fire. When the battle was at its height, and raging with great fury, Colonel Elder was wounded. The command then devolved upon Lieutenant-Colonel Rowe, under whose skilful leadership the struggle was maintained, and finally, when it was seen that the conflict was fruitless, and that further sacrifice, already fearful, was vain, he brought the remnants off, in obedience to commands, in good order. General Joseph Hooker was asked by the committee which inquired respecting the conduct of the war,

"How did the men behave during the attack?"

"They behaved well. There never was anything more glorious than the behavior of the men. No campaign in the world ever saw a more gallant advance than Humphreys' men made there. But they were put to do a work that no men could do."

Lieutenant-Colonel Rowe's command was of Humphreys' division, and this opinion was passed by a soldier who knew what gallantry meant, and in what consisted hard fighting. He was here wounded in the cheek by a rifle ball.

On the field of Chancellorsville the conflict on the part of the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth was of a character not so desperate as at Fredericksburg; for here the enemy was obliged to show himself, having nothing better behind which to take shelter than the dense wood and undergrowth. The enemy having turned the Union right, pressed upon the unprotected flank, occupied, for the time, by Tyler's brigade, to which Colonel Rowe's regiment belonged, and passing around to the rear, threatened it with capture. Thus outflanked the regiment was forced to retire, which it did in obedience to the commander of the brigade, but not until all the ammunition which the men carried had been exhausted, and that also had been gathered which could be found in the cartridge-boxes of the dead and wounded lying near them. Lieutenant-Colonel Rowe was in chief command throughout this action, and of him General Tyler, in his report of the battle, says: "Colonel Rowe exhibited the true characteristics of a soldier—brave, cool, and determined; and his spirit was infused into every officer and soldier of his command."

After his return from the field at the expiration of his term, he resumed the practice of his profession, and in March, 1868, when only thirty-one years of age, was appointed by Governor Geary, President Judge of the sixteenth judicial district of Pennsylvania, a position of great honor and responsibility, ever filled by men of learning and ability; and in the October following he was elected by the people to the same office for the term of ten years. In person he is full six feet in height, of a pallid and scholastic countenance, a piercing black eye, raven hair, and that urbane and dignified demeanor which stamps him as a man of mark.

HIRAM L. BROWN, Colonel of the One Hundred and Forty-fifth regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born at North East, Erie county, Pennsylvania, on the 27th of October, 1832. He was the son of Hiram L. and Philena (Sears) Brown, both natives of this region. When but two years old the family removed to the city of Erie. He was educated at the county academy, and at the age of fifteen entered upon his novitiate in the business of printing, in the office of the Erie *Gazette*, and continued it in that of the *Observer*, where he remained three years. In 1850, then at the age of eighteen, fired by the fever which carried multitudes to the new Eldorado, he went to California, and remained one year at the mines about Little Deer Creek and Nevada City. He then returned home, and after the death of his father, which occurred in 1853, he became proprietor of Brown's Hotel, widely and favorably known, and, with the exception of one year which he spent in Chicago, so remained until the opening of the war.

For a year previous he had been a member of that noted volunteer company, the Wayne Guards, which proved so excellent a school for the development of military talent, in which he was Corporal and Lieutenant, and was, besides, Major of militia. When troops were called for three months, he went as Captain of Company B in the Erie regiment, Colonel John W. McLane. A new regiment for three years' service—the Eighty-third—was promptly formed on the return of this, in recruiting which he was active. Tidings of the Bull Run disaster were then fresh, and on the Sunday morning after the sad intelligence was received, Captain Brown took his command by special train to Warren, sixty miles away, where a war meeting was that evening held. The military ardor was so aroused that volunteering was rapid, and Colonel McLane soon had the ranks of his regiment full.

Captain Brown's first engagement was at Hanover Court House, where the enemy under General Branch were driven. At the fierce battle of Gaines' Mill, fought shortly after, his clothing was cut in several places, and finally he was shot through the body, the ball entering just below the heart, passing quite through, and resting in his watch-pocket. The wound was supposed to be mortal. He lay all night under a tree upon

the left bank of the Chickahominy. In the morning a soldier crossed upon a rude raft which he constructed, and brought the wounded Captain off. He was taken to Savage Station, where he was left in hospital, and where he fell into the enemy's hands. After lying here for a month, his wound in the meantime healing, he was exchanged. He saved his sword by an ingenious device. A brother officer, Captain John F. Morris, was so badly mangled as to necessitate his being carried through the city of Richmond on a straw tick. In the straw he concealed his cherished weapon, and it escaped observation. All other officers lost their arms. The return of Captain Brown was hailed with great joy, as of one resurrected from the dead; for he had been reported among the killed, and his death had been noticed in the Erie, Buffalo, Cleveland, and Pittsburg papers, and the country press of that region. On his arrival at Erie the bells of the city were rung amid general rejoicing, and a committee of citizens from Buffalo were sent to express their gratification.

At this time the One Hundred and Forty-fifth Pennsylvania, a three years' regiment, was being organized, and Captain Brown was solicited to become its leader. Though regretting to leave his company in the Eighty-third, he accepted and was soon absorbed in bringing his new command to a condition of efficiency. He hastened to the front during the progress of the Antietam campaign, and was at first placed over the receiving camp at Chambersburg. He was afterwards sent with his own regiment, two pieces of artillery and a force of cavalry, by command of General Reynolds, to Minor's Cross Roads, in which direction it was anticipated that the enemy might retire from the Antietam field. He was afterwards assigned to Meagher's brigade, Caldwell's division of the Second corps.

Colonel Brown was officer of the day on the 13th of December, 1862, on which the battle of Fredericksburg was fought, and was ordered to withdraw his pickets and rejoin his brigade as soon as General French had marched over them to open the battle. In the progress of the fight he was brought under the hottest of the fire, and was shot through the right lung. Though slightly stunned he moved forward, and shortly after received a wound through the leg above the knee. Just then the blood

from the wounded lung began to be discharged from the mouth, when he became faint, and it was some moments before consciousness returned. He walked off the field, and was carried across the river to a hospital. Again was he reported mortally wounded. The slaughter in his regiment was fearful, more than half of an aggregate of nearly five hundred men being carried down in the fight. The flag, presented by the ladies of Erie, was pierced by forty-three bullets and one shell, the staff broken, the eagle which surmounted it carried away, and five color-bearers killed under it. In his official report General Hancock bore ample testimony to the conspicuous gallantry of the Colonel and his fine body of men.

In the Chancellorsville campaign, it was anticipated that resistance would be encountered to laying the pontoons at United States Ford, and Colonel Brown was sent, with his own and two regiments detailed from General French's command, to cover the work; but it was executed without opposition. He led his regiment in the various manœuvres of the army in the early part of the battle, and after the rout upon the Union left supported Pettits' battery, the enemy's shells, in response, firing the Chancellor House and burning it to the ground.

At Gettysburg he shared the fortunes of Caldwell's division, as it moved to action over the historic Wheat Field, where the struggle was obstinate and bloody throughout. The enemy was encountered in his lurking places in the wooded ground and was temporarily driven.

Before entering upon the campaign in the Wilderness, in 1864, Colonel Brown was placed in command of a brigade in Barlow's division of the Second corps. This he led with marked gallantry on that sanguinary field. At the Po river he held the extreme right of the line, and was accredited in General Hancock's report with having repulsed two successive onsets of a division of Hill's men. During the early morning of the 12th of May, with the rest of Barlow's forces, he marched to the front near Spottsylvania Court House, where one of the most brilliant charges of the war was made, whereby an entire division with General Johnson, its leader, and twenty-two cannon were captured. While the fight was raging, Colonel Brown was cut off and taken captive.

After enduring the hardships of rebel prisons for some time, orders came for fifty officers of the highest rank to prepare themselves with four days rations for removal. Confidently did these officers anticipate that this was for an exchange; but what was their astonishment to find themselves incarcerated in the Charleston jail in company with common felons! By the payment of a one dollar greenback for a morning paper, Colonel Brown learned that they had been put under the fire of the Union guns by order of the Confederate authorities. The United States Government shortly put an end to this by exposing a like number, and of equal grade, of rebel officers, under the fire of their own guns on Morris' Island. This course brought a speedy exchange.

Soon after his return to the front, the army being before Petersburg, he was placed in command of a brigade of the Second corps, and was brevetted Brigadier-General. The earnestness with which General Hancock urged this promotion is shown by the following extract of a letter addressed by that officer to Judge Watts, of Carlisle: "I have recommended in an official manner, some months since, Colonel H. L. Brown, of the One Hundred and Forty-fifth, for promotion for Spottsylvania, May 12th. Since then I recommended him, in a formal manner, for a brevet as Brigadier-General for the same action, in order that, if he was not made a Brigadier-General of volunteers, he might be made a Brigadier-General by brevet. In these formal recommendations I recapitulated his faithful and gallant services, his wounds, so far as I was enabled to get the data. I trust he may be promoted and ordered here. We require the services of such brave men."

General Brown remained in the service until February, 1865, when, experiencing much trouble from the wound in his lung, from which he had never fully recovered, he was honorably discharged for physical disability contracted in the line of duty. On several occasions he was made the recipient of tokens of regard from his men, who could best appreciate his worth, and from admiring friends. The one which was perhaps most highly prized was that of a horse, saddle, and bridle, and full equipments, presented by the non-commissioned officers and privates

of the One Hundred and Forty-fifth regiment, the pommel of the saddle being inscribed with the names of the entire number. General Brown is unmarried. In person he is over six feet in height, and stalwart. Since the war he has been for a term of three years Sheriff of Erie county.

JOHN SWAYZE MCCALMONT, Colonel of the Tenth Reserve regiment, was born at Franklin, Pennsylvania, on the 28th of April, 1822. His father, Alexander McCalmont, and his mother, Eliza Hart (Connely) McCalmont, were both natives of Pennsylvania, remotely descended from the Scotch-Irish, who form a sturdy and sterling element in the population of the State. He was early initiated into the mysteries of a printing office, where he labored for several years during the intervals in the terms of the public schools. He was afterwards put to the Latin school of the Rev. Nathaniel Snowden, and finally to Allegheny College, at Meadville. He entered the United States Military Academy at West Point in 1838, and graduated with credit in due course. He was brevetted Second Lieutenant in the Third regiment of infantry in July, 1842, and in the October following was promoted to Second Lieutenant of the Eighth infantry. Having a taste for civil pursuits, and tiring of the inactivity of army life in time of peace, after about a year's experience he resigned, and devoted himself to the law.

At the opening of the Rebellion, he was President Judge of the eighteenth judicial district, to which office he had been appointed by Governor Bigler in May, 1853, and elected in October of that year. As he warmly supported the national authorities, he tendered his services to Governor Curtin, and was commissioned Colonel of the Tenth regiment of the Reserve corps. His knowledge of military duty was of great advantage, the mass of volunteer officers, as well as privates, being entirely destitute of experience in the art they were called to practise. Upon the organization of the division, Colonel McCalmont was assigned to the command of the Third brigade, which he exercised until superseded by General E. O. C. Ord. In the battle of Dranesville, which was fought on the 20th of December, 1861, Colonel McCalmont bore himself with gal-

lantry, and received the approval of Generals McClellan, Ord, and McCall.

Colonel Ayer, who was then serving as Captain of one of Colonel McCalmont's companies, makes the following mention of his chief in this engagement: "The action was opened by a smart firing between our own and the rebel skirmishers, and very soon the artillery of the enemy opened upon us. Our artillery, Captain Easton's battery, was soon in position and did terrible work, blowing up one of their ammunition boxes, killing eight or nine horses, and doubtless killing and wounding many men. Just previous, Colonel McCalmont had ridden up, and perceiving that they were shooting too high, called out, 'Point your pieces lower, my boys! You are firing over them! You must lower your guns!' They did so, and with what effect has just been described. Colonel McCalmont was everywhere, where his presence was most needed, during this engagement, displaying great courage and self-possession."

The operations of the army during the winter of 1861–'62 were dilatory, little congenial to the impetuous nature of Colonel McCalmont, and warned by failing health that he would be unable to endure the hardships of a protracted struggle he resigned. The officers of his regiment in parting with him united in resolutions recounting his faithful services and gallantry as a soldier. "Colonel McCalmont," says Ayer, "was much respected by officers and men. Of fine soldierly bearing and a high sense of honor, his presence was calculated to inspire all with confidence and esteem. A high-toned Christian gentleman, I believe the universal feeling was that of regret that we had lost so brave, considerate, and kind a commander." Previous to the war he had held several offices of honor and responsibility. He was Deputy Attorney-General of Clarion, McKean, and Elk counties in 1846, a member of the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania in 1849–'50, Speaker of that body in the latter year, and a Presidential Elector in 1852, in addition to the judicial position above noticed. On leaving the service, he resumed the practice of his profession at Franklin. In 1872 he was a lay representative of the Erie Conference of the Methodist Protestant Episcopal Church in the General Conference held at Brooklyn,

New York. In stature he is above the ordinary height, being six feet two and a half inches, spare but broad-shouldered, and of fair complexion. He was married on the 2d of March, 1848, to Elizabeth P. Stekley, of Harrisburg.

DANIEL WHITE MAGRAW, Colonel of the One Hundred and Sixteenth regiment, was born in the county of Down, Ireland, on the 12th of June, 1839. He was the son of William and Rachael (Bailey) Magraw, both natives of Ireland. He came with his parents to this country when only three years of age, and settled in Pittsburg. He received a good common education in the public schools of that city, and on the 19th of September, 1859, was married to Miss Sarah J. Matthews. His first entrance to military service was in August, 1861, as a private, and he was promoted to Sergeant, Lieutenant, and in March, 1864, to Captain of Company H of the One Hundred and Sixteenth regiment. In the battle of Fredericksburg he was severely wounded in the left thigh, losing a portion of the bone. He led his company through the Wilderness campaign with gallantry, and in November was promoted to the rank of Major, having especially distinguished himself in the battles at Deep Bottom and Strawberry Plains. In December he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel. In the action at Gravelly Run, on the 31st of March, 1865, he received a severe wound in the left leg. He was commissioned Colonel not long afterwards, and with his regiment was mustered out on the 14th of July, 1864.

ELIAS STEVENSON TROXELL, Lieutenant-Colonel of the One Hundred and Fifty-eighth regiment and Major of the Twenty-second cavalry, was born on the 14th of June, 1824, near Emmittsburg, Maryland. He was the son of Elias and Ruth (Stevenson) Troxell. His mother, soon after the birth of her son, was left a widow, with four children dependent upon her for support, with small means beyond her own exertions. His advantages for gaining an education were, consequently, limited. But his natural desire to learn, coupled with a strong will, enabled him to master the elements of a good English education, and to familiarize himself with general literature. He showed

some aptness in composition, and became a contributor to the *Flag of our Union.* At the age of twenty-six he removed to Waynesboro, Pennsylvania, where he married Miss Barbara S. Funk.

He was earnest and active in support of the Government when assailed by armed rebellion. In October, 1862, he was commissioned Captain in the One Hundred and Fifty-eighth Pennsylvania regiment, and in November following became Lieutenant-Colonel. During the winter of 1862–'63 he was stationed with his command at Newbern, North Carolina. While the movements were in progress, under the direction of General Prince, for raising the siege of Little Washington, he led the One Hundred and Fifty-eighth, and displayed energy and courage. He had embarked his men upon two small steamers in readiness to run up the Pamlico River, past obstructions and rebel batteries commanding the stream; but was prevented from undertaking this daring feat by the officer of the squadron, who was unwilling to trust the lives of the men without protection to such a fire as they were sure to encounter. He consequently debarked, and took part in the operations by land for the relief of the garrison. At the conclusion of his term of service he was mustered out; but in March, 1864, again entered upon active duty as Major of the Twenty-second cavalry, a three-year regiment which had just been recruited, and which rendered important service in the Shenandoah Valley, and in West Virginia, during the campaigns of that and the following year. In the numerous battles and skirmishes in which Major Troxell was engaged, he proved himself a reliable and most devoted soldier. He was mustered out of service finally in October, 1865. At the close of the war he became a resident of Martinsburg, West Virginia, and was in 1866 elected Clerk of the Circuit Court of Berkeley county. He has been three times in succession elected, his present term not expiring until January, 1879.

JOHN MACOMB WETHERILL, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Eighty-second regiment, was born in Philadelphia, on the 11th of February, 1828. He was the son of William and Isabella (Macomb) Wetherill. He was educated in the schools of the city,

and at the University of Pennsylvania, graduating at the age of eighteen. He had a natural liking for military duty, and joined a militia organization in which he rose to be Major, Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel in succession, serving until the opening of the Civil War. On the 19th of April, 1861, four days after the call for troops, he was mustered into the service of the United States as Aide-de-camp, with the rank of Captain, for ninety days, the limit fixed by the call. At the expiration of this term he was commissioned as Major of the Eighty-second regiment.

At Fair Oaks, on the 31st of May, this organization had its first experience of fighting, which indeed proved a baptism of fire. It was here that the enemy came out in heavy force and struck the division of Casey. The first intimation had that the enemy was advancing was the passing of a guard having in charge an aid of Johnston, the rebel General-in-Chief. Soon after, rapid firing gave token of the opening of the battle. Major Wetherill was in command of the regiment, which was drawn up on the Nine Mile road. In the progress of the battle the troops posted here were flanked, and in danger of being cut off by the yielding of Casey's line. In perfect order, and with the guns of a battery which the regiment was charged to support under guard, it retired a half mile and took up a position on the road leading to Grape Vine Bridge. Here it was attacked by an enemy confident of victory, who was nevertheless repulsed. Seven times did he come on with ever renewed assurance, and with fresh troops; but numbers and reckless impetuosity availed not against the valor which fired the bosoms of the men of the Union on that devoted line. The victory was complete, and the dead and wounded of the foe upon its front were frightful to behold. Major Wetherill was warmly complimented for his soldierly conduct on this field.

At Antietam, on the evening after the battle, he was sent forward with his regiment upon the skirmish line, near the Dunkard Church. The enemy still held the ground, and kept up a show of strength to cover his retreat. The rebel sharpshooters had climbed up into the tall forest trees, and, hidden from view by the dark foliage, directed an annoying fire

upon the men of the Eighty-second. Major Wetherill relaxed not for an instant the most rigid discipline, and, by a rapid advance on the morning of the 19th, scattered the enemy, taking one gun and several prisoners. His conduct here was commended, and he was, in the following June, promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel.

In the battle of Cold Harbor, where the Union army displayed as much stubborn courage as upon any field of the war, but, alas! to little purpose and with vast sacrifice, the Eighty-second, unfortunately, had more than its share of danger to meet, and disaster to endure. In the face of a fire which swept it as with a flaming sword, it was led on, but, unable to reach the enemy's breastworks, fell to intrenching, and there passed the remainder of the day and the night following. At daylight the men were aroused from feverish and troubled rest to again charge. They had advanced but a few paces when the fire of the enemy became too terrible to withstand, and they again sank upon the earth for shelter. By the fall of Colonel Bassett, who commanded the regiment, the charge of the line fell upon Lieutenant-Colonel Wetherill. The position was a critical one. Seizing the flag he planted it in the earth and called upon the men to stand by it. His determined manner inspired confidence and renewed courage, and by desperate exertions a new protection was thrown up. It is thus that in times of peril the valor of the leader preserves the *morale* of his troops, and nerves the timid, even, to heroic action.

In the engagements before Petersburg, and at Fort Stevens in front of Washington, when menaced by the legions of Early, Colonel Wetherill led his command with the steady and resolute courage which had characterized him from the first. At the expiration of his term of service, on the 16th of September, 1864, he was mustered out. In the Convention of the State, which met in December, 1872, for the revision of the Constitution, he was a prominent member. In person he is of medium stature, in health robust, and possessed of a dignified presence.

JAMES F. RYAN, Major of the Sixty-third regiment, was born in the county of Clare, Ireland, on the 3d of May, 1824. His parents emigrated to this country when the son was but a

year old, and settled in Pottsville, Schuylkill county, but subsequently removed to Pittsburg. He was early inured to labor, but obtained, in the public and private schools of that city, a good English education. At the age of seventeen he was bound an apprentice to the business of tin and sheet iron making. He was married on the 6th of September, 1853, to Miss Mary McCloskey, of Pittsburg. He recruited a company for three years' service, of which he was commissioned Captain, and which became a part of the Sixty-third regiment. He was wounded by a fragment of shell in the battle of Charles City Cross Roads, but was only off duty in consequence a single week. At the Second Bull Run he received three wounds, but fortunately neither proved serious, and he remained on the field, and upon the fall of superior officers assumed command of the regiment. At Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and Wapping Heights, in each of which he was at his post, he escaped unharmed, though the fighting of the regiment was desperate. After the battle of Chancellorsville he was warmly recommended for the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, but the return of officers to their positions made an adherence to the regular order of promotion imperative. At the conclusion of his term of service, on the 1st of April, 1864, he was mustered out, and returned to his home at McKeesport.

THEODORE FREDERICK LEHMANN, Colonel of the One Hundred and Third regiment, was born in the Kingdom of Hanover, Germany, on the 1st of March, 1812. His father, Frederick Lehmann, a descendant of an old Hanoverian family, was an officer in the army for fifty-two years, and participated in the European wars from 1783 to 1815, closing with the battle of Waterloo. His mother was Augusta (Holscher) Lehmann. He was early put to the primary schools of his country, and was for several years in the gymnasia and college, which he left at sixteen to enter the military school. He was in the army for a period of six years. After having passed through the military school, he entered the Polytechnic, where for eighteen months he studied languages and the fine arts, giving particular attention to drawing and painting, for which from childhood he had mani-

fested a strong predilection. In 1837 he came to this country and was engaged in teaching languages, natural sciences, and mathematics, in the city of Pittsburg.

When the Sixty-second Pennsylvania regiment was organized he was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel, and from his thorough military education and training was able to render important service. In October following, upon the formation of the One Hundred and Third, he was promoted to be its Colonel. After passing through the Peninsula campaign his regiment was transferred to the Department of North Carolina, and during the campaigns of 1863–64 Colonel Lehmann commanded a brigade. In the unfortunate battle of Plymouth, on the 20th of April, 1864, a small force of seventeen hundred men was attacked upon the land by a division of General Pickett, and by water by the rebel iron-clad ram Albemarle. Though making a stout resistance, inflicting and incurring serious losses, the little force was finally surrounded, and after expending its ammunition was compelled to surrender. Colonel Lehmann and nearly his entire regiment were among the captives. He was confined in rebel prisons, and at Charleston was placed under fire of the Union guns, which were then employed in bombarding the city.

On the 30th of August following, after a confinement of over four months, he was exchanged and returned to his regiment. He was assigned to the command of the sub-district of the Albemarle, North Carolina, with head-quarters at Roanoke Island, which position he held until the surrender of Lee. After the close of the war he returned to his home in Pittsburg, and was made President of the Western Pennsylvania Military Academy. Colonel Lehmann was a man of a quiet and unobtrusive demeanor, little given to that sociality which in army life was often the avenue to applause and even promotion. It was facetiously told that he was once very near being recommended—after making a handsome bayonet charge and dislodging the enemy—for a promotion; but it turned out that somebody else was recommended in his place for gallant conduct, and was made a Brigadier-General. When spoken to upon the subject, Lehmann said he was glad of it; for the poor fellow was sick at the time the assault was made, in an ambulance three miles

to the rear, and that the news of his promotion made him quite well.

He has been three times married: in 1835 to Mlle. Adile C. Blie, in Nantes, France; in 1842 to Miss Kate McMurtry, of Kentucky, a grand-niece of Governor Madison of that State; and in 1857 to Miss Frances M. Lloyd, of Cincinnati. In person he is full six feet in height, and of an iron frame, capable of withstanding much privation and exposure. He has been a close student all his life, his habit of early rising and of strict temperance contributing to give him great power of endurance.

HIRAM C. ALLEMAN, Lieutenant-Colonel of the One Hundred and Twenty-seventh regiment, and Colonel of the Thirty-sixth militia, was born in Highspire, Dauphin county, Pennsylvania, on the 15th of September, 1836. He was the son of Conrad and Rebecca (Cassel) Alleman, both natives of that county. He received a liberal education, at Dickinson College. He was, however, prevented from graduating in consequence of continued delicate health. He read law with Hon. John Adams Fisher, of Harrisburg, and was admitted to the bar during his minority. He opened his first law-office in the neighboring town of York. His studious habits, affability and energy, and more than all his integrity and constant attention to business, soon brought him into notice; while his devotion to his clients gained him practice. He early manifested a laudable political ambition, but found himself in a district overwhelmingly against him in sentiment. He was, however, from the first recognized as a leader by his own party, having twice represented it in State conventions, and received a highly complimentary vote as its candidate for District Attorney.

Returning to his native county, he established himself in Harrisburg, and at once entered upon a successful practice. He found here the dominant party in accord with his own convictions, and for two terms filled the office of County Solicitor. At the breaking out of the Rebellion, he unhesitatingly relinquished his profession and enrolled himself as a private in the Lochiel Grays of Harrisburg. He was shortly afterwards elected and commissioned First Lieutenant of the Verbeke Rifles, which became

Company E of the Fifteenth regiment. Having received no military education, he applied himself assiduously to drill and the study of military tactics. On the 1st of May he was detailed as Post Adjutant of Camp Curtin; but accompanied his regiment when it moved to the front, and served with it until the expiration of its term of three months, although he was Judge Advocate of a Division Court Martial, and filled the position creditably during most of this time. His first field service was at the battle of Falling Waters, on the 1st of July, 1861, where the enemy was driven.

On being mustered out he resumed his law practice, but was soon after tendered the appointment of Major of the Ninety-third regiment. He assisted in organizing it, but declined the appointment as one of its officers. He, however, continued to take an active part in the recruiting service, canvassing his native county at his own expense, and arousing the masses by persuasive words. In August, 1862, he was commissioned Captain of Company D of the One Hundred and Twenty-seventh regiment. When the regimental organization was formed he was made Lieutenant-Colonel. In this capacity he exhibited fine administrative ability, and was regarded as an able and efficient officer. In consequence of the assignment, temporarily, of the Colonel to the command of a brigade, and of his absence on account of wounds, Lieutenant-Colonel Alleman was in full command of the regiment for a considerable part of its service, and with it participated in the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, in both of which he was wounded. Early in the former engagement Colonel Jennings fell, and Alleman at once assumed command. For three days the position in front of the enemy, in rear of the town, was maintained. Late on the evening of the 15th, the last day, while holding the advanced skirmish line, he was struck by a fragment of a shell on the right knee. He was soon after offered a staff position by a corps commander; but declined it, preferring to remain with his regiment.

While in camp at Falmouth he was prostrated by a fever, and was tendered a leave of absence by General Burnside, then in command of the Army of the Potomac; but anxious to keep the field, he refused to accept it. As general officer of the picket

line extending from the Lacy House to United States Ford, he made the first discovery and gave the first information to General Hooker, then at Chancellorsville, of the evacuation of Fredericksburg and the heights in its rear. Immediate orders were telegraphed to General Gibbon to throw his division across the Rappahannock, and occupy the town. Preparations were at once commenced for laying a pontoon bridge; but the enemy had a strong body of sharpshooters well posted and intrenched, who kept up a deadly fire, which so thinned the ranks of the working parties as to check their operations. At this juncture Lieutenant-Colonel Alleman was detailed to complete it, and though with the loss of many men, the bridge was laid by daylight of Sunday morning, May 3d. He reported his success, and asked to be relieved of staff duty, that he might be with his regiment in the impending battle. After paying him a merited compliment, General Gibbon granted his request. The troops were at once put in motion, and were hurried forward in pursuit of the enemy. In the fighting which ensued, while leading a wing of his regiment in a charge upon a rebel battery, he was struck by a partially spent solid shot, which fractured the ribs of the left side. After dislodging the enemy, the brigade was ordered back to hold Fredericksburg. Though suffering, he volunteered to guard the bridge, and held it until the entire command had recrossed the Rappahannock. With his regiment he was mustered out of service, and was presented upon the occasion with a costly and beautiful sword, studded with jewels, bearing the inscription: "Presented to Lieutenant-Colonel H. C. Alleman by the non-commissioned officers and privates of the One Hundred and Twenty-seventh regiment, as a token of their esteem."

Upon the advance of Lee into Pennsylvania, in June, 1863, he recruited the Thirty-sixth militia regiment, and was appointed its Colonel. Under orders of General Couch, then at the head of the Department of the Susquehanna, he marched his command to the gory field of Gettysburg, and upon his arrival was made Military Governor of the town and the surrounding battle-field, including all the hospitals and rebel camps. His duties here were arduous and responsible. His efficiency and success were

highly appreciated by the authorities at Washington, and so popular was his administration with the people of Gettysburg that upon his retirement they united in presenting him an address of thanks.

In the meantime he had been elected a member of the Legislature from Dauphin county. He was returned the following year, and held a prominent rank both as a debater and a working member. He was placed upon important committees, and was chairman of that on Federal Relations, New Counties, and Inaugural Ceremonies. After leaving the Legislature he was appointed Bank Commissioner, and as delegate to the Chicago National Convention was chairman of the committee from the Soldiers' Convention, and presented the resolutions of that body to General Grant, the nominee for the Presidency.

In November, 1867, he removed to Philadelphia, where he established himself in his profession. In person he is five feet seven inches in height, of slender frame, and of a highly sensitive and nervous temperament. His habits are strictly temperate, he never having indulged in the use of spirituous liquors, of tobacco in any form, or of any exciting beverage. So far did he carry his opposition to a whiskey ration in the army that he tendered his resignation rather than order one to his men, when directed to do so by a general order. His business capacity is remarkable. He is strong in his attachments, and prompt and punctual in all his engagements. In the army he was a good disciplinarian, and his example had a telling effect upon his command. He was mild, yet firm; considerate in issuing orders, but strict in requiring their implicit obedience. He was married on the 7th of February, 1872, to Miss Emma S. Helmick, daughter of the Hon. William Helmick, of Washington, D. C., formerly member of Congress from Ohio. In the spring of 1873, he was appointed Attorney of the United States for Colorado. By a subsequent enactment of the Territorial Legislature he is constituted Attorney-General, which office he now exercises, residing in the city of Denver.

He had two brothers in the service—an elder, whose career is traced in this volume, and a younger, Silas Horace Alleman, who enlisted at the age of sixteen, leaving school for the purpose,

and performed important service on the staff of the Colonel in charge of rebel prisoners on their way to Fort Hamilton, Fort Mifflin, and Fort McHenry, as they were despatched from the field of Gettysburg. After the war he was appointed, by Governor Geary, Inspector-General with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, upon the staff of Major-General Jordan. He was afterwards detailed for active duty upon the staff of Governor Geary, by whom he was ordered to take command of the troops of the Fifth division of the State militia and proceed to Williamsport, in July, 1872, to quell a threatened riot. He was there placed in command of all the military, by order of Major-General Merrill, in which position he acquitted himself with much credit. He has since settled in Denver, Colorado, where he is engaged in the practice of the law, and as Assistant United States Attorney.

MICHAEL KERWIN, Colonel of the Thirteenth cavalry, was born on the 15th of August, 1837, in the county of Warford, Ireland, from which place his family emigrated during his early boyhood to America. He was educated in a private academy in the city of Philadelphia, and in youth learned the business of a lithograph printer. Of a studious turn of mind, he early acquired a good fund of general information. He was a member for several years of a volunteer militia company, in which he attained considerable knowledge of military organization and duty.

Three days after the call for troops, in April, 1861, he volunteered as a private in the Twenty-fourth regiment for three months' service. This organization formed part of Patterson's army, with which he advanced into Virginia. Before crossing the Potomac, where it was known the enemy was present in considerable force, it became very important to the Union leader that he should know what troops he would have to meet. Some reliable soldier was sought who should enter the rebel lines and gather the desired information. For this dangerous and important duty Kerwin volunteered his services. Full well he knew that, should he be discovered, death upon the gibbet awaited him. But he was not of the temper to hesitate when called for any duty which his country might demand. Adopting the

necessary disguise he crossed the river, went freely through the enemy's camps, which he found near Martinsburg, and after making an estimate of the number of men and guns, and outlines of fortifications, returned and reported to General Negley, then in command of the brigade to which he belonged. The successful manner in which this duty was performed, and the judgment and daring which he displayed in executing it, marked him as worthy of a better rank than that of bearing the musket.

In September of this year, after having been discharged at the expiration of his first term, he was commissioned Captain in the Thirteenth cavalry, and in July following was promoted to Major. During the 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th days of June, 1863, when Milroy's little force, in which the Thirteenth was serving, was confronted and finally routed by the advance of Lee's entire army, Major Kerwin, at the head of his regiment, rendered important service, having frequent conflicts with the over-confident rebel horse. After leaving the Valley, the regiment was attached to the Army of the Potomac, when Major Kerwin was promoted to Colonel and took command of the regiment. On the 12th of October, while on the advance picket line near the White Sulphur Springs, he was suddenly attacked by a heavy force of the rebel army, Lee seeking by a sudden movement to turn the Union right. Colonel Kerwin with his own, in connection with the Fourth cavalry, combated the head of Ewell's columns for six long hours, giving time for Meade to recross the Rappahannock and get his army into position to checkmate the wily scheme of the rebel chieftain. Gallantly was this duty executed, but at the sacrifice of these two noble commands, large numbers of both being killed, wounded, and taken prisoners.

During the year 1864, Colonel Kerwin led his forces with Sheridan in his operations with the Army of the Potomac, for a time being in command of the Second brigade of Gregg's division. In February, 1865, he went with his regiment from before Petersburg to City Point, where he proceeded by transport to Wilmington, North Carolina, to meet Sherman, who was marching up from Georgia. On joining the grand column at Fayetteville, Colonel Kerwin was assigned to the command of the Third brigade of Kilpatrick's division. After the surrender of Johnston,

Colonel Kerwin was ordered to Fayetteville with his regiment, and placed in command of the post. He had seven counties under his control, and managed the affairs of his department with singular skill and ability. After the conclusion of hostilities he returned to Philadelphia, where, near the close of July, he was mustered out of service, having been on duty continuously from the opening to the conclusion of the war.

JOHN P. NICHOLSON, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel of the Twenty-eighth regiment, was born on the 4th of July, 1842, in Philadelphia. He enlisted as a private in that regiment in June, 1861, but was soon afterwards promoted to Sergeant. In July, 1862, he was advanced to First Lieutenant, and detailed as regimental Quartermaster. In December, 1862, he was assigned as Quartermaster of the First brigade, Second division, Twelfth corps, and was promoted to Captain for faithful and meritorious services. He was likewise advanced to the grades of Brevet Major and Lieutenant-Colonel for his services in the Savannah and Carolina campaign, and during the war. Colonel Nicholson won the confidence of his superior officers in a remarkable degree, being commended by Sherman, McClellan, Slocum, Hooker, Greene, Ruger, Tyndale and others, and from the first to the last day of his service was constant and unremitting in his attention to duty. He was mustered out on the 6th of August, 1865.

JOHN WILSON PHILLIPS, Colonel of the Eighteenth cavalry, was born on the 1st of July, 1837, in Wilson county, Tennessee. His father, William Phillips, was a native of Washington county, Pennsylvania, where the family had long resided. The old burying ground, near the little village of Library, where he was bred, shows a large number of his name and family buried there, and many others still live in the vicinage. His mother was Nancy Waters, a native of Shenandoah county, Virginia. His youth was passed upon a farm, working in the summer time and attending school in the winter. Until the age of twenty he was instructed in the schools and academies of Tennessee, when he entered Allegheny College at Meadville, and graduated in the

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class of 1860. His tastes were literary, and soon after graduating he commenced the study of law in the city of Meadville with Hiram L. Richmond.

Seeing the war fully inaugurated, and no prospect of a speeay termination, he determined to devote himself unreservedly to the supremacy of the National Government over its entire territory, and laying aside his books commenced recruiting for a cavalry company, in which he was assisted by James W. Smith, Thomas J. Grier, and David T. McKay. It was speedily filled, and became Company B of the Eighteenth Pennsylvania cavalry, of which Phillips was commissioned Captain. The first field duty was upon the picket line in Virginia before the defences of Washington, where Moseby, and a class of bushwhackers—unscrupulous as they were cruel—had their haunts, and the service was in no way agreeable or honor-provoking. When the army moved northward on the Gettysburg campaign, Kilpatrick's division of cavalry, to which this regiment belonged, was in the advance upon the right of the column. At Hanover, Pennsylvania, the rebel cavalry under Stuart was met and a sharp skirmish ensued, which lasted until nightfall, when the enemy retired. In the battle of Gettysburg Kilpatrick occupied a position on the Union left beyond Round Top, where the Eighteenth was hotly engaged, and where the commander of the brigade, Colonel Farnsworth, was killed. Captain Phillips was here slightly wounded in the head but not disabled. As soon as it was known that the rebels were retreating, Kilpatrick, by a rapid march, turned their right flank and came in upon their trains near Monterey Springs, routing the guard, capturing and destroying many wagons, and bearing away two of their guns with some prisoners. At Hagerstown Kilpatrick again fought the enemy's cavalry, and held the town until the arrival of Lee's infantry in force, when he was obliged to retire. In this engagement Captain Phillips led a battalion in a charge through the town in a most gallant manner, driving the enemy, and making some captures, but losing heavily. In the campaign which followed, and which closed the operations of the year, he participated, being subjected to much hard riding and frequent collisions with the enemy.

In the first day in the Wilderness, in May, 1864, Major Phillips, who had a few weeks previous received his promotion, was slightly wounded in the side, but kept the field. When General Wilson, who commanded the division, found himself in the midst of heavy masses of the enemy's infantry, he ordered a retreat; but left the Eighteenth to keep up a show of resistance until the main body could be brought out. For a half hour it faced a foe swarming at every approach, and its escape seemed utterly hopeless. But when the time had fully expired, a dash was made and the way forced. Major Phillips and his associates were highly complimented by General Wilson for their skill in this action. He participated in the raid upon the enemy's communications, and in the battles at the defences of Richmond. At Hanover Court House, on the 31st of May, where the enemy under Fitz Hugh Lee was found in possession of the town, and advantageously posted behind barricades, a charge was made by the Eighteenth led by Colonel Brinton and Major Phillips, before which the enemy was driven. Major Phillips was struck in the midst of the charge by a spent ball, but kept the field and shared in the triumphal issue.

Not long after reaching the James, General Sheridan was sent to the Shenandoah Valley, and with him went the Eighteenth. A campaign of unexampled activity and glory followed, in which Major Phillips bore an important and honorable part. In the battle of Winchester, on the 19th, his regiment charged the rebel infantry in a commanding position covered by breastworks, and in less time than it takes to tell the story had routed and driven them in confusion. At Front Royal, in the Luray Valley, Waynesboro, and Bridgewater, the blows of Sheridan were dealt with a rapidity and stunning effect which scarcely gave his adversary time to take breath. In the retreat from Harrisonburg, during the 7th and 8th of October, where Major Phillips was in command, the fighting on the part of the cavalry was without cessation; but on the 9th, having drawn the enemy on sufficiently far, Wilson's division turned upon him and defeated him, capturing six pieces of artillery and many prisoners. In the battle of Cedar Creek, on the 19th of October, that single division was accredited with bringing in and turning over to the proper

authorities fifty-one guns and caissons. At this place, nearly a month later, the enemy's cavalry, after having routed one of the brigades of the division moving on a parallel road, came in upon the other unawares, and by a sudden dash succeeded in capturing Major Phillips and a small squadron of his men. He was taken to Richmond and was confined for a period of over three months in a cell of Libby Prison. After his release he rejoined his regiment, having in the meantime been promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, and participated in the battles at Staunton and Bridgewater, where Early's forces were captured. This substantially ended the war in the Valley, and the hard fighting of the regiment.

After leaving the army Colonel Phillips returned to his old home in Tennessee, and commenced the practice of his profession. He was elected Judge of the Seventh Judicial circuit of the State in 1868, in which capacity he served a period of three years. In the summer of 1873 he removed to the city of St. Louis, where he at present resides. He was married on the 20th of September, 1862, to Miss Hannorah A. Pickett, of Andover, Ohio. In person he is five feet ten inches in height, broad-shouldered, but of slender build, with more of the air of the scholar than the soldier. But the testimony of all who knew him while in the army unites in attributing to him the very highest qualities of an officer—considerate of his men, cool in the most trying positions, and brave to a fault.

DAVID McM. GREGG, Colonel of the Eighth cavalry, and Brevet Major-General, was born on the 10th of April, 1833, in Huntingdon, Pennsylvania. He was educated at West Point, graduating in 1855. He entered the service in the First dragoons, in which he served in the campaigns against the Indians in Washington and Oregon in 1858–'60. On the 14th of May, 1861, he was promoted to Captain in the Sixth United States cavalry, and in January, 1862, to Colonel of the Eighth Pennsylvania cavalry. His thorough training and active experience in Indian warfare had prepared him for the work of disciplining the regiment which fell under his charge. He went with McClellan to the Peninsula, and was constantly at the

front, always ready to meet the foe, and frequently engaging him as the army neared Richmond. When the retreat to the James commenced he was left upon the Chickahominy to dispute the passage, and delay the advance of the rebels. During the Maryland campaign he was kept upon the right flank of the army, and made a reconnoissance to Gettysburg. After the battle of Antietam, he crossed the Potomac, and at Philomont had a sharp engagement on the 1st of November, which lasted the whole day.

At the passes of the Blue Ridge the cavalry had frequent encounters, beating back the enemy and confining his way of retreat to the Shenandoah Valley. When General Bayard fell at Fredericksburg, Gregg was designated to succeed him in command of the division. In the battle of Brandy Station the cavalry was more than matched by the rebel forces until Gregg advanced from Kelly's Ford, and, striking Stuart upon his left flank, saved the day, and turned what would have otherwise resulted in disaster into victory. In the Gettysburg campaign he again had the advance, and at Aldie and Middleburg executed fine strategy, charging by regiments, pushing Stuart from hill to hill—occupying with his batteries the positions which had been held by Stuart's artillery only a few moments before—and driving him behind his infantry reserves into Ashby's Gap, in a brilliant running fight. At Hanover, on the 30th of June, he again met and drove Stuart, preventing his joining Lee in the battle of Gettysburg, which opened on the following day. In that great battle it was given Gregg to guard the right flank, and with a master hand was the duty performed. The enemy made vigorous and persistent efforts to turn that flank and come in upon the Union rear; but in every attempt he was foiled and routed. "If once during that day," says Pyne in his *First New Jersey*, "the frequent charges of the rebel cavalry had broken through the line formed by our men—if those five thousand troopers had swept around the rear of our position, and taken our infantry in reverse—the furious attack of Longstreet would have surged like a wave over the crest of Cemetery Hill, and the Army of the Potomac existed but as a memory. To the moral courage of that calm and unostentatious soldier, General Gregg,

and to the enthusiastic bravery of the men of his command, is due a share of the honor in that day's victory."

The fight at Bristoe Station, on the 14th of October, which won for General Warren his name, was opened by General Gregg at Auburn, two or three miles distant, where he hotly contested Lee's advance for several hours, before the infantry of Warren had fired a gun. In Warren's front and upon his flank and rear, the horse of Gregg were engaged during the whole day, and until the enemy could only be distinguished by the flash of his guns. In his report of the battle Warren failed to mention Gregg, a mistake into which General Meade was led, but which he corrected in a supplemental order. Upon the opening of the spring campaign of 1864, Gregg led his division in the advance across the Rapidan, and pushed on towards Richmond, being engaged at Todd's Tavern, Meadow Bridge, and upon his return at Hawes' shop, where the enemy attacked with cavalry and mounted infantry; but here, as in every other place where great difficulties surrounded him, he displayed rare courage and unyielding tenacity, beating back the foe in every assault. In the sanguinary battle at Cold Harbor, on the 1st of June, the left flank of the army was protected by the cavalry under Gregg, averting the blow which was aimed at its vital part. In the raid upon Lynchburg, which terminated at Trevilian Station, he was warmly engaged. Upon his return he was given the lead in the march from White House to the James, the cavalry being charged with the care of the wagon train of the whole army in its passage thither. At St. Mary's Church, on the 24th of June, the enemy was met in heavy force in the act of fortifying. Supposing that Sheridan's whole corps was before him, the foe was wary, intent on achieving a victory, and capturing the whole immense train. Gregg knew his inability to hold his own in a fair fight, where the odds were so great against him. He instantly sent couriers to Sheridan for aid. But they all fell into the enemy's hands, the despatches disclosing the weakness of Gregg's column. Emboldened by this knowledge, Hampton, who commanded the enemy, came out from his intrenchments and assumed the offensive. With a stubbornness rarely equalled Gregg contested the ground, falling back slowly,

every moment in anticipation of receiving reinforcements; but none came, and during that whole fearful day he was left to combat with thrice his numbers. Finally, towards evening, he took a strong position which he held, having saved all his material and brought off his command unbroken. "His management of the fight at St. Mary's Church," says an officer who is no less a soldier than a critic, "was the perfection of art in his profession." For his gallantry here he was brevetted Major-General of volunteers.

After Sheridan went to the Shenandoah Valley, General Gregg was placed in chief command of all the cavalry in the Army of the Potomac. At Deep Bottom, the Darbytown road, Boydton Plank Road, and Ream's Station, Gregg wielded the cavalry arm with that skill and vigor which had won for him from the first the title of a consummate leader. In the latter engagement his troops held their ground and were reported to General Hancock as ready for an advance, when Miles and Gibbon, who had been subjected to the same attack, had been driven to the rear with the loss of a battery. On the 3d of February, 1865, he resigned, and since the war has been engaged in the delightful occupation of horticulture in Delaware. Major J. Edward Carpenter, himself a fearless soldier, who made the ever memorable charge at Chancellorsville with the gallant Keenan, says of General Gregg: "To him the regiment owed everything. His modesty kept him from the notoriety that many gained through the newspapers; but in the army the testimony of all officers who knew him was the same. Brave, prudent, dashing when occasion required dash, and firm as a rock, he was looked upon, both as a regimental commander and afterwards as Major-General, as a man in whose hands any troops were safe."

CHAPTER XI.

SAMUEL P. HEINTZELMAN, Major-General of volunteers, and Brevet Major-General in the regular army, was born on the 30th of September, 1805, in Manheim, Lancaster county, Pennsylvania. He was the son of Peter and Elizabeth (Grubb) Heintzelman. Of a family of seven children, himself and a younger sister alone survive. His paternal grandfather Huronimus, a native of Augsburg, Germany, came to this country about the time of Braddock's campaign in the French and Indian war, and was the first white settler in Manheim. He was educated in his native place and at Marietta, and the Military Academy at West Point, to which he was appointed upon the recommendation of James Buchanan, and graduated in 1826, seventeenth in a class of forty-two. He entered the service in the Third infantry as Brevet Second Lieutenant, and was on duty at various frontier posts in the west and northwest until 1832, when he was detached for special duty in surveying for the improvement of the navigation of the Tennessee River. At the end of two years he was ordered south, and was engaged against the Cherokee and Seminole Indians in Georgia and Florida, eventually being transferred to the Quartermaster's Department, displaying superior executive ability, and having, in the meantime, risen to the rank of Captain. In 1843 he was ordered to Buffalo, where, on the 5th of December, 1844, he was married to Miss Margaret Stuard, of Albany, New York. He went with the army to Mexico in 1847, and was engaged in the arduous duty of convoying the trains from Vera Cruz. In the actions of Paso las Ovijas, Atlixo, and Huamantla, he was conspicuous, receiving the brevet rank of Major for gallant and meritorious conduct in the latter. After a brief period of duty

at Fort Hamilton, New York harbor, he was ordered in command of troops to California, sailing thither by Cape Horn. On his arrival he was placed over the Southern District, with headquarters at San Diego. He was here involved in arduous campaigning, and in 1850–'51 headed an expedition against the Coyote and Yuma Indians, subduing them and ending hostilities. At the junction of the Gila and Colorado rivers he established Fort Yuma, a most important post, capable of being reached by steamer with supplies, and forming a secure base for future operations. He was commended by General Hitchcock in command of the department, for his skill and daring in this campaign, and brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel.

On his return from California in 1854, he was ordered to recruiting service, and in 1857 was granted leave of absence, devoting himself to mining enterprises, being President of a company formed in 1856, and in 1858–'59 director of the company's mines in Arizona. In 1859 he was again put upon active duty in Texas, where he distinguished himself by an expedition against Cortinas, a Mexican marauder, whom he severely punished. He was also engaged near Fort Brown, and again near Ringgold Barracks. Premonitions of rebellion now became rife, and discovering that his superior, Twiggs, meditated treason, Heintzelman procured leave of absence and returned north.

He was cordially welcomed by his old army friends, outside of whom being then little known, though he had given twenty-five years of faithful service to his country. General Scott found in him a powerful ally, and at the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln he assisted in guarding the city against a threatened outbreak. A month later he was made general superintendent of recruiting at New York. But as complications thickened, his executive talent and ability were demanded on a broader arena, and on the 1st of May, he was recalled and made Acting Inspector-General of the Department of Washington. He was shortly afterwards made Brigadier-General of volunteers, and Colonel of the Seventeenth infantry. In the advance into Virginia he led the column, commanding the centre of Mansfield's force, and by the action at Fairfax Court House on the 17th of July, inaugurated McDowell's campaign. In the battle of Bull Run, a few days thereafter, he

won for himself a national reputation. He was severely wounded in the right arm. He refused to leave the field or even to dismount; but Surgeon William S. King, of the regular army, riding to his side, cut out the bullet and dressed the mangled limb, when Heintzelman put spurs to his horse, and was soon in the midst of his heroic division, leading it to the last with unabated courage, verifying the aptness of the sobriquet by which he was known at West Point and in the army, of "Grim Old Heintzelman." "When," says his biographer, "on that gloomiest of rainy Mondays, he dismounted at his door at Washington, he had been twenty-seven hours on the back of his horse, wounded, worn, and wet." His arm was permanently crippled. On his return to duty at the beginning of August, he was given a division in the Grand Army under McClellan, and occupied the left of the defences at Washington, with head-quarters at Fort Lyon, near Alexandria, where he remained till the opening of the Peninsula campaign.

Here Heintzelman had command of the Third corps, with Kearny, Hooker, and Porter as division officers. He was in advance at Yorktown, and was about to storm the works, when arrested, and siege operations were resorted to. With his corps he moved upon Williamsburg, where he promptly attacked, and after a bloody battle gained a complete victory, though leading raw troops against an enemy fortified. His commission of Major-General of volunteers dated from this battle. A division of the Fourth corps, Keyes', under General Casey, was assailed by superior numbers at Fair Oaks. Heintzelman, in command of the Third and Fourth corps, went to his assistance, and by hard fighting saved Casey from destruction. On the following day at Seven Pines he renewed the battle, and with the aid of other troops brought to his assistance was driving the foe, having arrived within four miles of Richmond, and aided by the consternation which prevailed was hopeful of carrying the rebel capital, when he was again arrested and ordered back. For this action he was made a Brevet Brigadier-General in the regular service. A month later came the Seven Days' battle, in which Heintzelman fought at Peach Orchard, Savage Station, and Charles City Cross Roads where he came to the assistance of the Pennsylvania Reserves

at a critical moment in the battle, and where he received a severe contusion. He also participated in the battle of Malvern Hill.

After leaving the Peninsula he hastened to the assistance of Pope, and was engaged at the Second Bull Run, and Chantilly. The Union cause knew no more gloomy period during the struggle than that immediately succeeding this campaign. Fears were entertained lest Washington itself would have to succumb. In looking about for some tried soldier to take command upon the exposed side, the choice fell upon "grim Heintzelman," and from the 9th of September, 1862, to February 2d, 1863, he was entrusted with the defences south of the Potomac. At the end of that time, so vigilantly had he executed the trust assigned him, that he was placed at the head of the Twenty-second corps and given the Department of Washington, which he retained until the 13th of October, 1863, having in addition charge of the vast throng of recruits and convalescents continually passing through. The battle of Gettysburg had been fought and won, and the Capital was regarded secure. But now a greater peril threatened. It came from disaffected persons throughout the Northwest who had organized a society known as the "Sons of Liberty," in the interest of the insurgent cause. To thwart their evil designs without an outbreak required nerve and discretion. Again was Heintzelman selected for the difficult duty, and given command of the Northern Department, consisting of the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan, with head-quarters at Columbus. His firm hand was soon felt, and anticipated trouble was averted. It was during his duty here that the militia of Ohio were called out for a brief period. In an incredibly short time 40,000 men were put in the field; and to accomplish it he lent his powerful aid. At the conclusion of his service here, in October, 1864, he was for some time on court-martial duty and awaiting orders. He was mustered out of the volunteer service on the 24th of August, 1865, but still held his commission in the regular army. Early in the year 1866 he was sent to Texas, where a lawless population could only be restrained by the exercise of power, and given first the middle district, and finally the entire State. He subsequently had command of the Port of Galveston, and of the Fifth military district, with head-quarters

at New Orleans. In 1867 he sat in a Board to examine candidates for admission to the army, and one to retire disabled officers. In 1869 Congress passed a joint resolution retiring him from active service with the full rank of Major-General. Says the authority above quoted: "He never shirked a hardship himself, and never inflicted one, except when the exigencies of the service demanded it. Happy in his refined social and domestic relations, his moral influence was always pure, as his charity for the faults of others was broad. Impatient of inaction, hot and impetuous when the battle was on, yet never reckless nor careless of the lives of his men, he had at once the coolness, the determined bravery, the unselfishness, and the *esprit* which go to make the true soldier, and his career must be regarded as one of the most distinguished and successful in the army of the Union. Let his record speak. Eulogy is idle."

ISAAC JONES WISTAR, Colonel of the Seventy-first regiment, and Brigadier-General, was born on the 14th of November, 1827, in the city of Philadelphia. His father, Caspar Wistar, M. D., born in Philadelphia in 1801, was a lineal descendant of Caspar Wistar, of Heidelberg, Hesse Cassel, who came to this country in 1696, and bought large tracts of land in Philadelphia county and throughout the province of Pennsylvania. His mother was Lydia Jones, a native of Philadelphia. He was educated at the Westtown boarding-school, Chester county, and at Haverford College. From early youth he was fond of manly sports, especially of hunting, shooting, and fishing, and at the age of sixteen went to the Pacific coast, where he remained until near the breaking out of the Rebellion. During part of this period he was a trapper in the territory of the Hudson's Bay Company, in the Arctic regions, and in the Rocky Mountains. In 1850–'51 he commanded a body of Indian rangers, and fought the hostile tribes during the period of the early settlement of the far western country.

Soon after the fall of Sumter, he was called to the staff of General Cadwalader in Philadelphia, and for two weeks was busily employed in organizing troops for the three months' campaign. Colonel Edward D. Baker, having received authority to

raise a regiment, called about him a number of men of daring and enterprise, who had been with him on the Pacific, to assist in recruiting. Wistar was among these, and to him he gave the first place, that of Lieutenant-Colonel, and for the most part the duty of acting Colonel. Though called the California regiment, it was, with the exception of Company C, exclusively recruited in the city of Philadelphia and its immediate vicinity.

At Fortress Monroe and at Munson's Hill, Virginia, the regiment was engaged in field service; but at Ball's Bluff, on Monday, the 21st of October, it had its first baptism of blood. At midnight of the 20th, Colonel Wistar was ordered to have a battalion of his regiment, consisting of eight companies, at a point on the Maryland side of the Potomac, opposite the scene of the battle, by daylight of the following morning, Colonel Baker, who was then in command of the brigade, having been ordered across to assume command of all the troops on the Virginia shore, and to conduct the operations. There were parts of the Fifteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts, Forty-second New York, three pieces of artillery, and this battalion of the Seventy-first Pennsylvania, sixteen hundred and five men, engaged. At a little past two o'clock in the afternoon, Colonel Baker, who had drawn up his men in the open ground upon the bluff, found himself attacked by a superior force concealed from view by a forest extending from river bank above to river bank below. Colonel Wistar was posted on the left of the line, where the attacks of the enemy were the most determined, and where the heroic Baker himself finally fell. The first fighting on Colonel Wistar's front was precipitated by the advance of two companies under Captain Markoe, accompanied by Wistar in person, as skirmishers; for they had no sooner reached the wood and advanced a little in it than they were confronted by a whole regiment, the Eighth Virginia, which was lying concealed upon the ground, and the fighting at once became desperate along the whole front. With determined valor the skirmishers held their ground, and inflicted great slaughter; but they were too few to cope with such vast odds, and were finally forced to fall back, after having lost all their officers, and two-thirds of their whole force. For four long hours the battle raged with unabated fury, the enemy

Engraved by [illegible] New York

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COL. [illegible] BREV. BRIG. GEN. VOLUNTEERS

coming on in great numbers—since ascertained to have been full five thousand men. Early in the fight, rebel sharpshooters had climbed into the tree tops and taking deliberate aim were endeavoring to pick off the officers. By skilful manœuvres Colonel Wistar managed with his small force to hold the enemy at bay, repelling whole regiments as they advanced. In the progress of the battle he received two wounds; but refused to leave the field, and continued to direct the fight, sweeping the enemy with terrible effect. Finally, just at dark, and as the enemy was making his final, decisive charge, he received a third wound which completely disabled him, and he was borne insensible from the field. In his testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War Colonel Wistar said: "Just as I stepped out I got my third wound, which disabled me entirely, and I was carried off. But the moment after I received the wound, and while I was still sensible, I staggered against Colonel Baker. He asked me where I was hit, and I told him. I said, 'There is not an instant to lose; there is a heavy column deployed behind that hill; you must see if you can repel that attack, for it is serious.'" Almost immediately after, it came on in full force. Colonel Baker was killed, and the Union line, weakened by severe losses, was forced down the bluff. Sharp fighting in the twilight continued, but the day was irretrievably lost.

For many weeks Colonel Wistar was in a precarious situation, his life having been despaired of. Upon his recovery he was promoted to the full rank of Colonel, and when McClellan advanced to the Peninsula, Wistar led his regiment in the operations before Yorktown and Williamsburg. At Antietam he was brought into action at about ten o'clock on the morning of the 17th of September, on the right of the line, in the neighborhood of the Dunkard Church, where the harvest of death was most plentiful. While leading a charge upon heavy masses of the foe he was severely wounded and left helpless upon the field. For hours the battle raged with varying fortune, Colonel Wistar being at three different times in the enemy's hands; but he was finally rescued, as the Union forces advanced, and was carried off. The wound proved very severe, permanently crippling both arms. For his gallantry in this battle he was promoted to the rank of

Brigadier-General. In the operations before Petersburg he led a brigade, and in the bloody battle at Drury's Bluff his brigade was the only part of Butler's line, consisting of the Tenth and Eighteenth corps, which held its ground against Beauregard's sorties, and when finally it retired, it did so under orders, and leisurely, with all its guns and colors. In all the operations of his corps, down to and including the capture of the capital of the Confederacy, General Wistar was at the post of duty. Few officers during the war showed more skill and determined bravery, and few suffered more by wounds. But they were wounds received with his face to the foe.

On the 9th of July, 1862, he was married to Miss Sarah Tolland, of Philadelphia. Since the close of the war he has been in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company as General Manager of the canal and coal mining interests of that great corporation, refusing all propositions to engage in political life.

ROBERT BRUCE RICKETTS, Captain of Battery F, First Pennsylvania Light Artillery, and Colonel, was born on the 29th of April, 1839, in Orangeville, Columbia county, Pennsylvania, of English and Scotch extraction. He was educated at the Wyoming seminary near Wilkesbarre, and was engaged in the study of the law at the opening of the Rebellion. He entered the service on the 1st of May, 1861, as Acting Adjutant to Colonel Seiler, then in command of Camp Curtin. He assisted in recruiting Battery F, and was commissioned Second Lieutenant and shortly afterwards First Lieutenant. He went to the upper Potomac, where, in command of a section, he did excellent service under General Lander in opposing Stonewall Jackson, and subsequently participated in the operations in the Shenandoah Valley under General Banks. The battery was finally joined to McDowell's corps, and in Pope's campaign was efficient at Rappahannock bridge with Hartsuff's brigade, holding the enemy in check until the Union troops had all safely retired, and in the battle of Bull Run rendered the most eminent aid at critical periods of the fight. At Antietam it opened the battle, being posted near the Cornfield in front of the little church which marked the most sanguinary struggles of the field. After

this battle Captain Matthews retired on account of sickness, and Ricketts succeeded to the permanent command. At Fredericksburg the guns were posted close in upon the river on the Falmouth side, where they were exposed to the fire of the enemy; but maintained their ground, and covered the retirement of the infantry. On the evening of Sunday, May 3d, it went into position on the front at Chancellorsville at close quarters. Ricketts was ordered to hold the ground at all hazards. Horses were sent to the rear, and grape and canister were piled at the muzzles of the guns. Late in the evening a violent attack was made upon them, but rapid discharges swept back the assailants. Attacks were repeated at intervals during the night, but their fire was too terrible to withstand, and the attempt to capture them was abandoned.

Captain Ricketts arrived on the Gettysburg field on the afternoon of the 2d of July, and wheeled his guns at once into position, opposite the Cemetery gate, relieving Cooper's battery. He was almost immediately engaged with the enemy's artillery on Benner's Hill, which was completely silenced in an incredibly short space of time. Cemetery Hill, where it stood, is a bold eminence, open to fire on all sides; but Ricketts held it against every attack of the enemy's guns. Just as the shadows of evening were shutting in, the Louisiana Tigers—a powerful body of infantry, in perfect formation—shot forth from under a hill in the direction of the town, where they had been screened, and made a desperate rush for this position. The instant they came to view Ricketts turned his double-shotted guns upon them. Stevens, on the opposite knoll, likewise opened and the infantry along the entire line, so that the whole hill was ablaze. The rebel ranks were sensibly depleted; but stimulated with drink and the hope of victory they rushed on; they crossed the stone walls at the base of the hill; they broke the lines of the infantry, and had fairly reached the guns of Ricketts. Utter destruction for the instant seemed imminent. But never for one moment did heart or hope fail his men, and with handspikes, rammers, and even stones they fought hand to hand over the pieces. Finally the brigade of Carroll from the Second corps came to his assistance, and the foe, broken and almost annihilated, was

driven back. The battle scene, set as a frontispiece to this volume, represents the struggle at the culminating point, the combatants face to face among the guns, darkness already brooding over them, and the troops of Carroll arriving.

Again, at Bristoe Station, on the 14th of October, 1863, was Ricketts brought into the place of peril, and by his steadiness and well-directed, rapid fire gained a signal advantage, contributing largely to the victory there won, of which five guns and many prisoners were the fruits. In the spring campaign of 1864, Ricketts moved with the Second corps, and in the Wilderness did effective service, boldly pushing out to the extreme front, and in the shifting phases of the fight being left without support. One gun and a caisson fell into the enemy's hands; but they were shortly afterwards recovered. In all the subsequent operations of the army until it reached Petersburg, and in the siege of that stronghold down to the final surrender, his battery was unremittingly engaged, proving itself among the most reliable and skilful.

On the 28th of June, 1864, he was promoted to Major, and to Colonel on the 15th of March, 1865. He was also brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel by the President. In the fall of 1864 Colonel Ricketts was advanced to the position of Acting Chief of Artillery of the Ninth army corps, and subsequently to that of Inspector of Artillery. After Lee's surrender he was Inspector of Artillery Reserve, Army of the Potomac. Since the war he has been largely engaged in the purchase and sale of mineral and timber lands.

William Watts Hart Davis, Colonel of the One Hundred and Fourth regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born in Southampton, Bucks county, Pennsylvania, on the 27th of July, 1820. He was the only son of John and Amy Davis. A maternal ancestor, John Hart, was a distinguished Quaker minister of Whitney, Oxfordshire, England, who settled in Byberry, Philadelphia county, in 1682. A paternal ancestor emigrated from Wales about 1725, and settled in Soleburg, Bucks county. His paternal grandfather, John Davis, served five years in the Revolutionary army as an officer; and in the battle of Brandy-

wine, with the assistance of a soldier, bore General Lafayette off the field when wounded. His father, John Davis, was an officer in the War of 1812. His own tastes were martial, and as soon as he had completed the ordinary course of school instruction he entered the Military University at Norwich, Vermont, and graduated in 1842, receiving the degrees of Master of Arts and Master of Military Science. Immediately afterwards he was appointed Professor of Mathematics and Drawing in the Military Academy at Portsmouth, Virginia. He resigned his position here in 1844, and having entered upon the study of law in the office of the late John Fox, was admitted to the bar in September, 1846. In the same month he entered the Law School of Harvard University, and while there enlisted as a private in the Massachusetts regiment for the Mexican War. He became First Lieutenant and afterwards Adjutant, and served to the end of the contest. The position of Major was offered him in the field, but he accepted instead the appointment of Aide-de-camp and Acting Assistant Adjutant-General on the staff of General Cushing, and was promoted to the rank of Captain.

Upon his return from Mexico, in 1848, he entered upon the practice of the law at Doylestown, the seat of his native county. In the fall of 1853 he was appointed, by President Pierce, United States District Attorney for New Mexico. He commenced the journey across the plains in November, reaching Santa Fé early in December. In July, 1854, he was appointed Secretary of the Territory, and afterwards filled the offices of Governor and Superintendent of Indian Affairs. In the fall of 1857 he resigned, and returning to Pennsylvania purchased the Doylestown *Democrat*, in May, 1858, which he still owns and edits.

In April, 1861, he recruited the Doylestown Guards, which became a part of the Twenty-fifth Pennsylvania regiment, and which he commanded in Patterson's campaign. On returning home in August he recruited the One Hundred and Fourth, of which he was commissioned Colonel, and served for a period of three years, one year in the Army of the Potomac, covering the campaign upon the Peninsula, and afterwards in the south, commanding at various times brigades in the Fourth, Tenth, and

Eighteenth corps. During the winter of 1864 he commanded all the United States forces on Morris Island, South Carolina, operating against Charleston. He was shot in the left elbow by a rifle ball and struck by a spent musket ball in the left breast at Fair Oaks, and had his right hand torn to pieces at the last attack on Charleston in July, 1864. He was brevetted Brigadier-General for "meritorious services" during the siege of Charleston. On being mustered out on the 1st of October, 1864, he returned to Doylestown, where he now resides. In 1865, General Davis was the Democratic candidate for Auditor-General of Pennsylvania. He was married in 1856 to Miss Anna Carpenter, of Brooklyn, New York, and made a bridal tour across the great plains, a thousand miles, to Santa Fé. In stature he is above the medium height, and capable of great physical endurance.

CHARLES MALLET PREVOST, Colonel of the One Hundred and Eighteenth regiment, Brevet Brigadier-General of volunteers, and Major-General of the National Guard of Pennsylvania, was born in Baltimore on the 19th of September, 1818. His mother was the daughter of one of the most eminent physicians of that city. His paternal descent is from an old Huguenot family which was compelled to leave France upon the revocation of the edict of Nantes. One branch chose England as an asylum, and from that descended the Sir George Prevost who commanded the British forces in Canada and South Carolina during the Revolutionary war. Another went to Geneva, Switzerland, and from this was the American branch descended, in which were many distinguished literary and military men. Charles M. from youth manifested a deep interest in everything pertaining to military life. For several years he was on the staff of his father, General A. M. Prevost, of Philadelphia.

Upon the breaking out of the Rebellion, he assisted in the formation of the First regiment, Grey Reserves, taking the position of Captain of Company C. He was subsequently appointed Assistant Adjutant-General of volunteers on the staff of General F. E. Patterson, and went through the Peninsula campaign, participating in the battles of Yorktown, Williamsburg, and the Seven Days' battle, down to Harrison's Landing, whence, entirely

prostrated by the fever then prevailing, he was ordered home. During his convalescence he was selected by the Corn Exchange Association to command the One Hundred and Eighteenth regiment, which had been recruited under its auspices. He led it to the field and was present in the battle of Antietam, and two days after was ordered to cross the Potomac to feel the enemy. He was scarcely over when the rebels from an ambuscade came out in large numbers, and a severe engagement ensued. Left without supports, this single regiment was subjected to a withering fire. The position which it occupied was all exposed, and it was nearly surrounded by a greatly superior force. Colonel Prevost had ordered a company on the right to change front to meet an attack upon his flank, when the remaining companies, understanding that an order to retreat had been given, commenced to fall back. Seeing that the colors were being borne away, Colonel Prevost instantly seized them and ran to the front to rally his men. He succeeded in stopping their flight, and saving the honor of his command; but made himself a conspicuous mark for the enemy's bullets. With the colors still in his hand, while encouraging his men, and by his personal heroism inspiring them with his spirit, he was struck in the shoulder by a Minié ball which inflicted a severe and painful wound. The regiment effected a recrossing with much difficulty, and nothing but the coolness and courage of its officers saved it from annihilation. Out of a total number of 700 men, 280 were either killed, wounded or missing. The brevet rank of Brigadier-General was conferred upon him after this action. For many months he was confined to his bed, enduring intense suffering. He, however, returned to the field in time to assume command of his regiment in the Chancellorsville campaign, after which he was placed in charge of the camp established at Harrisburg, for the organization of the Veteran Reserve corps. Finding that the state of his health would not permit of active service in the field, he entered that corps as Colonel of the Sixteenth regiment, in October, 1863, where he served till the close of the war. He was mustered out in June, 1865, with a reputation for bravery and military skill equalled only by the high character he had previously acquired, and has since maintained, as a citizen.

William Emile Doster, Colonel of the Fourth cavalry, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born on the 8th of January, 1837, at the Moravian town of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. His father, Lewis Doster, a native of Swabia, Germany, served a campaign against the first Napoleon, and emigrated to America with his father, Doctor Daniel Doster, in 1817, when but twenty years of age. His mother, Pauline Louise (Eggert) Doster, was the daughter of Matthew Eggert, at one time Vorsteher of the Brethren's House, and granddaughter of Adam Rupert, a soldier of the Revolution. He attended the Moravian school until the age of fourteen, and after a careful preparatory training entered the Sophomore class of Yale College, graduating in 1857. In 1859 he graduated as LL.B. at the Harvard Law School. In 1860 he matriculated as student of civil law, in the University of Heidelberg, Germany, and heard lectures on the Code Napoleon at Paris. Upon his return home he read with ex-Governor Andrew H. Reeder, at Easton, and was admitted to practice at the Northampton county bar. Aside from fencing and riding, taught in the European universities, he had no military training. His youthful tastes were for drawing and painting; but being the seventh son, as his grandfather had been before him, he appeared destined to the profession of medicine, for which, however, he had no liking.

When the war broke out he was in the office of S. Van Sant, of Philadelphia; but putting aside briefs and black letter-books, he responded to the President's call, and recruited a company of cavalry, which, not being wanted for that arm, was turned over to Colonel Baker's infantry regiment. He then raised another for Harlan's Light cavalry, of which he was made Captain, his muster bearing date of August 15th, 1861. A few weeks later this company was transferred to the Fourth Pennsylvania. On the 28th of October he was promoted to Major, and a little more than a month later was detailed with a squadron to act as body-guard to General Keyes. Towards the close of February, 1862, he was placed in command of the mounted provost guard of Washington City. At the departure of McClellan for the Peninsula, and the appointment of General James S. Wadsworth as Military Governor of the District, Colonel Doster was selected for

Provost Marshal. This gave him command, by detachment, of four infantry and one cavalry regiment, together with the flotilla under Harwood cruising upon the Chesapeake.

In October, 1862, he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, but continued at his post as Provost Marshal. Just previous to the opening of the spring campaign of 1863, he applied for an order to return to his regiment, which was granted, and was coupled with a recommendation from General Wadsworth to President Lincoln, for his appointment as Brigadier-General. On rejoining his regiment he assumed command, and led it during the Chancellorsville and Gettysburg campaigns. He had his horse shot under him at Ely's Ford, and in a charge which he led at Upperville was taken prisoner, but succeeded in less than an hour, by striking down his guard, in freeing himself, and returning to his command. At Gettysburg he was ordered to report with his regiment to General Pleasanton, at General Meade's head-quarters, and was posted on the afternoon of the second day, during the artillery fire, to support a battery on Cemetery Ridge. In the evening he was ordered to picket duty on the left flank, and established a line in front of the infantry at eleven o'clock that night. On the 5th he was ordered to advance through Gettysburg in pursuit of the enemy. Tearing aside the barricades which obstructed the way, he pushed on as far as Stevens' Furnace, where he engaged the rebel rear guard. By the evening of the 6th he had reached Marion, near Green Castle, where he struck Fitz Hugh Lee's cavalry. After a severe action brought on by reconnoitring towards Winchester, he led his regiment back to the Rappahannock, where he was prostrated by typhoid fever. The disease appearing to be of a lingering type, he sent in his resignation, which was accepted. He was appointed, soon after, Colonel of the Fifth Pennsylvania cavalry, but never joined it. He was subsequently brevetted Brigadier-General.

For a short time he practised his profession in the city of Washington, and at the trial of the conspirators against the life of the President, he was appointed, by Judge-Advocate-Generals Holt and Bingham, to defend Payne and Atzerodt, two of the boldest of the number. Soon after the close of the war he re-

turned to Northampton county and resumed the practice of the law at Easton, residing at Bethlehem, and has held the office of Register in Bankruptcy for the eleventh Congressional district. He was married on the 15th of August, 1867, to Evelyn A. Depew, daughter of Edward A. Depew, of Easton.

Gideon Clark, Colonel of the One Hundred and Nineteenth regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born on the 19th of June, 1822, at Philadelphia. He was the son of Thomas and Hannah (Walker) Clark. His father was a native of Maryland. He was educated in the private schools of the city, and in youth was employed in the business of engraving. In the spring of 1843 he joined a militia organization, known as the Philadelphia Grays, in which he served for a period of eighteen years, and as a member of that body assisted to quell the riots of 1844. He was married on the 1st of September, 1850, to Miss Louisa D. Guirey, of Philadelphia.

At the opening of the Rebellion, he had been for two years First Lieutenant of the Grays, and immediately commenced recruiting his company for the First regiment of artillery, which became the Seventeenth infantry for three months, and of which he was appointed Adjutant. After having completed his term of service, he was, upon the organization of the One Hundred and Nineteenth, appointed and commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel. Few operations in the course of the late war were more heroically conducted or more brilliant in their results than the battle of Rappahannock Station. The enemy was well posted and sheltered by strong works supplied with artillery, and in ample force. Against this the Union troops, consisting of a part of Russell's division, were led, and it was carried at the point of the bayonet, nearly the entire garrison, with guns, small arms, and battle flags, being captured. In this triumphant action Lieutenant-Colonel Clark commanded the One Hundred and Nineteenth, which was part of the brigade that led the storming force.

At Locust Grove, Mine Run, and Spottsylvania, he participated and was conspicuous for gallantry. In the action at Cold Harbor he was in command of a brigade, and by his skilful management won the warm commendation of that heroic but unfortunate

soldier, General David A. Russell. He was likewise commended by General Wheaton for the successful manner in which he withdrew the division picket-line from the face of the enemy, after having been out until half past two on the morning of the 7th of February, 1865. On the 13th of March following he was brevetted Colonel by the President, and on the 25th of that month was slightly wounded in the right forearm, in the action before Petersburg. In storming the enemy's works on the 2d of April, he was seriously wounded by a musket ball in the right leg, losing a considerable portion of the tibia. An operation was performed for its removal in the field hospital, by Dr. Philip Leidy, Surgeon of the regiment. He was then transferred to City Point, and afterwards to the general hospital in Philadelphia, where he remained until the final muster out of his regiment. On the 19th of June he was promoted to Colonel, and was appointed Brevet Brigadier-General, by the President, to rank from the 13th of March, for gallant and meritorious conduct and services performed in storming the works of the enemy in front of Petersburg, on the 2d of April. General Clark has held the office of Master Warden for the Port of Philadelphia. In the fall of 1873 he was elected to the office of Register of Wills for that city.

SAMUEL M. ZULICK, who, from the position of a private soldier, attained to the rank of Brevet Brigadier-General, was born at Easton, Northampton county, Pennsylvania, on the 1st of March, 1824. His father, Anthony Zulick, was a native of Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany. His mother, Jane Cummings, was a native of Philadelphia. He was educated at Easton, receiving a classical training, and was graduated at the Jefferson Medical College, on the 20th of March, 1844.

On the 15th of May, 1861, scarcely a month from the time the rebels fired the first gun upon Fort Sumter, he was mustered into the service of the United States, and from that time until Johnston surrendered to Sherman in North Carolina he was at the post of duty, ascending through the various grades of honor in his regiment, and in every position winning the favor and commendation of his superiors. Upon the organization of troops for

the three years' service he was active, and was chosen Captain of Company E of the Twenty-ninth regiment. In this position he participated in the battles of Winchester, Edenburg, Front Royal, Second Winchester, Cedar Mountain, and Antietam.

On the 3d of March, 1863, Captain Zulick was promoted to the rank of Major, a well-earned advancement. In the battle of Chancellorsville the regiment did excellent service, and when the army recrossed the Rappahannock, the post of honor and of danger, that of covering the rear, was assigned to it. Immediately after this battle Major Zulick was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, to date from the first day on that bloody field. At Gettysburg his regiment was subjected to a fiery ordeal. It stood in the forest, on Culp's Hill, where the enemy delivered desperate assaults, with a courage and pertinacity inspired by the hope of turning the right of the Union army. General Ewell had staked everything on accomplishing this. But the living valor which he met turned him from his purpose, and with dead covering all that dark forest ground, he retired before the steady fire of the Twelfth corps, leaving it master of the field, and of the key to the whole battle ground.

With the Twelfth corps the Twenty-ninth regiment was transferred to the western army, with which Lieutenant-Colonel Zulick participated in the battles of Wauhatchie, Lookout Mountain, and Missionary Ridge, brilliant feats of arms, which gave the united army under General Grant command of the avenues to his base, now well-nigh cut off. Colonel Zulick's regiment was the first to reënlist, and while he was away upon the veteran furlough given troops who thus showed their devotion, he was assigned, by special order of the War Department, to duty at Camp Cadwalader, in mustering veteran and drafted troops. On the 6th of July he was relieved from this duty, and immediately rejoined his regiment, now with Sherman in his great campaign, and assuming command took part in the battles of Chattahoochee River, Peach Tree Creek, and Atlanta, the objective for the attainment of which myriads on either side had laid down their lives, and which the unscathed veterans were permitted in triumph to enter.

The March to the Sea followed close upon this long and

desperately contested campaign. At Milledgeville and Savannah, Colonel Zulick led his command, in a manner worthy of the highest praise. The affairs at Bentonville, Goldsboro, and Raleigh followed in succession, and after the surrender of the Confederate armies, Colonel Zulick marched with the Union forces to Washington, where he received his final discharge, but not until a grateful country had conferred upon him the commission of Colonel and Brevet Brigadier-General.

In person General Zulick is five feet eight and a half inches in height, and robust, with blue eyes, and dark brown hair. He was married on the 29th of July, 1846, to Miss Mary Hart McCalla, of Philadelphia, and has one son, Philip S. Zulick, who served in the Forty-fifth regiment. Of General Zulick's gallantry as a soldier, his superior officers bear ample testimony. "He began the war," says General Sherman, "as a Captain, and rose by his merits through all the grades to that of a General officer, and served in our Georgia and Carolina campaigns. Of course I desire to see him noticed and appreciated." General Geary, in whose division General Zulick was, says: "He has nobly served his country throughout a long and trying contest, with high distinction;" and that stern soldier, General A. W. Williams, adds: "He served under my command for over three years, while I was either division or corps commander. He was a very superior officer, capable, faithful, and zealous in the discharge of his duties. He merits the recognition and favor of the Government."

THOMAS A. ROWLEY, Colonel of the One Hundred and Second regiment, and Brigadier-General, a native of Pittsburg, was the son of John and Mary (Alger) Rowley. He received his education in the schools of that city, and during his early years was employed in a store as clerk. He joined a volunteer militia company in 1839, in which he continued to serve until the breaking out of the Mexican War, in 1847, when he was appointed by President Polk a Second Lieutenant in the regular army. He participated with honor in the battles of Vera Cruz, Jalapa, National Bridge, Cerro Gordo, and Mexico, and won the promotion to Captain.

Upon his return he resigned his commission and resumed

the practice of his profession. When hostilities opened in 1861, he again abandoned the *toga* for the trappings of war. He was active in recruiting first the Thirteenth, which he commanded during the ninety days of its service, and at its close the One Hundred and Second. At the battle of Fair Oaks, Colonel Rowley led his regiment to the support of Casey, hard pressed by the foe, and manfully contended against desperate assaults, holding his ground, and finally, when forced, retired in good order, firing as he went. In this battle he was severely wounded in the head. On the 29th of November, 1862, he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General, having performed most efficient service in the battles of Malvern Hill, Chantilly, and Antietam. He was in command of a brigade at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville and the three days at Gettysburg. After leaving the army he resumed the practice of his profession. He at various periods held offices of trust, having been an Alderman, Clerk of the Courts of Allegheny county, and was United States Marshal for the Western district of Pennsylvania in 1865. He still resides in his native city.

GEORGE W. GILE, Colonel of the Eighty-eighth regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born on the 25th of January, 1830, in Littleton, New Hampshire. His father, Aaron Gile, was a native of that State, well known for rectitude and patriotism, and at various times held offices of responsibility and trust. His mother, Persis (Rix) Gile, was a native of Canada. At the age of fourteen he entered a printing office, where he remained till the breaking out of the Mexican War. Moved by an impulse natural at the inexperienced age of sixteen, he enlisted as a private. Being an only son, the father insisted on his discharge, and he returned to his home at Littleton.

Wearying of inaction, he proceeded to Boston, where he soon found congenial employment. He chose the drama as his profession, and after careful preliminary training entered upon and for a season pursued it with great assiduity. In 1854 he removed to Philadelphia, and in the following year was united in marriage to Miss Emma Virginia Shuster, a native of that city, and a lady of much grace and refinement. Two sons were

the issue of this marriage. In person he is over six feet in height, and in appearance is dignified and commanding.

At the opening of the late war he enlisted as a private in Company I, Twenty-second regiment, but was soon after commissioned First Lieutenant of Company D. This regiment, which was recruited for three months' service, was posted in the city of Baltimore, and the duty not being arduous, he applied himself to the study of his new profession. While thus engaged he was offered the position of Major of the Eighty-eighth, a three years' regiment, which he accepted. He was for some time busily employed in organizing and equipping the new command, and when ordered to the front was posted with a battalion of four companies in Alexandria, Virginia, where he was charged with the maintenance of order, and the protection of public and private property. For his fidelity in this position he was presented with a richly mounted and valuable sword, bearing the following inscription: "Presented to Major George W. Gile, 88th regiment, P. V., by the officers of his command and the loyal merchants of Alexandria, Virginia, as a testimonial of their esteem."

His first experience of field duty was in the campaign of General Pope in Virginia, where his regiment manifested great activity, and at the disastrous battle of Bull Run he proved himself a steadfast soldier. In the midst of the fight Lieutenant-Colonel McLean, who was in command of the regiment, was mortally wounded, leaving it in charge of Major Gile, and though making his first campaign, he led it with so much skill and bravery as to attract the attention of the General-in-Chief, who said in his report: "The conduct of Tower's brigade," to which the Eighty-eighth belonged, "in plain view of all the forces on the left, was especially distinguished, and drew forth hearty cheers. The example of this brigade was of great service, and infused new spirit into all the troops who witnessed their intrepid conduct." He was immediately after promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and honored with the brevet rank of Captain in the regular army.

On the morning of the 17th of September he led his regiment upon the field of Antietam, on the extreme right of the Union

line, where the ground was being stubbornly contested. It had no sooner reached its position than it was attacked with fiery impetuosity by the rebel forces, which outflanked it; but with a courage and steadiness worthy of veterans, for two long hours it held its position. In the heat of the battle Colonel Gile was hit by a musket ball and was borne from the field. The wound was a painful and dangerous one in the left thigh. It was long in healing; but by eminent surgical attendance, directed by Dr. Atlee of Philadelphia, the limb was saved, though he was left a cripple for life. He was soon after promoted to Colonel of the regiment; and, by brevet, Major and Lieutenant-Colonel in the regular army. When it became apparent that he could not soon resume command of his regiment, which was without a field officer present for duty, he was compelled reluctantly to resign his commission. Maimed by honorable wounds, this might reasonably conclude his military record; but a still more honorable career was opening before him.

Early in the spring of 1863 the General Government determined to form an *élite* corps of the wounded veterans of the volunteer army, to be employed in such service as their physical condition would permit. The first appointment in this corps was tendered to Colonel Gile, which he accepted. After laboring for a few months in its organization, he was ordered from Philadelphia with a battalion of nine companies to Washington. Here a regimental organization was perfected, and three other regiments of the corps were ordered in to form a brigade. In the spring of 1864 three more regiments were added to the garrison of Washington, which greatly increased the responsibilities of Colonel Gile.

In July of this year, when Early, with a large army, moved down the valley for the attack and capture of Washington, Colonel Gile marshalled his forces for its defence, and throwing them into position upon its front, on the line of the outer forts, engaged the enemy with such determination and skill that for two whole days and nights the rebel commander was deterred from ordering an assault. By the arrival of General Wright with two divisions of the Sixth corps, Colonel Gile was relieved at the front, and his command returned to its position in the city. For his gallantry upon this occasion he was brevetted Brigadier-

General, and his force increased to fourteen regiments of infantry and two of cavalry.

During his term of service in Washington, General Gile enjoyed the friendship and confidence of President Lincoln, whose escort at the inauguration of 1864 he had the honor to command. It was also his melancholy duty to assist in the final escort of the remains of that great and good man to the train which bore them away from the Capital. Mr. Stanton, likewise, showed him many marks of his esteem.

Shortly after the close of the war, General Gile was detached from his command at Washington, and ordered South. In 1866 he was tendered and accepted an appointment in the regular service, and was transferred from duty in South Carolina to Florida, where he remained until the closing of the affairs of the Freedmen's Bureau, of which he had sole charge in that State. On the 15th of December, 1870, he was retired from active service, with the rank of Colonel. During his entire term covering a period of nearly ten years, he was but ninety days absent from duty, except when disabled by wounds.

David Mattern Jones, Lieutenant-Colonel of the One Hundred and Tenth regiment, was born on the 24th of April, 1838, in Huntingdon county, Pennsylvania. He was the son of Samuel and Elizabeth (Mattern) Jones. He received a good common school education and learned the trade of his father, that of a potter. In the three months' service of 1861, he was Corporal of Company D of the Third regiment. On his return from this, he recruited and was commissioned Captain of Company A of the One Hundred and Tenth regiment, which was sent to the upper Potomac, joining the column of General Lander and participating in engagements against Jackson, and subsequently, under Shields, in the hard-fought battle of Winchester, in which Jackson was driven. In a skirmish with a detachment of Ashby's cavalry, in one of the passes of the Blue Ridge, in June, 1862, Captain Jones manœuvred his company with so much skill as to attract the attention of his superiors, and he was promoted to the rank of Major. He participated in the hard fighting at Cedar Mountain, and in the Second battle of Bull

Run, receiving in the latter a severe wound in the right wrist from a Minié ball which passed quite through, leaving the limb weakened and partially paralyzed. Shortly after the battle of Fredericksburg, in which he was engaged, he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, and at Chancellorsville, when the Colonel was killed, the command devolved upon him at a critical moment in the battle. At Gettysburg he was of De Trobriand's brigade, that held, unsupported in the early part of the battle, the rocky, wooded ground designated the Whirlpool, or Slaughter-pen. More bold or determined fighting has rarely been witnessed than was here displayed. It was a sad field for Colonel Jones; for while conducting the fight with matchless heroism he was shot through the left leg, and so severe was the wound as to necessitate amputation. His heroic conduct called forth warm commendation in the orders of General De Trobriand. Being disabled for further field service, he resigned. He was married in 1864 to Miss Amanda J. Palmer, who died in 1867. In 1865 he was elected Register and Recorder of his native county, to which office he has been twice reëlected, and which he now holds. He was a true soldier as he is an upright citizen.

JOHN SMITH LITTELL, Colonel of the Seventy-sixth regiment, and Brigadier-General, was born in Hanover township, Beaver county, Pennsylvania, on the 20th of October, 1822. His father, William Littell, was a soldier of the war of 1812. His mother was Cynthia Smith. He received a good English education, paying special attention to surveying. He early joined a militia company, and in 1853 was elected Captain, and afterwards Brigade Inspector of the Nineteenth division.

He recruited a company for the Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania regiment, of which he was Captain. Soon after its organization it was ordered to the Department of the South, where it was engaged with the enemy at the capture of Fort Pulaski, and in the battles of Pocotaligo, James Island, Morris Island, and in the first and second assaults on Fort Wagner, in all of which he led his company with a steadiness and devotion which characterized his entire service. At Morris Island, on the 10th of July, he was slightly wounded, but kept the field. On the

following morning he was again hit, receiving a flesh wound in the right arm and side.

The assaults upon Fort Wagner proved very disastrous to the regiment, the losses being nearly half its entire strength. In the summer of 1864, it was taken to Virginia and attached to the Army of the James. On the 31st of May, Captain Littell was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and on the following day, in the action at Cold Harbor, received a severe wound, the missile entering the right thigh, tearing quite through and emerging from the left. After lying in the hospital for a time, he was taken to his home; but his wound was slow in healing, and his recovery was protracted. On the 17th of August following, he was promoted to Colonel. In January he sailed with the expeditions, first under Generals Butler and Weitzel, and finally under General Terry, for the reduction of Fort Fisher, commanding the approaches to Wilmington, North Carolina. Colonel Littell was of Pennypacker's brigade, and followed that gallant officer in the desperate assault upon this stronghold. In the midst of the struggle, and while leading on his regiment in the face of a destructive fire, he was struck by a Minié ball in the left thigh, which passed through, penetrating a pocket-book containing a roll of bank-notes, and finally lodging in the body. It was an ever memorable day for the armies of the Union, and though experiencing intense suffering, he still had strength and spirit to rejoice over the glorious victory achieved. He was removed to Fortress Monroe, after having the ball extracted, and when sufficiently recovered, to his home. As a merited recognition of his valor on this field, upon the recommendation of General Terry, he was brevetted Brigadier-General.

Since the conclusion of the war, General Littell has served a term of three years as Sheriff of Beaver county. He was married in 1845 to Miss Mary Colhoon.

T. ELWOOD ZELL, Colonel of Independent battalion, was born in Philadelphia, of Quaker parentage. His father's family was among the few Germans who embraced the Quaker faith, emigrating under the immediate auspices of William Penn, and settling in Montgomery county. His mother's family name was

Ogden, and her ancestors accompanied Penn in his first voyage in the ship Welcome, landing with him at Chester. His great-grandfather served in the Revolutionary struggle and filled the post of Quartermaster in the patriot army. His earliest military experience was gained in Texas, where he acted as a volunteer in aiding to protect the frontier from the ravages of a general Indian war which broke out while he was spending the winter there. At the breaking out of the Rebellion, he assisted in forming a military organization in Philadelphia for the purpose of drill. He was offered the place of Lieutenant in the Lancers, Sixth cavalry, and that of Captain in the Fifty-eighth, both of which he felt it his duty to decline. He subsequently entered the One Hundred and Twenty-first regiment as Captain of Company D, and served with credit until compelled—by disabilities caused by the exposures of the service—to resign, carrying with him the respect of his brother officers and of his command. Subsequently, when the State was about to be invaded by Lee, Captain Zell was authorized to raise a regiment of infantry; but before it was filled he was mustered as Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the battalion, and was almost immediately appointed chief of staff to General W. D. Whipple of the regular army, which position he held for several months, and subsequently Inspector-General of cavalry. Upon the transfer of General Whipple to the staff of General Thomas, Colonel Zell was chief of staff for a short time to General Sigel, and was afterwards assigned to duty in Philadelphia as Post Assistant Provost-Marshal-General at the military barracks at Fourth and Buttonwood streets, where he remained until the expiration of his term of enlistment.

E. Morrison Woodward, of Puritan and Huguenot origin, was the son of James S. and Rebecca Anna (De-la-Montaigne) Woodward, and was born in Philadelphia, March 11th, 1828. He received a liberal education at a private school. Influenced by the love of adventure, he sailed around Cape Horn to California, and spent several years in roaming through that State, Mexico, and South America, returning eastward across the continent. He studied law under John R. Vogdes of Philadel-

phia, and was admitted to the bar. Turning his attention to literature soon afterwards, he wrote the *History of the Citizen Soldiery of Philadelphia from* 1704 *to* 1845. He was connected with the *Sunday Mercury*, and became assistant editor. Upon the breaking out of the Rebellion, he organized a company and was commissioned Captain, on the 19th of April, 1861. The Second Reserve, to which he was attached, moved to the front without being mustered into the United States service. On being paraded for the purpose, some dissatisfaction having arisen, two-thirds of the men refused to take the oath. His own company and four others having been disbanded, to induce his men to remain true to their flag, he exchanged the sword for the musket, promising to stay with them to the last. Subsequently he was promoted to Sergeant-Major, and served as such throughout all the hard-fought battles in which the Reserves participated on the Peninsula, in Pope's, and the Maryland campaigns. At Antietam, the Second was left with but one commissioned officer, the command of the left wing devolving upon Woodward, and the desperate resistance which it made to an assault of the enemy gained for him the rank of Adjutant. In the memorable charge of the Reserves at Fredericksburg, the Second turned a rifle-pit, and, swinging round upon the heights, cut off the retreat of its occupants. The Seventh Reserve being in front of the pit, and not knowing the position of the Second, fired into it continuous volleys, which the Second in the heat of the battle did not discover and poured in a terrific fire at short range in return. The enemy in the meantime remained passive, neither giving token of surrender nor attempting defence. Finally Adjutant Woodward, discovering the situation, strove to stop the fire, and sheathing his sword, with cap in hand, advancing between the two lines, asked if they wished to "fight or surrender." "We will surrender if you will allow us," was the reply. The entire body with their flag was thereupon sent over to the Seventh. In this encounter Woodward had thirteen bullet holes through his clothes, leaving some wounds, but none serious. For his gallantry he was brevetted Major. He served with his regiment at Gettysburg and in other battles. After the war he settled among the green hills of his native State. While in the army he wrote the *Picket Letters*,

which attracted considerable attention, and afterwards *Our Campaigns*, and the History of the *Third Reserve* and the *One Hundred and Ninety-eighth* regiments.

RICHARD BUTLER PRICE, Colonel of the Second cavalry, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born in the city of Philadelphia, on the 15th of December, 1809. His ancestors came to this country in the time of William Penn; his great-grandfather, John Price, having married May Chandler, daughter of John Chandler, a companion of Penn in his voyage to America. His grandfather, Jonathan Price, who was an officer in the Revolutionary war, and died in the service, married Anne De Le Plaine, daughter of a French gentleman who escaped from his native country during the Huguenot troubles, his father, Count De Le Plaine, having been thrown into prison and estates confiscated. His father, Chandler Price, was a prominent shipping merchant of Philadelphia. His mother, Ellen (Matlake) Price, was daughter of White Matlake, who was also an officer in the Revolution.

His boyhood was passed in his native city. At the age of fifteen he went to France, where he remained several years perfecting his education and receiving military instruction. After his return he served as a volunteer in the First Troop. On the day after the attack on Fort Sumter he tendered his services to the Government, and during the three months' campaign served on the staff of General Patterson, a part of the time as his Adjutant-General. At the close of this term he returned to Philadelphia, and commenced recruiting a cavalry regiment, which became the Second Pennsylvania, Fifty-ninth of the line, of which he was commissioned Colonel. His command was ordered to the Army of the Potomac, and formed part of the brigade under General Buford, which remained in the column of McDowell, and subsequently of Pope. The service during the campaigns of these officers in the summer of 1862 was very severe, and though not resulting in any general battles, the frequent skirmishing and manœuvring in an enemy's country were even more trying than meeting the enemy in a fair field in greater masses.

Upon the promotion of General Buford to the command of the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac, Colonel Price was given

the leadership of the brigade, and in November, 1862, was assigned to the command of all the cavalry in the Department of Washington south of the Potomac. It consisted of eleven regiments, and the field of operations extended from the Potomac to the Blue Ridge. In October orders came for him to detach a thousand men and send them for a special object to Winchester. As it was a delicate and hazardous duty, Colonel Price determined to head the expedition in person. The main design was frustrated; but while out, he met a regiment of the enemy's cavalry under Colonel Green. One of the few, open, hand-to-hand cavalry engagements of that period ensued, which resulted in a complete victory to the Union arms. Colonel Green with many of his officers and men were wounded and taken prisoners, and his command completely routed. For this brilliant action Colonel Price received honorable mention, and was brevetted Brigadier-General.

He continued to hold command of his brigade until the day before the battle of Gettysburg. In the meantime General Pleasanton had become Chief of cavalry, and he recommended several officers to the Government for promotion to Brigadier-Generals with a view of giving them the command of his brigades. This was accorded, and the advancement of the new men occasioned an entire reorganization of the divisions, which threw the old officers out who were in the way of promotion. On this account Colonel Price returned to his regiment, and was ordered for duty with the head-quarters of the army. He remained thus in command until the beginning of 1864, when, feeling that an indignity had been put upon him, he applied for detached service, and was ordered to Washington, where he served on a military commission till the close of the war. In person General Price is six feet in height, and of a muscular frame. He married Elizabeth Hartt, daughter of C. C. Hartt, of the United States Navy.

JAMES LEVAN SELFRIDGE, Colonel of the Forty-sixth regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born in Berks county, Pennsylvania, on the 22d of September, 1824. His father was a Scotch-Irishman, and his mother of German and French extrac-

tion. He was educated at Lafayette College, on leaving which he studied law with Henry King, of Allentown. He afterwards took charge of the Lehigh Transportation Company of Philadelphia, of which his father had been one of the projectors. Having a taste for business, he entered a commission house, and, in 1850, opened on his own account. In 1857 he removed to Bethlehem, where he was engaged in the coal and real estate business up to the breaking out of the Rebellion. The call for troops found no more prompt or active respondent, and so popular was his standard that on the 18th of April, 1861, he reported with his company at Harrisburg, and it was on that day mustered into service as Company A of the First Pennsylvania regiment, in which he served with Patterson, and at whose request it remained ten days beyond the period of its enlistment.

On returning home he was tendered a commission as Colonel of a regiment which he should raise; but impatient of delay, he united with Colonel Joseph F. Knipe in recruiting, and was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel of the Forty-sixth regiment. It left for the field on the 17th of September, 1861, and was reported to General Banks at Darnestown, Maryland, participating under him in the action at Kernstown, in the two battles at Winchester, and at Cedar Mountain. In the latter engagement the Forty-sixth was led over open and exposed ground in assaults upon the enemy's guns. The slaughter in its ranks was fearful, Colonel Selfridge having his horse shot under him and receiving a slight wound. He was also engaged with his regiment on the Rappahannock, and in the second battle of Bull Run under Pope; at South Mountain and Antietam under McClellan; at Chancellorsville under Hooker; and at Gettysburg under Meade. During the progress of the battle of Antietam Selfridge took command of the regiment, Colonel Knipe leading the brigade. When Hooker with the Eleventh and Twelfth corps went to the assistance of Rosecrans at Chattanooga, Selfridge was of the column, and in the campaign on Atlanta took a prominent part in the battles of Resaca, Dallas, Pine Knob, Lost Mountain, Kenesaw Mountain, and Peach Tree Creek. In the latter action Hood attacked the Union right with terrific violence. Nothing like its impetuosity had been witnessed in the whole protracted and

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bloody campaign. On that part of the line where the weight of the blow fell stood Colonel Selfridge with his indomitable Forty-sixth. Its valor with that of the rest of the noble division was equal to the emergency, and in the bloody repulse which the enemy received none were more conspicuous than Selfridge. At Marietta, Cassville, and the descent upon Atlanta, he was likewise unremittingly engaged, and so marked had been his courage, and so constant and unwavering his gallantry throughout the entire campaign—covering a hundred days in which the noise of battle was scarcely hushed for a single hour—that at its conclusion General A. S. Williams, the veteran commander of the First division, commended him to the attention of the Government in the following forcible language: "This officer has been in service since the beginning of the Rebellion. For over three years he has been constantly in the field, and ever at the post of duty. Few officers have been so steadily with their commands, so prompt, intelligent, and capable. The condition of his regiment bears testimony to the superiority of its commander."

On leaving Atlanta Colonel Selfridge took command of the brigade, and during the March to the Sea was chiefly occupied in destroying railroads, though having part in the engagement at Monteith Swamp, and the siege of Savannah, soon after which he was promoted to Brevet Brigadier-General. In the movement of the army northward through the Carolinas he continued to lead his brigade, and participated with it in the actions at Averysboro and Bentonville. At the conclusion of hostilities he was mustered out, having shared the fortunes of his command with constancy and fidelity from the first to the last day of the service. In testimony of this General Sherman said of him, "General Selfridge was one of my steady, hard-working and fighting brigade commanders, and served all the time."

Since the war General Selfridge has taken an active part in public interests, and has been prominently named for the office of Governor. While yet at the front, on Sherman's famous march, he was nominated to represent the eleventh district in Congress, and though it was politically hopelessly against him, his opponent's majority was reduced nearly 2000 votes. In 1857 he was nominated for Senator, and made an equally strong canvass. He

had been appointed by President Lincoln Assessor of Internal Revenue for the eleventh district, but was removed by President Johnson. In 1868 he was elected Chief Clerk of the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania, a position to which he was annually reëlected until 1873, when he was no longer a candidate. In 1872 he removed to Philadelphia, and became proprietor in the business of the Lehigh Hydraulic Cement Company. He was appointed by Governor Geary Major-General of the Seventh division of the National Guard of Pennsylvania, which commission he still holds.

JOHN DEVEREUX, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Sixty-ninth regiment, was born on the 26th of March, 1830, in the city of Philadelphia, of which place his parents were natives. He was educated at St. John's College, in the city of New York, where he graduated in 1849. He entered the military service as Adjutant of the Twenty-fourth regiment, which served with Stone and Patterson before Washington and in the Shenandoah Valley. At the end of its term of three months, he assisted Colonel Owen in recruiting the Sixty-ninth, a veteran regiment, of which he was commissioned Major, and had command of the camp of instruction at Chestnut Hill. He was at Ball's Bluff in the fall of 1861, and in 1862 made the campaign of the Peninsula, having an active part in all the operations from Yorktown to Malvern Hill. At the Second Fair Oaks, and at Charles City Cross Roads, his regiment received much credit for its gallant bearing from General Burns, and also from General Hooker, who could never brook mediocrity. He was also conspicuous under Pope at Bull Run, and under McClellan at South Mountain. At Antietam a great misfortune befell him. He was with his command in the hottest of the fight, leading on as became his heroic nature, when he was shot through the body, the missile passing close to the spine, inflicting a severe and well-nigh fatal injury. For seven months he was confined to his bed, and while in this situation was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel. Believing that he would never be able to render further active service, he resigned in March, 1863. But in November following, having partially recovered, he was appointed by the President Major in the Veteran Reserve corps, and served

constantly on such duty as he was able to perform until the 1st of September, 1866, acting in the capacity of Inspector, member and president of general court-martial, examiner for entrance to the army, Assistant Provost-Marshal-General, commandant of rendezvous for the muster out of troops, and in charge of a district in South Carolina. He was tendered a commission as Major in the regular army, but was compelled to decline it for physical disability. "His services," says General Burns, "should always entitle him to the commendation of a grateful country, and to any reward open to a brave, intelligent, and capable officer." By General Sedgwick he was characterized as "a gallant and excellent officer, who always performed his duty whilst under my command with zeal and fidelity."

JOSHUA THOMAS OWEN, Colonel of the Sixty-ninth regiment, and Brigadier-General, was born on the 29th of March, 1825, in Wales. His father, David Owen, a native Welshman, was a woollen manufacturer of Caermarthenshire, whence with his family he emigrated to this country in 1830. His mother was Jane (Thomas) Owen. The boy was early put to learn the trade of a printer, but pursued a liberal course of study, and graduated at Jefferson College, Cannonsburg, in the class of 1845. He was fond of adventure, and by mental endowment and culture given to argumentation. Naturally, therefore, in choosing a profession, he adopted that of the law. During the period in which he was pursuing his legal studies, he was principal of a male academy at Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, which had become his residence. He knew nothing of military service previous to the Rebellion, but when its mutterings were heard he was quick in enlisting in the First City Troop. Upon the organization in May, 1861, of the Twenty-fourth regiment, for the three months' service, he was commissioned Colonel. At the expiration of its term Colonel Owen recruited one for three years. It was composed of good fighting material, and Colonel Owen took a soldier's pride in drilling and disciplining it to a high state of proficiency, and led it in the battles of Fair Oaks, Savage Station, Charles City Cross Roads, and Malvern Hill. At Charles City Cross Roads, Colonel Owen particularly distinguished himself, his

gallant conduct attracting the attention and complimentary notice of General Hooker. "About three o'clock," says Hooker, "the enemy commenced a vigorous attack on McCall, and in such force that General Sumner voluntarily tendered me the services of a regiment which was posted in the open field on my extreme right, and under shelter from the enemy's artillery. This was the Sixty-ninth regiment, Pennsylvania volunteers, under Colonel Owen." Hooker saw from the outset that the weight of the attack was likely to prove too powerful for McCall to withstand, and in anticipation of his giving way he had said to Colonel Owen, when designating the ground he was to occupy, "Hold this position, and keep the enemy in check at all hazards." This he said with glowing cheek and a flash of the eye unusual to him, even in battle. As had been anticipated McCall's left did give way, and then the enemy came on in masses, flushed with victory. Owen ordered his men to kneel, and when the foe came rushing forward he gave the signal to fire. A sheet of flame blazed out which sent the line staggering back. But they were in heavy force, and soon recovering, again advanced, overlapping this single regiment on either flank. Seeing that he must be overwhelmed if he remained longer in his position, he boldly ordered his regiment to fix bayonets and charge. Springing to their feet, they dashed forward with a shout and quickly routed the foe. "The Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania," says Hooker, "*heroically led by Owen, advanced in the open field on their flank* (First Massachusetts) *with almost reckless daring.*"

The rank of Brigadier-General, on the recommendation of Generals Hooker, Howard, and Hancock, was bestowed upon him, and he was assigned to the command of the brigade to which his old regiment belonged. In the advance upon Fredericksburg, in December, 1862, Owen's brigade was the first to cross the pontoons and march upon the city. It was on the 11th that he crossed, and all that night he was engaged in street fighting, and in clearing the town of sharpshooters, who had taken refuge in the buildings, and who from their sheltered position were maintaining a destructive, desultory fire. It was dangerous and harassing labor; but it was thoroughly accomplished, and on the 12th he was sent to take a position on the outskirts

of the town, from which a whole division had been previously driven, which he gained and manfully held during the entire day. For his services here he was especially commended by Generals Howard and Couch. In the battle of the Wilderness he led his brigade in a seemingly hopeless charge from the right of the Second corps, which was successfully pushed, checking the enemy, and protecting that wing from being turned. The gallantry of this act won the hearty commendation of General Birney. At Cold Harbor General Owen received warm encomiums for the heroic manner in which he led his brigade and gained a position far in advance of the main line. In all the battles of the Army of the Potomac he participated, never from any cause being absent when important movements were about to be undertaken. For one so much exposed in the fearless discharge of his duty, few escaped with so little of bodily harm. He had two horses shot under him, and the one which he rode in most of the active campaigns was several times wounded. Previous to the war General Owen represented Philadelphia in the Legislature, and was Recorder of Deeds for the city. He was married, in 1852, to Miss Annie J. Sheridan, daughter of Owen Sheridan, of Chestnut Hill. In person he is above the medium height, and inclined in later years to corpulency.

William H. Lessig entered the service of the United States as Captain in the Ninety-sixth regiment in September, 1861. While upon the Peninsula he was prevented by sickness from taking part in more than the opening operations. In September, 1862, he was promoted to Major, and participated in the actions of South Mountain and Antietam, soon after which he was advanced to Lieutenant-Colonel, and commanded his regiment in the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg. He was commissioned Colonel in March, 1863, and led at Rappahannock Station, through the campaign of 1864, from the Rapidan to the James, and Sheridan's brilliant career in the Shenandoah Valley. At the conclusion of his term, in October, 1864, he was mustered out of service, having won an enviable reputation for gallantry and valor.

EDMUND LOVELL DANA, Colonel of the One Hundred and Forty-third regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born on the 29th of January, 1817, at Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania. He was the son of Asa S. and Nancy (Pruner) Dana. He was educated at Yale College, graduating with honor in the class of 1838. For a year after completing his academic studies he was employed as a civil engineer; but applied himself to the law and was admitted to practice in 1841. Having attached himself to the Wyoming Artillerists, he held the rank of Lieutenant and Captain in that company in the years 1844–'45. Two years later, at the breaking out of the Mexican War, he volunteered and served as Captain of Company I, First Pennsylvania infantry, throughout the entire period of that contest. At the landing of the troops under General Scott at Anton·Lizards, on the 9th of March, 1847, he was in Patterson's division, and participated in the siege, bombardment, and capture of Vera Cruz, and the Castle of San Juan D'Ulloa. He bore a part also in the battle of Cerro Gordo, and led a storming party composed of his own and Company A of the First Pennsylvania, at Black Pass. For his conduct in the siege of Puebla in September and October he was complimented in general orders. With his company he marched to the city of Mexico, and when the war was ended returned with it to Pennsylvania. During the summer and fall of 1862 he was active in recruiting the One Hundred and Forty-third regiment, of which he was commissioned Colonel. He participated in the movement to Pollock's mills, and in the battle of Chancellorsville.

Colonel Dana's most sustained and signal action was at Gettysburg. Reynolds had fallen, Stone and Wister been wounded, when Colonel Dana succeeded to the command of the brigade. It stood in the centre of the line on open ground. Round shots and shells ploughed the field. From the rebel infantry were poured showers of deadly missiles, as in repeated assaults and with ever fresh troops they charged forth; but though outnumbered three to one, and outflanked, that devoted corps stood firm, dealing death in return upon the daring foe, and when finally it was forced to retire went defiantly with flaunting colors, often halting to deliver its fire. The rebel General Hill reported at

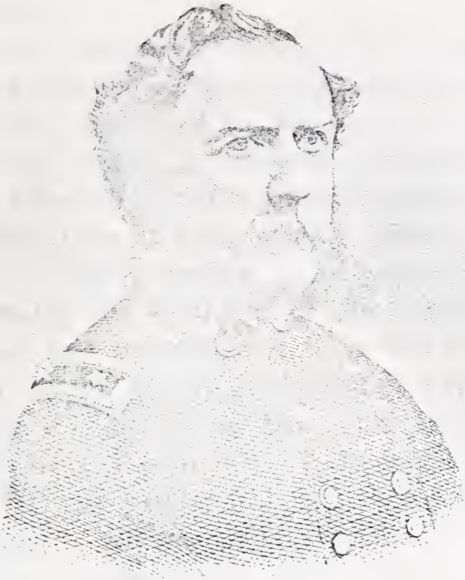
evening to Lee that the Yankees had fought with a determination unusual to them. Changes of front were repeatedly, and with the utmost precision, made under Colonel Dana's orders, and new lines of defence formed as the exigencies demanded, and after the close of this severe and prolonged struggle the remains of the brigade were withdrawn in good order through the town and formed on Cemetery Hill. Few commands lost more heavily or did more gallant service. During the succeeding days of the battle, he acted in support upon the left centre of the Union line.

In the battle of the Wilderness, on the first day of the fight, Colonel Dana was wounded, his horse having been shot under him, and he was taken captive. For three months he languished in rebel prisons, and a part of the time was held under the fire of the Union guns at Charleston. After regaining his freedom he rejoined his command, then before Petersburg, and in the battles at Poplar Grove Church, Hatcher's Run, Weldon Railroad, Petersburg, and a Second Hatcher's Run, he bore an important part, commanding for a portion of the time his old brigade, though having been transferred, in the consolidation of organizations, to the Fifth corps. In the siege of Petersburg Colonel Dana was especially commended by General Warren in command of the Fifth corps, for his energy and courage displayed in advancing, against strong opposition, the corps skirmish line. The line in front of the corps was irregular, a covert of wood sheltering the enemy, who had established several advanced posts. To straighten it and drive the enemy out was strongly desired by the Union commander, and this Colonel Dana was set to do. Making his dispositions he ordered a bold movement, and after a severe struggle routed the foe and gained the ground. This gave the Union line the advantage of the wood where the enemy had lurked. He was subsequently brevetted a Brigadier-General.

At the close of the war General Dana resumed the practice of his profession, and in 1867 was elected an additional law judge for the eleventh judicial district, in which capacity he is now acting. In person he is of medium height, and of fair complexion. He was married on the 28th of March, 1842, to Miss Sarah H. Peters.

CHAPTER XII.

SAMUEL WYLIE CRAWFORD, Colonel of the Second infantry, Brigadier-General of volunteers, and Brevet Major-General, was born in Franklin county, Pennsylvania, of Scotch descent. He was educated at the University in Philadelphia, where he graduated in the Collegiate department in 1846, and in the Medical in 1850. He was appointed Assistant Surgeon on the 10th of March, 1851, and till 1856 served in Texas and New Mexico, in the practice of his profession and in scientific research. During this time he made extensive collections in natural history, in a region hitherto little known—El Paso del Norte; and wrote a treatise on the fauna and flora of the country upon the head-waters of the Rio San Saba, which was published by Congress. Receiving orders to return, he passed through Mexico, and upon his arrival at the city of Mexico, the United States Minister, by consent of the War Department, retained him at the legation to assist in the negotiation of a treaty then pending. In 1857 he bore a barometer to the summit of the volcano Popocatepetl, reaching the crater in company of a single guide. The measurement which he made of its altitude was reported to the Prussian Government by a party of scientists sent out to verify Humboldt's discoveries, but who failed to make the ascent. Not content with his first experience he again wended his way to its dizzy heights, remained all night in the crater, was let down by cords into its depths, and brought out valuable mineralogical specimens, which were deposited in the cabinet at West Point. He also ascended Istuchihuatle (the White Woman), verifying the fact that no traces could be discovered of volcanic activity. For his explorations here he was



S. W. Crawford

made a member of the Geographical Society of Mexico. At the conclusion of leave of absence he was the bearer of despatches to Washington, and after his arrival was ordered to duty as Assistant Surgeon with the troops in Kansas. In 1860 he was assigned as Surgeon with the forces at Fort Moultrie, in Charleston harbor, reporting to Lieutenant-Colonel John Gardner of the First artillery.

On the ever memorable evening of December 26th, 1860, the faithful and chivalrous Major Anderson determined to abandon Moultrie and remove all to Sumter, an act to which he was incited by the highest considerations of patriotic duty. In an enterprise of hazard like this Surgeon Crawford could not be content to confine himself to the simple duties of his post, and upon the seizure of Sumter applied to be assigned as an officer of the line, illustrating the sentiment of the hero in Ivanhoe: "Thou knowest not how impossible it is to one trained to actions of chivalry to remain passive as a priest or a woman when they are acting deeds of honor around him. The love of battle is the food upon which we live—the dust of the mêlée is the breath of our nostrils. We wish to live no longer than while we are victorious and renowned." He was assigned as desired, and throughout the bombardment commanded a battery of two thirty-two and one forty-two pounders. He assisted Captain Foster in spiking the guns at Moultrie, on the 26th, and on the following day returned to that fort and aided in destroying the gun carriages, and in the removal of the ammunition and stores. His nerve in the fight was the subject of commendation by Major Anderson in his communications to the War Department and he was recommended for the rank of Brevet Major.

With honor unsullied, having defended the fort until their supplies were exhausted and their quarters burned, the troops under Major Anderson retired and proceeded to New York, where Crawford was assigned to duty at Governor's Island. While here he was appointed Major of the Thirteenth infantry, and ordered to duty with General Rosecrans, then operating in West Virginia against the rebel General Floyd. Upon his arrival he was appointed Assistant Inspector-General of the department and was employed in this capacity, and as special

Aide-de-camp to the General in that short but brilliant campaign which routed the enemy. On his return with General Rosecrans to Wheeling, he was recommended for appointment to Brigadier-General, in response to a request from General McClellan to name two officers from that department for that rank. He was appointed accordingly, and ordered to report for duty to General Banks in the Shenandoah Valley. He was with that General, acting upon his staff, at the battle of Winchester, and in the retirement to the Potomac was assigned to the command of a brigade, which he continued to lead in the movement up the valley. On the 3d of August he made a reconnoissance to Orange Court House, and in a brisk action discovered that Jackson and Ewell were concentrating at Gordonsville and Louisa Court House. On the 8th of August he was sent to the support of Bayard who was falling back with his cavalry, and established himself at Cedar Run, checking the enemy's advance. In the battle of Cedar Mountain, on the following day, Crawford had the extreme right of the line. At a critical juncture he moved under a severe fire, flanking the enemy upon the left and turning him out of his position, but was in turn driven, Jackson having been heavily reinforced. For three days skirmishing was kept up upon the Rappahannock, and during the Second Bull Run battle he commanded a division. At Turner's Gap and at Antietam he led a brigade of seven regiments, and, after the fall of General Mansfield, a division. At daylight on the 17th of September, on the Antietam field, he advanced to battle and drove the enemy across the Hagerstown road. In an attempt to clear the wood around the Dunkard Church he was severely wounded, but refused to leave the field, and when General Franklin subsequently came to his relief, accompanied him in his advance, pointing out the positions held by the foe. His wound becoming painful, he retired to a hospital. Before recovering completely he applied for light duty and was appointed a member of a military commission sitting in Washington.

On the 19th of May, 1863, General Crawford was assigned to the command of the Pennsylvania Reserves, and, on the 23d of June, was ordered to join the Army of the Potomac, marching with the Fifth corps to Gettysburg. On the afternoon of the 2d

of July he was sent to the left, and took position on the slopes of Little Round Top. Four of his regiments under Colonel Fisher he ordered to the support of Vincent's brigade, then engaged in a mortal struggle with Hood. The balance of his command he formed for a charge to meet the oncoming enemy, who had broken and driven every Union force hitherto sent against them. Knowing that the moment was a critical one he rode down the line, calling upon his troops to move forward, and seizing the flag of the first, advanced to the charge. An act like this has never failed to inspire men. A similar instance is recorded of Reynolds at Bull Run; and at Charles City Cross Roads the dauntless Kearny, seeing the right of his brigade giving way, with his reins in his teeth, his only arm wielding his sword, dashed down between the hostile lines where the missiles of death were mercilessly raining. Awed by the majesty of the act, both sides ceased firing. Crawford's men were not less susceptible, and when the word was given to advance they moved with unfaltering step, breasted the storm that was beating full in their faces, reached the stone wall behind which the enemy had been sheltering themselves, and drove them in confusion. On the following day, under the immediate supervision of General Meade, Crawford's command moved upon the forces of Hood, made some captures, and held the ground which had been lost on the previous evening.

After leaving Gettysburg, General Crawford took part in the operations at Falling Waters, Manassas Gap, Rappahannock Station, and Mine Run, and during the succeeding winter was posted on the line of the Orange and Alexandria railroad. In the reorganization of the army for the spring campaign he was given command of the Third division of the Fifth corps. In the Wilderness he had the advance of his corps, and on the second day had position on its right near the centre of the army. At evening he was sent to the support of the Sixth corps on the extreme right of the whole line, where the enemy had attempted a surprise. The operations at Laurel Hill, Spottsylvania Court House, and the North Anna were protracted from the 7th to the 30th of May, and were almost one ceaseless battle. On the latter date was the engagement at Bethesda Church, in which the Pennsyl-

vania Reserves bore a conspicuous part. It was their last battle. Their term of service ended on the following day; the time of a part of them had already expired, and they were fighting for the love they bore the flag. The battle was severe, but the Reserves were triumphant. It was characterized by the Richmond papers as "sad and distressing."

The Union army crossed the James on the 16th of June, 1864, and found its old antagonist seated in front of Petersburg. On the 18th and 21st of August there was severe fighting at the Weldon Railroad, near the Yellow or Globe Tavern, in which Crawford was warmly engaged. He had advanced over rugged ground and received from General Warren, who commanded the Fifth corps, the following commendation of his conduct: "You have done well in getting forward through that difficult country. Make yourself as strong as you can, and hold on. I will try to reinforce you." But the line was too attenuated and too much concealed from observation, and the enemy, seeing his advantage, massed his forces and broke through, flanking the position and making considerable captures. To add to the confusion the Union artillery, seeing the rebel infantry in rear of the Union line, opened upon them, destroying friend and foe alike. It required a master hand to extricate the forces from this sad situation. But the lines were reformed, and advanced to the position from which they had been driven. A sharp action at Hatcher's Run on the 27th of October, and the raid to Sussex Court House and Hicksford on the 5th of December, closed the operations of the year.

The spring campaign of 1865 opened on the 5th of February, when Crawford moved with his division, in connection with a heavy body, to Dabney's Mills. The enemy had anticipated the move, and was in waiting to receive him. A sharp and protracted encounter followed, in which the rebel General Pegram was killed and General Sorrel wounded. For the good conduct of his division here he received the commendation of Generals Warren and Meade. After his return to camp he was offered the command of all the cavalry of the Potomac army, which he declined. On the 30th of March General Crawford led his division out for the last time—a campaign then opening which ended in the sur-

render of Lee with his entire army. At the White Oak Road, near Gravelly Run Church, he moved upon the rebel rear over difficult ground and promptly attacked while Griffin and Ayer pressed in front. The movement was opportune and skilfully executed. The fighting was severe but entirely successful. "A four-gun battery," he says in his report, "under Colonel Pegram, and the battle-flag of the Thirty-second Virginia infantry, were captured and the enemy routed in confusion. We were now within the enemy's intrenchments, and he was retreating before us. Here I met and joined Griffin's division, and, changing direction again under General Warren's orders, we moved in a southeasterly direction until dark, when all the enemy had fled. In this battle I lost over three hundred in killed and wounded." With relentless earnestness the pursuit was pushed, and on the 9th the surrender was made.

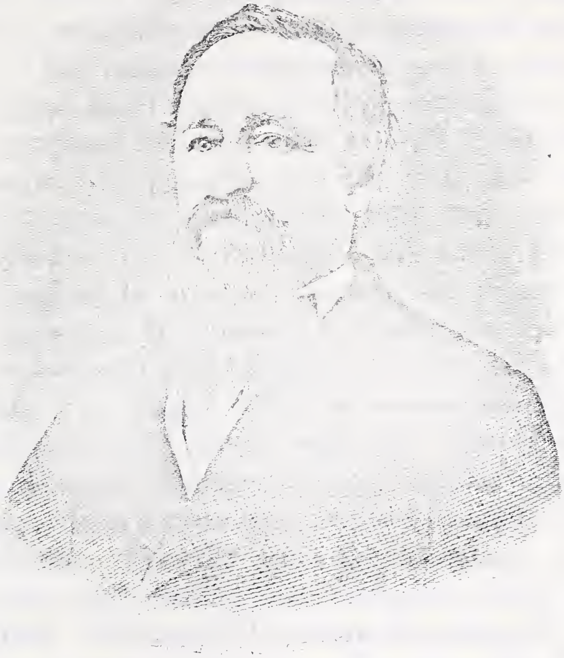
General Crawford returned to Washington, and during the succeeding summer his division was mustered out, but he continued in the volunteer service until January, 1866. From that date until the 30th of July, 1867, he was on leave of absence awaiting orders, at the end of which time he joined his regiment and had command of the military post at Louisville, Kentucky. Upon the reduction of the infantry from forty-five to twenty-five regiments he was selected to command the Second, though the last Colonel promoted. In April, 1869, he was transferred to Alabama, and placed in command of the post at Huntsville and of the troops in the State, besides performing important general court-martial duty. On the 21st of December, 1871, he was granted leave of absence on surgeon's certificate, and on the 19th of February was reported by the Army Board "incapacitated for active service by reason of a gunshot wound received at the battle of Antietam, September 17th, 1862, while holding the rank of Brigadier-General of volunteers, and exercising the command of a Major-General," and the President directed "that his name be placed on the list of retired officers of that class in which the disability results from long and faithful service, or from wounds or injury received in the line of duty." His attainments in science have earned for him merited recognition. He is a member of the Historical Societies of New York and Pennsylvania, of the Geographical Society

of New York, and of the Society of Natural History of Philadelphia. The degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by the University of Pennsylvania in 1870.

CHARLES ALBRIGHT, Colonel of the One Hundred and Thirty-second regiment and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born on the 13th of December, 1830, in Berks county, Pennsylvania. He was the son of Solomon and Mary (Miller) Albright. He was educated at Dickinson College, and studied law at Ebensburg with Robert L. Johnson. He subsequently removed to Mauch Chunk, where he acquired a commanding influence both in his profession and in politics. He was married in 1852 to Miss Naomi E. Wingard, daughter of Valentine Wingard. In stature he is above the medium height. He is methodical and temperate, eschewing altogether tobacco and spirituous liquors. In 1854 he went with Governor Reeder to Kansas, where he was involved in the troubles of that infant State, allying himself actively with the Free State party, and contending, as was the right of citizens, for the consecration of that virgin soil to the cause of freedom forever.

Returning to his native State he became absorbed in the great questions overshadowing every other, which finally culminated in civil war. His interest in the safety of the incoming administration led him to Washington on the occasion of the inauguration of President Lincoln in 1861, and though seeing this happily accomplished he could discern the low mutterings of the coming storm, and remaining at the Capital attached himself to the Clay battalion for its defence. He was subsequently appointed Major of the One Hundred and Thirty-second regiment, and after the battle of Antietam, when the Colonel was killed, he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel. At Fredericksburg nearly one-half of this gallant body was either killed or wounded. In January following he was made Colonel, and was assigned to the leadership of a brigade in the Second corps, distinguishing himself in the battle of Chancellorsville.

In June, 1863, he was assigned to the command of Camp Muhlenburg, at Reading, and in the emergency occasioned by the invasion of the State by the rebel army was appointed Colonel



Chas Albright

of the Thirty-fourth militia, with which he was sent to Philadelphia in apprehension of trouble from the enforcement of the draft. The turbulent elements were greatly excited, and riot and bloodshed seemed imminent. Colonel Albright went fully determined to maintain order. To avoid the appearance of a challenge he halted his column in Chestnut street, and ordered an inspection and a discharge of all loaded arms. Moving to camp where disturbance was feared, by a free conference with persons having great influence with the masses he gave assurance of his pacific desires, but of his resolute intentions if put to the test. His reasonable temper had the effect to allay excitement. Peace was preserved throughout the city, while at New York, where a less judicious course was pursued, riot and civil strife reigned supreme. His temperate management here drew upon him the favorable regard of the Government, and when troubles arose in the coal regions he was sent among the miners to quell a threatened uprising. By rare tact he discovered the ringleaders, had them arrested, and soon brought the entire section to a peaceable condition. In August, 1864, he was commissioned Colonel of the Two Hundred and Second regiment. Soon after taking the field he was detached and sent to quell troubles existing in Columbia county, where lawless men, inspired by crafty leaders, were defying authority. Speedily were the operations of the band discovered, their evil machinations brought to light, and further trouble averted. Returning, he resumed command of his regiment, and was sent out upon the Manassas Gap Railroad infested by numerous bands of guerillas bent upon interrupting trains employed in transporting stores to Sheridan in the Valley. He here succeeded to the command of a brigade. A warm engagement occurred near Fairfax Station, in which Moseby was routed and the disposition to attack broken. When no longer needed for this purpose the road was abandoned and his command went into quarters at Fairfax Station. Against this isolation he protested, being eager to join the Grand Army before Petersburg; but the Government refused to listen to his appeals.

On the 25th of March, 1865, he was appointed and confirmed Brigadier-General by brevet. He continued in service until August, when he returned to his home at Mauch Chunk and re-

sumed the practice of his profession, where he has also been largely engaged in iron, slate, and mining interests, and as President of the Second National Bank. He is known and esteemed as a member of the Methodist Episcopal church, in which he has been an active worker for many years, and was one of the two lay delegates from the Philadelphia Conference to the General Conference which convened in Brooklyn in 1872. He was a delegate to the Chicago Convention which put in nomination Mr. Lincoln for the Presidency, and also to that which sat in Philadelphia and renominated President Grant, where he acted as chairman of the Committee on Permanent Organization. At the general State election held in the fall of 1872 he was chosen one of the representatives at large to the United States Congress, in which capacity he is now serving.

IRA AYER, JR., Colonel of the Tenth Reserve regiment, was born in Erie county, New York, on the 14th of July, 1836. He was the son of Ira and Julia M. (Wadsworth) Ayer. At the opening of the Rebellion he was a student of Allegheny College. Without waiting for authority he called together his fellow-students, and having had some training in the Sixty-seventh militia, of which his father was Colonel, commenced drilling them. Though earnest in his appeals his company failed of acceptance, until the Reserve corps was authorized, when it was mustered as Company I of the Tenth. He was first in action at Dranesville. He seems to have had a poetic appreciation of valor; for when General Ord, who commanded in the battle, came galloping forward, leading Easton's battery into action, he thus records his impressions: "Just then Ord came dashing up. 'Make way for my artillery,' he shouted, and without slackening his speed dashed by, while his 'war-dogs' followed close behind. The General was an old artillerist, and knew well how to value this arm of the service. The scene was, I think, the most animated that I witnessed during the war. He was mounted on a beautiful bay, and as he rode up, his eyes flashing fire and every lineament of his countenance betokening courage, his presence inspired all with confidence."

In the battle of Beaver Dam Creek he was sent forward with

his company to occupy the skirmish line, and remained in this advanced position during the entire engagement, the regiment acquitting itself in the most gallant manner. "About ten o'clock," he says, "the roar of artillery had ceased. In our advanced position we could hear distinctly the movements of the enemy, and the cries and shrieks of the wounded and dying, as they lay where they had fallen or were being moved from the field." In the battle of the following day, at Gaines' Mill, he received a gunshot wound in the right side and a severe contusion of the right arm. "Colonel Warner," he says, "mustered the regiment on the 30th, and I shall never forget the glow of soldierly pride with which he commended the company's bravery, and viewed its thinned but still compact ranks." And now came the change of base, with infinite discomfort to the wounded and worn-out soldiers. But a place of rest had not been gained before the enemy attacked, now at Charles City Cross Roads. The Reserves felt the first shock and were terribly scourged, but suffered no diminution of gallantry. In the Seven Days of this contest Captain Ayer's company lost more heavily in killed and wounded than any in the division. As it was the representative of one of the most prominent colleges in the State, the fact may be regarded as significant.

At Bull Run, Captain Ayer received a severe wound. Passing over this field nearly a year afterwards the recollections of the battle were brought vividly to his mind and he thus wrote to a friend: "A little farther on we came to the scene of our last year's operations. There is the very field where we lay, Thursday night, August 28th, all day under a hot sun, covered a little from the enemy. This was near Groveton. Yonder is the wood where our regiment made a charge to take a rebel battery, but without success, and there is the field where they shelled us after dark, throwing their missiles very accurately, but, as it happened, without effect. That was Friday evening, the 29th; and there is the field where our regiment stood picket the same night. Passing on a little farther we come to the house near which we lay Saturday, before we were ordered into the engagement. But here to the right is the very spot where the regiment fought. There fell Captain Hinch-

man, of Company A, and it is said that he is buried in that little rail enclosure. Here, too, fell Tryon and Pearl; and Phelps, our Lieutenant, a bold and dashing officer, was here shot through the breast. No better men graced the ranks of the Union army. On this same ridge the rebel bullet struck my arm, and another went through my hat. The former made a sad hole in my canteen, causing all my cold coffee to run out. The boys in going over the field to-day found what they asserted to be the selfsame canteen; but they were mistaken, for I carried it off with me." His wound was a severe one, fracturing the left forearm. At Gettysburg, while reconnoitring, he was fired at by two sharpshooters from an unexpected quarter, but was not hit. Turning suddenly back, a third shot was fired, which just grazed his side, making a deep abrasion, and would have done certain execution had it not been fired at the instant of his turning away, carrying him out of aim after the missile had actually left the piece.

He had been promoted to the rank of Major on the 18th of October, 1862, and on the 18th of December, 1863, was advanced to Lieutenant-Colonel and placed in command of the regiment. When it entered the Wilderness campaign it went with the free step and the resolute mien of the best trained and organized soldiers. It had not penetrated far before the old foe was met. In a letter dated May 6th, the second day of the battle, he says: "Our division had been rapidly ordered forward, preparatory as was supposed to a charge upon the enemy's works. I was leading my regiment into line when hit by a bullet from one of the enemy's sharpshooters, which passed through the large bone of my leg, causing a very painful though I hope not dangerous wound. I was compelled to leave the field at once, which I did after exhorting my men to do their duty."

For more than a year after the Reserve corps had completed its period of service and been mustered out he was disabled. He was brevetted Colonel for this action, and was warmly complimented by Generals Crawford and Fisher. Only by wounds, however, was he kept from the field, possessing a good constitution and actuated by real patriotism. In person he is six feet in

height, well formed, and of fair complexion. At college he manifested a strong liking for mathematics and natural science, and later in his course for lingual studies. Strictly temperate—of tobacco and spirituous liquors abstemious—he was little affected by temptation, as the habits of youth are strengthened and confirmed by time.

Colonel Ayer was married on the 21st of December, 1863, to Miss Jennie James, whose mother had, during the war, ministered at the bedside of many sick and dying soldiers, evincing a patriotism as sincere and fervid as the man who bore the musket and met face to face the foe. She watched at the side of one of the brave men of Ayer's company, Edwin B. Pier, a scholar of promise, and after his death wrote a most touching letter, descriptive of the Christian fortitude of the departed young soldier. When Ayer next visited Washington, he called upon the family to tender his acknowledgments for the kindness shown his beloved companion-in-arms, and then for the first time met the daughter. The acquaintance ripened into esteem, and finally resulted in their marriage. At the close of the war, Colonel Ayer settled in Virginia, and now resides at Norfolk, where he holds a responsible position in the civil service of the General Government.

HENRY JACKSON SHEAFER, Brevet Colonel of the One Hundred and Seventh regiment, was born in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, on the 21st of May, 1826. His grandfather, George Sheafer, emigrated to this country from Alsace, France. His maternal ancestors were Scotch. His opportunities for education were limited. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to a druggist. At twenty he went to South Carolina, but returning north two years later, engaged in mercantile business in Milton, Northumberland county, and was united in marriage to Annrica O. Wood, daughter of Nicholas B. Wood, of Harrisburg. In 1856 he removed to Minnesota, where he was largely employed in the lumber trade. In 1858 he was elected a member of the Minnesota Legislature from Dakota county.

Returning to Pennsylvania at the opening of the war he recruited a company for the One Hundred and Seventh, of which

he was Captain. He remained with McDowell during the Peninsula campaign, and was at Thoroughfare Gap, and in the Second Bull Run battle. At South Mountain, and again at Antietam, he particularly distinguished himself, in the latter engagement commanding one wing of the regiment, and holding it on the hottest part of the field until every cartridge had been spent. He was again sharply engaged at Fredericksburg. At Chancellorsville, after the Union army had retired to its more contracted position, he was sent upon the skirmish line with four companies, where he was obliged to stand for forty hours without relief, and where the officers were obliged to use harsh words and even resort to blows to keep the men awake. He had some time previous been commissioned Major. In the battle of Gettysburg he was severely wounded on the first day.

In the subsequent campaign of 1863, and in the Wilderness campaign of 1864, Major Sheafer was constantly at the post of duty, a considerable portion of the time having command of the regiment, and in all places proving himself a cool, brave, and reliable officer. He served through the siege of Petersburg, and was mustered out at the expiration of his term, in March, 1865, having been brevetted, in the meantime, Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel. On retiring from the army he engaged in an active business life in Harrisburg. In 1872 he was elected Sheriff of Dauphin county, which position he now fills.

JAMES GETTYS ELDER, Colonel of the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth regiment, was born on the 13th of February, 1822, in Franklin county, Pennsylvania. He was the son of James and Rachel (McAfee) Elder. He received a common school education, and learned the trade of a saddler, but engaged in mercantile pursuits. For a period of twenty years he served in the militia, holding the ranks of Captain, Major, and Brigade Inspector. He served as Captain in the Second regiment for three months' service. He was afterwards active in forming the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth regiment for nine months, of which he was commissioned Colonel. He first led his command into battle on the disastrous field of Fredericksburg—doubly disastrous to Colonel Elder. He was in Tyler's brigade of Humphrey's division which

was led against Marye's Heights, at a point where the rebel line was impregnable, and against which the Union forces dashed in fiery waves. In one of these Colonel Elder led his command, and when the storm of battle was at its height was struck by two musket balls in the thigh, inflicting dangerous and ghastly wounds. He was carried from the field and his wounds dressed; but for many months was unable to move, and when, after great suffering, he came forth from the hospital where his life had been in peril he came with one limb permanently shortened. Previous to the war Colonel Elder had served as a justice of the peace, and after its close he was elected Treasurer of Franklin county. He has richly earned the title of a defender of his country.

JAMES F. WEAVER, Colonel of the One Hundred and Forty-eighth regiment, was born on the 6th of November, 1830, near Bellefonte. He was the son of John and Elizabeth (Poorman) Weaver. He received a common school education, and at the age of seventeen was apprenticed to the business of printing, and became editor of the *Centre Democrat*. He was married in December, 1851, to Miss Mary M. Hall, daughter of T. M. Hall, of Milesburg. He displayed untiring zeal in recruiting troops for the One Hundred and Forty-eighth regiment, and was commissioned Captain of Company B. He participated in the battles of Chancellorsville, Po River, Spottsylvania, and in the actions before Petersburg. He was struck by a fragment of shell at the Po, but not disabled. For his conduct at Ream's Station he was complimented upon the field by General Miles, commander of the division. He received the successive promotions of Major, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Colonel. He commanded the regiment in the final campaign, and returned with it to be mustered out of service. In person he is six feet in height, slender but erect, and of manners affable and courteous.

PETER HOLLINGSHEAD ALLABACH, Colonel of the One Hundred and Thirty-first regiment, was born on the 9th of September, 1824, in Luzerne county, Pennsylvania. He was the son of Peter and Elizabeth (Van Camp) Allabach. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to a millwright, where he remained

three years. On the 25th of November, 1844, he enlisted as a private in the regular army, serving in the Third infantry. In July, 1845, he went to Texas under General Taylor, and in the war with Mexico took part in the battles of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Cherubusco, Chapultepec, Garita de Belen, and street fights in the city of Mexico. He displayed great gallantry at Cherubusco, placing the flag of his regiment on the ramparts, for which he was recommended for promotion. In 1849, after a service of five years, he left the army. In 1851 he was married to Miss N. Gertrude Blanchard.

When the One Hundred and Thirty-first regiment was formed, he was appointed Colonel. The five years of service in the regular army now proved of signal benefit, and when his regiment reached the field he was placed in command of a brigade, which he continued to exercise until the expiration of the nine months for which his regiment was enlisted. At Fredericksburg, he took the lead of his brigade in the charge on Marye's Heights, where the earth was slippery with patriot blood. But he was unable to effect more than those who had gone before, and was recalled to give place to other victims. The heroism of his troops was tested, as it has rarely been in the history of warfare, and they were not found wanting. At Chancellorsville, his brigade met the enemy in his first advance on the 1st of May, and again on the 3d, when the army was struggling to gather up its strength after the fatal blow of Stonewall Jackson. The fighting was desperate, and it was only by the most determined courage that the army was saved from destruction and brought behind a new fortified line. When the term of the regiment had expired, he was mustered out of service and returned to private life.

David B. McCreary, Colonel of the One Hundred and Forty-fifth regiment and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born in Erie county, Pennsylvania, on the 27th of February, 1826. He was of Scotch-Irish extraction, his ancestors having originally settled in Lancaster and Dauphin counties, whence his parents removed to the place of his birth early in the present century.

He was educated at Washington College. Like many other soldiers who attained distinction in the late war, he passed his novitiate in the Wayne Guards, under command of John W. McLane, and when that sterling officer recruited the Erie regiment for three months McCreary served with him as a Lieutenant. In the raising of the One Hundred and Forty-fifth he labored assiduously, and was elected Captain of Company D, and afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel. He reached the front just as the two armies were joining battle on the field of Antietam, and was under fire. He participated in the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Mine Run, Cold Harbor, and Petersburg. At Fredericksburg the slaughter was terrible. At Petersburg, on the 16th of June, 1864, his brigade made a daring charge over open ground upon an enemy well intrenched. The movement was heroically executed, but it proved vain, and while endeavoring to establish a line the force was flanked and the entire body, including Colonel McCreary, who was in command of the regiment, fell into the enemy's hands. For a period of ten months he had experience of Libby, Macon, Charleston, and Columbia. Upon his release the war was well nigh at an end, and he was mustered out with his regiment. He was commissioned Colonel, and was brevetted Colonel and Brigadier-General by the President. Upon his return to private life he resumed the practice of law, which he had abandoned on going to the field. General McCreary was a member of the Legislature of Pennsylvania at the sessions of 1866, 1867, and 1870, where he took high rank as a debater and working member, and was Adjutant-General of the State under Governor Geary in 1867–'68, and 1869.

JAMES A. GALLIGHER, Colonel of the Thirteenth cavalry, was born in Philadelphia, on the 4th of April, 1814. His father, Philip Galligher, was a native of Belfast, Ireland. He was educated at Gettysburg, but in his youthful exuberance of spirits cared more for equestrian exercise than the abstruse principles of science. He finally became an instructor of horsemanship and sword practice. He was active in recruiting at the opening of the war and became Colonel of the Thirteenth cavalry. He was ordered to duty at Point of Rocks, and while scouting in

that vicinity his troops brought in a Captain Jones, of the British army, who had upon his person photographs of all the fortifications in and about Richmond, and of over a hundred rebel ladies and army officers. In the campaign in the Shenandoah Valley under General Milroy, Colonel Galligher was ceaselessly employed against the irregular bands of Moseby and White, who, by their complete acquaintance with the country and having the population in their interest, were able to do great injury to the Union forces. In a charge upon the enemy at Fisher's Hill he was thrown from his horse and received internal injuries which eventually compelled him to withdraw from the service. He was subsequently appointed Assistant Assessor of Internal Revenue for the Fifth District of Pennsylvania. Colonel Galligher was by natural taste and inclination a soldier. His regiment was kept in excellent condition, for which he was especially complimented by his superior officers.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN WINGER, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second artillery, was born in Lancaster county, on the 27th of November, 1835. He was the son of Joseph and Esther (Buckwalter) Winger. He was ambitious for a military education, and, failing in an application to the member of Congress from his district, he sought the appointment at large to West Point from Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, but without success. He served as Captain in the militia and aid to the General of division. He was married on the 20th of May, 1857, to Miss Susan J. Duffield. In August, 1862, he was commissioned a First Lieutenant in the Second artillery, and in that capacity served in the defences of Washington until detailed on duty as Assistant Inspector-General in the defences north of the Potomac. In the summer of 1864, this regiment, which numbered over 4000 men, was organized as two infantry regiments and sent to the front. Lieutenant Winger was commissioned Captain of Company B, of the new regiment, but declined this honor, preferring to remain with his old company. For fifty-five days his command was kept in the trenches. In one instance he was ordered by General Ames to advance between the hostile lines, where several officers while examining the picket posts had been

captured, and lay an abatis for their protection. This he promptly undertook and accomplished without loss, and without even drawing the fire of the foe. At another time he was ordered to occupy an old picket line on the Petersburg front, and was compelled to advance directly over the breastworks in the face of a storm of bullets. Calling for volunteers, he effected his purpose with small loss, the new line being permanently held and strengthened. In September, the remnants of the two regiments were reunited, and in January following Captain Winger was promoted to Major. In May, to Lieutenant-Colonel of the combined regiments. After the close of the war he resumed mercantile pursuits, for which he had early manifested aptitude. At the end of two years he was elected a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, for the counties of Franklin and Perry, and at the conclusion of his term commenced the study of law in the office of Judge Rowe, which he now practises at the courts of Franklin county.

RICHARD BIDDLE ROBERTS, Colonel of the First Reserve regiment, was born at Pittsburg, August 25th, 1825. He was the son of Edward J. and Eliza (Campbell) Roberts. He received a liberal education, and showed an aptness for the profession of law, upon the practice of which he early entered. When hostilities opened he lost no time in volunteering, and aided in raising the Twelfth regiment, in which he was commissioned Captain, but was soon after promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel on the staff of Governor Curtin.

Upon the formation of the celebrated Reserve corps, he was commissioned Colonel of its First regiment. In the opening engagement of the Seven Days' battle on the Peninsula, five companies of this regiment were the first to be attacked; but, from the sheltered position which they finally assumed behind Beaver Dam Creek and from which the united regiment fought, little loss was experienced, though the enemy was terribly scourged. At Gaines' Mill, on the following day, Colonel Roberts fought under the eye of General Porter, in chief command upon the field, and won his approval by the gallantry and steadiness with which every order was executed.

The army of the Potomac was never in more imminent danger of rout and destruction than at Charles City Cross Roads on the 30th of July, 1862. The Reserves, thirteen regiments of infantry, were drawn up in two lines across the New Market road, covering the Charles City and Quaker roads. The flanks not connecting immediately with other troops were exposed, and when the attack was pressed suffered severely; but the valor of the Reserves was successful in breaking the force in their front until nightfall, when the battle ceased and the foe retired from the contest, abandoning his cherished purpose of severing the Union army and beating it in detail. General McCall, who commanded the Reserves, says in his official report: "Cooper's and Kern's batteries, in front of the centre, were boldly charged upon, each time a regiment dashing up to within forty or fifty yards. They were then hurled back by a storm of canister and the deliberate fire of the First regiment, Colonel Roberts, whom I had placed immediately in the rear of Kern's, and the Ninth, Colonel Jackson, in the rear of Cooper's. The contest was severe and put the steadiness of these regiments to the test; both suffered heavy loss, but particularly the First regiment, whose gallant Lieutenant-Colonel (McIntire) was severely wounded."

Not less gallant was the conduct of Colonel Roberts at South Mountain. The Reserves were the first to come up to Turner's Gap, where the rebel troops were strongly posted in the fastnesses of this great natural barrier. Far down on the breast of the mountain was a stone wall behind which was the rebel skirmish line. Against this Colonel Roberts led his men with unflinching bravery. The fire was severe; but undaunted he pushed forward, and, scaling the rugged breastwork and following up the advantage, wavered not until rock and steep acclivity were passed and the enemy driven from his well-chosen position.

At the close of this campaign Governor Curtin called Colonel Roberts again to his assistance. His executive and legal ability, with his knowledge of the special duties of the position, fitted him to decide the delicate questions involved in granting promotions with rare tact. To this call he acceded, and, having been discharged at the Governor's request, at once resumed its duties. By the report of his department for the year 1864 it appears

that four thousand commissions were issued upon orders from his office. When it is remembered that for almost every one of these were several applicants, and that all the testimony in each case had to be considered, weighed and acted on, some idea can be formed of the amount of patient labor involved. Thirty thousand commissions had been issued previous to the year 1864. Before the opening of the Rebellion Colonel Roberts had held the office of Clerk to the United States District Court for Allegheny County from 1853 to 1856, and United States Attorney for the Western District of Pennsylvania from 1857 to 1861. He married in 1854 Miss Mary H. Anderson. In 1869 he removed from Pittsburg, where, after the close of the war, he had resumed the practice of his profession, to Chicago, where he now resides.

CHARLES HENRY BUEHLER, Colonel of the One Hundred and Sixty-fifth regiment, was born at Gettysburg, on the 9th of February, 1825. He was the son of Samuel H. and Catharine (Doenner) Buehler. He was educated in the Pennsylvania College at Gettysburg, and afterwards learned the business of printing in the office of the Gettysburg *Sentinel*. He subsequently became one of the editors and proprietors of the Gettysburg *Star*. For a number of years he was Captain of the Independent Blues, a volunteer company, and at the breaking out of the war was a Brigadier-General of the State militia. He promptly tendered the services of his company and was ordered into camp at York. He served with Patterson during the three months' campaign in the Shenandoah Valley. At its conclusion he was chosen Major of the Eighty-seventh. He was at first posted on the Northern Central Railway, and subsequently was sent into West Virginia, where he acted in the columns of Kelly and Milroy. After a service of one year and three months he resigned to accept promotion to Colonel of the One Hundred and Sixty-fifth, to which he had been unanimously elected, and which was composed largely of men from his native town. With his command he participated actively under General Peck in the defence of Suffolk. He was selected by General Foster to head a force consisting of his own, the One Hundred and Sixty-sixth Pennsylvania, the Sixth Massachusetts, and a section of Neil's battery, ordered to

make a sortie on the Sommerton road on the 24th of April, 1863, while General Corcoran with a more powerful body should attack the enemy on the Edenton road. Colonel Buehler advanced about two miles, and having made his dispositions opened fire, feeling the enemy's intrenched position and making a strong demonstration. During the entire afternoon, and until recalled in the evening, he held the enemy at bay, and when he retired brought in all his killed and wounded. The siege was pushed by Longstreet with great energy and persistence for nearly a month, but he was foiled in all his attempts to carry the place and was finally compelled to retire. At the end of nine months, for which his regiment was called, he was mustered out. He is six feet and two inches in height and well proportioned. He is eminently social and personally popular. He was married in May, 1860, to Miss Annie Fœhnestock, of York. He has held the office of Chief Burgess of Gettysburg, and is much respected and esteemed as a citizen.

CHARLES C. CRESSON, Colonel of the Seventy-third regiment, was born on the 24th of February, 1845, in Philadelphia. He was the son of John B. and Amanda (Webb) Cresson, natives of that city through a remote ancestry. He was barely sixteen when the war broke out, and though his collegiate education was but partially completed, volunteered as Second Lieutenant in the Sixty-sixth regiment. After an existence of eight months, during which it was in the army of General Banks, not having the minimum strength it was disbanded, and the company to which Lieutenant Cresson was attached was assigned to the Seventy-third.

In the battle of Bull Run he was wounded in the right arm. Colonel Koltes, who led the regiment, was in the act of complimenting the Lieutenant for gallant conduct in taking an intrenched battery, and was but a few feet off when he was struck by a shell and instantly killed. After the battle, Lieutenant Cresson was promoted to Captain of his company, being the youngest commissioned officer in the service. At Chancellorsville his regiment was in the Eleventh corps, Buschbeck's brigade, the only one which offered anything like a well-regulated

defence. Captain Cresson was here severely wounded in the left side. He was sufficiently recovered to again lead at Gettysburg, his regiment covering the First and Eleventh corps in their retreat through the town, on the evening of the first day, having been posted in the houses and behind stone walls near the junction of the Emmittsburg with the Baltimore pike, and holding the approaches to Steinwehr's guns. In the formation for the second day, the regiment was put into position on Cemetery Hill on that part of the field where the line crossed the Taneytown road.

Soon after this battle Captain Cresson went with his corps to reinforce the Western Army at Chattanooga, and on the 1st of January, 1864, was promoted to the rank of Major. In the remarkable campaign of Sherman in his advance upon Atlanta, and in the no less noted March to the Sea, Major Cresson commanded his regiment, nearly all its field and line officers and many of its men having been captured in the assault upon Tunnel Hill on the extreme left of the line in the battle of Missionary Ridge. At Pine Knob he was wounded in the right shoulder, but kept the field. At Kenesaw Mountain he especially distinguished himself by the determined manner in which he held his position, when hard pressed by the foe. Resaca and Atlanta were no less disastrous to his command, and in each he rendered the most soldierly service. He was mentioned in general orders for perseverance and bravery in front of Savannah, while commanding a post of observation at Hutchinson's Island. Near the close of the year he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, and on the 1st of May, 1865, to Colonel, the lack of numbers in his regiment and the fact that the officers holding these positions were still in captivity preventing the promotions sooner, though he had long performed the duties. At the conclusion of the war he was appointed a Second Lieutenant, afterwards promoted to First Lieutenant and Brevet Major, in the regular service. Few officers in all the great army of the Union entered it so young, and won their way by steady promotion to the highest rank known to the regiment, as did Colonel Cresson. At sixteen he commenced his career a Sergeant. At twenty, a bronzed veteran, he left it a Colonel, having exercised its functions in three of the

most famous campaigns of the war. In the exciting operations against the Modocs among the lava beds of California in the spring of 1873, he participated with his company, coming often to close quarters with the treacherous savages, having several of his men killed and wounded, and finally sharing in the satisfaction of seeing Captain Jack and all his tribe, the murderers of Canby and Thomas, captives at his feet.

HENRY B. McKEAN, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Sixth Reserve regiment, was born on the 13th of September, 1831, in Troy, Bradford county, Pennsylvania. At the outbreak of the Rebellion he enlisted with two companies recruited at Towanda for the three months' service; but finding, on reaching Harrisburg, that more troops had been accepted than were needed, they were placed in camp and organized as a part of the Sixth Reserve, of which he was made Adjutant. At Dranesville this regiment had the centre of the line of battle, and here Adjutant McKean distinguished himself for his daring. Before its departure for the Peninsula he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, which position he held in the Seven Days' battle, and in Pope's and the Maryland campaigns. At South Mountain his regiment had the right of the line, and charged up the rugged declivity with complete success, flanking the enemy and putting him to rout. Not less determined was its conduct at Antietam, where, on the afternoon of the 16th of September, 1862, the Reserves opened the battle, and maintained their ground through the night, renewing the contest in the morning, and holding the foe at bay until ordered back. On account of severe and protracted illness he resigned on the 25th of November, 1862. Upon the invasion of the State in 1863, he raised a company for its defence, and was commissioned Colonel of the Thirty-fifth militia, which he commanded during the period of its service. Since his return to private life he has practised the profession of law at Towanda.

DAVID McCONAUGHY ARMOR, Lieutenant-Colonel of the One Hundred and First regiment, was born at Gettysburg, on the 2d of March, 1832. He was the son of George and Sarah (Gillespie) Armor. He was educated at the Pennsylvania College

at Gettysburg. In youth he was employed as a clerk in a store. In July, 1861, he was commissioned Captain of a company in the One Hundred and First regiment, which he led throughout the entire Peninsula campaign. He was in the midst of the hard fighting at Fair Oaks, and at its close was promoted, for "great gallantry and efficiency," to Major and three months later to Lieutenant-Colonel. After leaving the Peninsula his command was sent to North Carolina, where he participated in the battle of Kinston. His health from the outset had not been firm, and he was finally compelled to resign, which he did on the 2d of May, 1863. Colonel Armor had three brothers in the army: Thomas, who served in the Twenty-eighth, and upon the staff of General Geary; the other two in the One Hundred and First, James C. expiring of typhoid fever at Roanoke Island, North Carolina.

JACOB G. FRICK, Colonel of the One Hundred and Twenty-ninth regiment, was born on the 23d of January, 1825, at Northumberland. He was the son of John and Elizabeth (Gotshall) Frick. In the Mexican War he served as Second Lieutenant in the Third Ohio volunteers, and at its close was promoted by President Polk to Second Lieutenant in the Eleventh infantry. When the war of rebellion opened he was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the Ninety-sixth, and with that body participated in the battles of West Point, Gaines' Mill, Charles City Cross Roads, Malvern Hill, and Bull Run. Shortly afterwards he resigned to accept the position of Colonel of the One Hundred and Twenty-ninth regiment, one of the nine months' organizations. At the battle of Fredericksburg Colonel Frick led his command boldly forward, up to the very ramparts where the enemy, secure in his intrenchments, poured a merciless fire upon him. General Tyler, who commanded the brigade, says in his report: "These officers discharged their duties creditably and satisfactorily, their voices being frequently heard above the din of battle, urging on their men against the terrible shower of shot and shell, and the terrific musketry as we approached the stone wall. Of their conduct I cannot speak too highly."

At Chancellorsville, on the morning of the 3d of May, Colonel

Frick was brought into action on the ground where the heaviest fighting occurred. After holding his position against superior numbers until many of his men had fallen, he fell back, in obedience to orders, behind the artillery which had been brought up and was ready to open. Colonel Frick was of the rear guard in this retrograde movement, and so close did the enemy press upon him that there was hand-to-hand fighting in the wood through which they retired, some of his men falling into the enemy's hands. "No man," says Tyler, "ever saw cooler work on field drill than was done by this regiment. Their firing was grand, by rank, by company and by wing, in perfect order." The term of the regiment expired soon after this battle, and with it Colonel Frick was mustered out of service. He has since been extensively engaged in the manufacture of wire coal screens, at Pottsville. He was twice married; in 1850 to Miss Catharine Schuyler, and in 1865 to Miss Priscilla H. McGinness. In person he is of Saul-like stature, being six feet two inches in height and well proportioned.

DAVID MILES, Colonel of the Seventy-ninth regiment, was born on the 26th of November, 1831, at Chambersburg. He was the son of William and Mary E. (Doessher) Miles. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to a tinsmith, and at seventeen joined a militia company, in which he served until the opening of the Rebellion. He was married in 1851 to Miss Mary E. Huffnagle. He served as Orderly Sergeant of Company F, First regiment, for the short term, and upon the organization of the Seventy-ninth for three years was commissioned Captain of Company B. In the battle of Perryville, Starkweather's brigade is credited with having saved the day in a most critical part of the battle. The loss in the Seventy-ninth was thirty-seven killed and one hundred and forty-nine wounded. After this battle, Captain Miles was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. At Chickamauga, near the close of the first day, after having led his regiment with dauntless bravery, he was taken prisoner, and for eleven months was confined in loathsome rebel dens, first at Libby, and afterwards at Charleston under the fire of the Union guns. After his release he rejoined his regiment, at that time

advancing with Sherman through Georgia. At the battle of Bentonville, one of the last of the war, Colonel Miles led a brigade which sustained great loss, and himself was severely wounded. He was especially commended for his gallantry by General Carlin, leader of the division. He was mustered out of service with his regiment on the 12th of July, 1865.

HENRY GORE ELDER, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel of the One Hundred and Forty-second regiment, was born on the 13th of June, 1842, in Somerset county, Pennsylvania. He was the son of Clifford and Rosanna (Benford) Elder. He was educated in the Philadelphia Central High School, and at the Polytechnic College. On the 27th of August, 1862, he was commissioned First Lieutenant of Company C, One Hundred and Forty-second regiment. In the battles of Fredericksburg, Salem Heights, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Bethesda Church, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Weldon Railroad, and Hatcher's Run he bore an honorable part. In the stirring battle of Five Forks he received a painful wound but kept the field. He had two horses shot under him during the final campaign, and was promoted to Major and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel for gallantry.

EDWARD ROSCOE BOWEN, Colonel of the One Hundred and Fourteenth regiment, was born on the 16th of October, 1839, in Philadelphia. He was the son of William E. and Elizabeth (Kirtley) Bowen. At the age of seventeen he entered upon mercantile employment.

In April, 1861, he volunteered as a private in the Commonwealth Artillery, and served in the three months' campaign at Fort Delaware. At the expiration of his term he was appointed Second Lieutenant in the Seventy-fifth regiment, Colonel Bohlen, where he served for one year, and was then transferred and received the appointment of Captain of Company B in the One Hundred and Fourteenth. He was wounded at Chancellorsville in the shoulder. Shortly after the opening of the fight on Sickles' front on the second day in the battle of Gettysburg, Major Bowen, who had received promotion, succeeded to the command of the regiment, and when the corps, after contending

with unexampled heroism, was forced to retire, led it back to the new line of battle, where it remained facing the foe until the close of the conflict. At Auburn, Locust Grove, Kelly's Ford, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, and the Petersburg front, he was with his regiment, and much of the time in command. With it he was mustered out at the close of its term of service.

JOHN EMORY PARSONS, Colonel of the One Hundred and Eighty-seventh regiment and Brevet Brigadier-General of Militia, was born on the 23d of December, 1837, on Duncan's Island, Dauphin county. He was the son of William and Catharine (Leibrick) Parsons. By the death of a kind father, before he had completed his fifth year, he was robbed of that guiding hand; but a devoted mother, possessed of great energy, by her moulding influence gave fortunate bent to his character. Soon after this bereavement the family removed to the little village of Halifax, on the Susquehanna, where he received a common school education. He early turned his attention to civil engineering, and was at successive periods associated with the corps engaged upon the lines of the Northern Central, and Philadelphia and Erie railroads. An incident occurred at this period which well illustrates his character. He had been employed for some time on the latter line, when he received notice at evening that on the following morning he was to take the place of the chief of the staff. Besides not having had any previous practice, he had grown forgetful of the principles. What was he to do? Should he acknowledge his weakness and decline the place? His pride was touched. Securing the necessary books, he sat up all night by the cabin fire in the deep forest where the work was progressing, and by morning had the subject so familiarized as to take the helm with a steady hand.

On the 30th of August, 1862, he entered the service of the United States as Adjutant of the One Hundred and Forty-ninth regiment, the first of the Bucktail brigade. Soon after reaching the field he was detailed to staff duty as Acting Assistant Adjutant-General, in which capacity he served in the battles of Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Tolopotomy,

and Bethesda Church. General Stone, on whose staff he was engaged, after mentioning him in commendatory terms, as a gentleman and a soldier, particularizes his qualifications as a disciplinarian, and his sagacity and self-possession in an engagement. As a marked illustration of the latter, he cites his conduct during the first day in the Wilderness, where, by his keen discernment amidst the wildest confusion consequent upon a surprise of the skirmishers, he saved the guns from inevitable capture.

On the 30th of June, 1864, President Lincoln appointed him Assistant Adjutant-General, with the rank of Captain, and he was assigned by the Secretary of War to a brigade of the Fifth corps. General H. G. Sickel, in whose command he acted, says: "I found in him a gentleman of fine attainments, including extensive military knowledge, and of excellent executive ability, enjoying the confidence and respect of all with whom he had official intercourse. Among the acts most worthy of notice is that at Poplar Spring Church, or Peebles' Farm. While our brigade was forming for a charge upon the enemy's fortifications, one of the regimental commanders misunderstood the order, and filed his regiment into a piece of wood in the rear, and there remained, leaving our left unprotected. When the right of the line reached the enemy's works, I found our flanks exposed and threatened by the enemy's infantry, and a disaster might have been the result, but for the discerning sagacity of Captain Parsons, who galloped off through a storm of bullets, reformed the tardy regiment referred to, and directing the charge in person, routed the enemy, and the result was a complete victory for the Union arms. His conduct at the battle of Hatcher's Run, and upon other occasions, was equally commendable, though not so marked." General Chamberlain, late Governor of Maine, says: "I recommended him for appointment as Adjutant-General of my brigade on the ground of his soldierly bearing and acquaintance with his duties. He recommended himself much to me by his fidelity and strictness of discipline."

On the 27th of January, 1865, he was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel of the One Hundred and Eighty-seventh, and subsequently Colonel, in which capacity he served till the close of the

war, when he retired to his home in Halifax, and was for two terms elected a member of the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania. He was appointed by Governor Geary upon his staff, with the rank of Brevet Brigadier-General. He is at present Cashier of the Real Estate Savings Bank of Harrisburg. In person he is above the medium height, well proportioned, and of a fair complexion, indicative of health. In manners he is peculiarly courteous and affable. He was married on the 9th of October, 1873, to Miss Georgianna, youngest daughter of Benjamin Parke, LL.D., of Parke Vale, Susquehanna county.

ROBERT C. COX, Colonel of the Two Hundred and Eighth regiment and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born on the 18th of November, 1823, in Lycoming county, Pennsylvania. He was the son of William and Hannah (Courson) Cox, both of German descent. His earliest impressions of life were amid rustic scenes, and he received his education in the common schools. For a period of seven years he served in a company of volunteer cavalry, and was for six years Brigade Inspector of militia. He was married in April, 1846, to Miss Lydia A. Wheeland. He entered active service in April, 1861. In November, 1862, he was commissioned Major of the One Hundred and Seventy-first militia, and was in the affairs at Blunt's Creek and Jacksonville, North Carolina, in February, 1863, and New Hope School House in March. Returning home he devoted himself to recruiting a volunteer regiment, of which he was made Colonel. This he led to the field, which was for a time stationed on the investing line before Petersburg, occupied by the Army of the James, but was subsequently incorporated with the Ninth corps, Hartranft's division. When the enemy, at dawn on the 25th of March, 1865, captured Fort Steadman, Colonel Cox had his regiment promptly under arms and joined in the assault for its recovery. With four companies, which he led in person, Colonel Cox dashed on, disregarding the enemy's fire, and was himself among the foremost to reach the hostile lines and rescue them from the invader's grasp.

But even more courageous and daring was his conduct in storming and capturing the rebel works on the 2d of April, when

Petersburg after a siege of nine months finally yielded to Union valor. At two o'clock on the morning of that day his camp was alive, and at a little after three he led his regiment out and formed it for the assault, just in front of Fort Sedgwick, popularly known as Fort Hell, the left resting on the Jerusalem plank road. Opposite was the rebel Fort Mahone, with the equally suggestive title of Fort Damnation. The works were of exceeding strength. A double line of *chevaux-de-frise*, a well-strengthened picket line, a ditch and a strong main work had to be encountered in front, while to right and left were forts and angles, whence a devastating cross fire of artillery could sweep the ground which an attacking force would pass. In breathless silence the moment was awaited by this devoted regiment when the trial of fortitude should come. Scarcely was so desperate a work attempted in the whole progress of the siege, or during the war, and it was only equalled in temerity by the charge of Pickett's division at Gettysburg. Finally the rocket, which was to be the signal, shot up into the heavens, and General Hartranft gave the order to go. Colonel Cox did not assign to subordinates the duty of conducting the movement; but dismounted, with drawn sword, took his place in the front rank and cried, "Come, boys, let us do or die!" The enemy's artillery had for some time been in full play, and the booming of the cannon, the screaming and bursting of the shells and the almost hopeless work before them were enough to fill the heart with dismay; but when the order came and the call of the leader was heard, not a soldier faltered. As they went forward men fell at every step, and all the ground over which they advanced was strewn with the dead and the dying. The axemen severed the links which bound the *chevaux-de-frise*, and it was rapidly opened; but time was consumed, every second of which was costing precious lives. From the neck of Colonel Cox bullets cut the hair, and his coat was riddled; but he remained unscathed, almost miraculously preserved, and pressing on led the survivors over the enemy's works, clearing the way at the point of the bayonet and planting his flag upon the wall of the hostile line. Such an exhibition of bravery and so complete a triumph it has rarely been the lot of a soldier to know. His gallantry was not long without reward,

for the President had no sooner heard the joyful tale than he conferred upon him the rank of Brigadier-General by brevet. In his own official report he says: "Officers and men fell on every side. My color sergeant, George J. Horning, was shot down, pierced with seven balls, and three of the color guard fell by his side." General Matthews, who was at the head of the brigade, says: "To Colonel R. C. Cox, who commanded the leading regiment, I owe the entire success that attended the charge. Foremost among those who scaled the enemy's works, cheering his men by his courage, preparing them to meet the many charges of the enemy to retake the lines, he is deserving of the highest praise." Thirty-seven of his men were killed, one hundred and forty wounded, and eight missing. The foe repeatedly essayed to regain their works, but were as often hurled back. When the enemy found the city no longer tenable, he fled in confusion. Pursuit was promptly ordered, and a week later the entire rebel army laid down its arms at Appomattox Court House. Since the war General Cox has filled several offices of honor and responsibility, having been a justice of the peace, school director, and Treasurer of Tioga county. On the 2d of April, 1865, he was commissioned by Governor Geary Major-General of the Thirteenth division of the National Guards.

HENRY SHIPPEN HUIDEKOPER, Colonel of the One Hundred and Fiftieth regiment and Major-General of the National Guard, was born on the 17th of July, 1839, at Meadville. He was the eldest son of Edgar Huidekoper, and a grandson of H. J. Huidekoper, a native of Holland, one of the early settlers in the northwestern part of the State. His mother, Frances (Shippen) Huidekoper, was a daughter of Henry Shippen, formerly President Judge of the sixth judicial district. He early manifested a taste for mechanism, and those sports and occupations common to country life. He was educated at Harvard University, graduating in the class of 1862. The war had aroused a martial spirit even beneath the peaceful shades of the university, and before leaving it, he had given considerable time to the study of tactics and to battalion drill.

On returning to his home he found operations in progress for

the formation of the Bucktail brigade, and immediately embarked in the enterprise. On the 30th of August, 1862, he was commissioned a Captain in the One Hundred and Fiftieth regiment, and was soon afterwards made Lieutenant-Colonel. Most of the winter was spent in the city of Washington, where he served on a general court-martial. Early in the spring this brigade was incorporated in the First corps. The campaign of Chancellorsville involved much hard marching in its preliminary stages, and anxious reconnoissance, but little severe fighting on the part of this corps. The march to Gettysburg followed close upon the retirement from this field, and here Colonel Huidekoper fought his first and his last battle. But though confined to half of a single day it was such a baptism of fire as a soldier rarely receives in a long life of service. The regiment moved to its position, midway between Willoughby Run and Seminary Ridge, at noon on the first day of the battle. Earnest fighting soon commenced, the open ground where the regiment stood being raked by the enemy's artillery. When shot and shell failed to move it, rebel infantry advanced to the attack, and from right and front bore down upon it with overwhelming force. The troops which stood next it, Wadsworth's, yielded and retired to the wooded heights in rear. But the men who wore the bucktail, though more exposed than any other part of the line, remained immovable as the rock against which the billows unavailing beat! "I relied greatly on Stone's brigade," says Doubleday, "to hold the post assigned them, as I soon saw I would be obliged to change front with a portion of my line, to face the northwest, and his brigade held the pivot of the movement. My confidence in this noble body of men was not misplaced. They repulsed the repeated attacks of vastly superior numbers at close quarters, and maintained their position until the final retreat of the whole line. This brigade in common with almost every regiment in the Third division was composed of Pennsylvanians, who were actuated by a heroic desire to avenge the invasion of their native State."

The storm had not been long raging before Colonel Stone was shot, and Colonel Wister, of the One Hundred and Fiftieth, succeeded him. This threw the whole responsibility of directing the regiment upon Lieutenant-Colonel Huidekoper at a most critical

stage of the battle. The enemy was just then coming down upon it with overwhelming force. "The rebels now advanced," says General Doubleday, "from the northwest to flank the two regiments in the road, but the One Hundred and Fiftieth, under Lieutenant-Colonel Huidekoper, changed front forward, and met the enemy precisely as Dwight had met them, with two volleys of musketry and a gallant bayonet charge, led by Colonel Wister in person. This dispersed them. Another desperate onslaught came from the north, passed the railroad cut, and almost reached the road, only, however, to encounter another defeat from the irresistible bayonets of our men. The next attack came from the west, but was again repulsed by the indomitable One Hundred and Fiftieth regiment. . . . Just previous to this the brave and resolute Lieutenant-Colonel Huidekoper had faced four companies to contend with the opposing forces from the west, while six companies kept off an entire brigade from the north. . . . Every regiment of Stone's brigade changed front forward, and two changed front to rear, while closely engaged. The most eminent military writers regard the first movement as difficult, and the last as almost impossible to execute under fire." In the midst of these intricate manœuvres, and while battling with a lion-hearted determination, Colonel Huidekoper received a wound in the leg and another severe one in the right arm. Not long after the remnants of this gallant brigade were forced to yield, and when the enemy, pushing eagerly forward, gained possession of the field, Colonel Huidekoper was insensible upon the operator's table. He woke to find himself a prisoner, and that good right arm no longer his.

When the battle was over and the echoes of the great conflict had died away, Colonel Huidekoper, with thousands of the Union wounded left upon the field, came again under the old flag. He was taken to Philadelphia, where he was cared for by kind friends, and his wounds soon healed. He returned to the field, and in February, 1864, was promoted to Colonel; but on the 5th of March following, feeling himself incapacitated for field duty, resigned. That heroic soldier, General Doubleday, under whose eye he fought, in a communication to the War Department, said: "There is not a more gallant officer or more perfect

gentleman in the Army of the Potomac than Colonel Huidekoper, and when the history of the war is written no harder fighting will be recorded than that of the One Hundred and Fiftieth regiment Pennsylvania volunteers during the first day at Gettysburg."

Colonel Huidekoper was married on the 26th of October, 1864, to Miss Emma Gertrude, daughter of Thomas W. Evans, of Germantown, Philadelphia. In person he is five feet eight inches in height, compactly built, and of an erect and determined mien. Since the war he has devoted himself extensively to the manufacture of woollen cloths, in which he has achieved great success. When the National Guard of Pennsylvania was organized he was selected by Governor Geary to command the Twentieth division, as Major-General, which position he still holds, his being notably one of the best drilled and most efficient divisions in the entire corps.

JACOB MILLER CAMPBELL, son of John and Mary (Weyand) Campbell, was born near the summit of the Allegheny mountains, in Somerset county, on the 20th of November, 1821. He learned the trade of a printer, but being fond of adventure was successively clerk, mate, and part owner of a steamboat running on the Mississippi. He was the first at Camp Curtin with his company for three months, during which he was Quartermaster of the Third regiment. He was made Colonel of the Fifty-fourth, with which he served over three years in West Virginia along the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and in the Shenandoah Valley. The duty was hazardous and put the metal of the troops to a constant strain, as the hour could not be divined when a superior force would come down upon them. Skirmishing and hard fighting were frequent, and he was engaged in several severe battles, among which were New Market, Piedmont, Lynchburg, Winchester, and Cedar Creek where he was wounded. He was much of the time in command of a brigade, and occasionally of a division, and was recommended for a Brigadier's commission. It was long delayed, but finally granted for his gallantry at Piedmont in June, 1864. He was for two terms Surveyor-General of Pennsylvania. He was married in 1847 to Miss Mary Rankin Campbell.

HORATIO GATES SICKEL, Colonel of the Third Reserve regiment, Brevet Brigadier and Major-General, was born in Bucks county, Pennsylvania, on the 3d of April, 1817. His paternal ancestors were descended from an old Holland family, his maternal from English Quakers who came to this country with William Penn. For several generations both branches had been well-to-do farmers in the neighborhood of Philadelphia. His mother, Elizabeth (Vandergrift) Sickel, an intelligent and refined lady, died when he was but seven years old, and he afterwards found a home in the family of an elder sister, Mrs. Henry Kuhn, where he wrought upon a farm in summer and attended school in winter. At the age of eighteen, having a mechanical turn, he apprenticed himself to the business of smithing, reserving the right to three months attendance annually in the Friends' school at Byberry. On arriving at his majority, being possessed of a good business education and a small legacy from his grandfather Vandergrift's estate, he established himself in smithing and coach-making at Quakertown. In 1842 he married Eliza, daughter of William Van Sant, of Northampton, and three years later removed to Philadelphia, where he engaged in manufacturing and mercantile business, which he prosecuted with success.

For more than twenty years previous to the Rebellion he had been an officer of the volunteer militia, commanding the Old Washington Grays of the Second, and the Mechanics' Rifles of the First Division. Among his earliest lessons was that of devotion to country. His eyes had first seen the light in the neighborhood of some of the most stirring exploits of Washington and the patriots of the Revolution. Familiar with the story of their trials and sufferings and imbued with the spirit which moved them, he rendered prompt obedience to the call for aid in the spring of 1861, and was unanimously elected Colonel of the Third Reserve, organized in the camp at Easton. His discipline was methodical and exact, and withal so mildly yet firmly enforced that it encountered little question or resistance. He exercised special care for the health, comfort, and well-being of his men, and while encouraging manly sports and diversions, discountenanced gaming and kindred vices. The social intercourse at his head-quarters was agreeable and elevated.

He went to the Peninsula just previous to the opening of the Seven Days' battle, and participated in the hottest part of the actions at Beaver Dam Creek, Gaines' Mill, and Charles City Cross Roads, having a horse shot under him in each of the last two engagements, and was honorably mentioned in the reports of Generals Meade and McCall. In the last battle General Meade was disabled; whereupon Colonel Sickel succeeded to the command of the brigade, which he continued to exercise until it reached Acquia Creek, on its way to join Pope. In the trying campaign which followed, he led his regiment, and though suffering from sunstroke in the battle of Bull Run, continued with his men to the last.

Recovering from a severe indisposition he rejoined the army at Sharpsburg, and moving down the Valley of Virginia acted with great gallantry in the memorable charge of the Reserves in the battle of Fredericksburg. Soon afterwards, upon the promotion of General Meade to the command of the Fifth Corps, Colonel Sickel succeeded to that of the Reserves, and in February, 1863, was placed over the defences of the city of Alexandria. In April, 1864, he was ordered to the command of a brigade, under General Crook, in West Virginia, and participated with distinction in the campaign from the valley of the Kanawha to Wyattsville and Doublin on the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad. On the 9th of May a heavy force of the enemy, under General Jenkins, was discovered posted near the summit of Cloyd Mountain in an apparently impregnable position. An assault was at once ordered. When arrived near the hostile works, Colonel Sickel, seeing that his men were exposed to a destructive fire, ordered two regiments to lie down and crawl stealthily forward. While the attention of the foe was attracted by these, he sent the balance of the brigade to the right. Proceeding under cover of the high ground their progress was not discovered until, with a wild shout, they burst like a whirlwind upon the rebel left flank, driving it in confusion and achieving a complete victory.

On the following day, General Crook, on account of sickness, turned over the entire command of the army to Colonel Sickel. The destruction of the depots and warehouses, with immense stores and military equipage, was promptly commenced. The

railroad for a distance of six miles was utterly destroyed, the rails being twisted and the culverts blown up. Advancing eastward, at New River Bridge Sickel encountered the enemy under General McCausland, whom he defeated after an obstinate resistance, driving them over the bridge, an immense covered structure a mile and a half in length, which was totally destroyed. The army moved to Meadow Bluff, when the three years' term of service of the two Reserve regiments, which were of Sickel's brigade, expired. He was accordingly ordered to move with them to Philadelphia, where, on the 17th of June, they were mustered out. But Colonel Sickel was not the man to desert his country's armies in this her hour of need. He at once tendered his services to Governor Curtin, and was offered the command of a veteran regiment, but accepted instead that of one of the new ones just then being recruited by the Union League Association of Philadelphia, the One Hundred and Ninety-eighth.

On reaching the front it was placed in the First brigade, First division of the Fifth corps, and Sickel was given command of the brigade. He at once won distinction, leading with marked skill in the battle of Peebles' Farm and in the movements of the 1st, 2d and 3d days of October, being honored at their conclusion with the brevet rank of Brigadier-General. He was engaged in the demonstration upon the South Side Railroad, and on the 6th of December in the destruction of the Weldon Railroad. At Hatcher's Run, on the 6th of February, 1865, seeing the Second brigade hard pressed, he led his force to its support, and with sword in hand headed the charge which ended the struggle and brought victory to the Union arms. In the heat of the engagement he received a painful flesh wound. Fortunately it soon healed, and he returned to duty in time to take part in the action at Lewis' Farm or Quaker Road, one of the principal military achievements of his life. General Chamberlain, of Maine, since Governor, in referring to General Sickel's conduct, thus describes it: "His regiment greatly distinguished itself here, the gallantry of its charge being fully equalled by the fortitude with which it withstood a heavy and determined countercharge, and for more than an hour disputed the ground. . . . . While all this was going on, General Sickel and his command were behaving in the most

admirable manner. Though repeatedly forced to yield ground, he constantly rallied and fought so determinedly as to hold the enemy in check until we had restored the left, and being reinforced made one final and decisive assault. In the midst of this noble conduct General Sickel fell severely wounded; but his spirit still pervaded his men. This was a severe action, in which we pressed an assault for nearly two hours before being reinforced against Wise's and Wallace's brigades, supported by other troops of Johnson's and Anderson's commands. In the final assault we carried the ground, the enemy's dead and wounded falling into our hands, and we intrenching beyond the Boydton Plank Road, which was our objective point. We buried one hundred and thirty-five of the enemy's dead." In his official report of this action General Chamberlain said: "I cannot fail to speak of the unflinching fortitude and commanding courage of Brigadier-General Sickel, whose example and conduct made my presence needless on that part of the line, until he was borne from the field severely wounded." This was a fitting termination to his service; for long before his wound had healed the war had ended gloriously for the Union arms, and the legions of the Grand Army had come marching home. The Government was prompt in bestowing upon him the brevet rank of Major-General.

Not long after the close of his service, he was appointed by Governor Curtin Health Officer of the Port of Philadelphia. He was subsequently appointed Collector of Internal Revenue for the fourth district of Pennsylvania, and is at present United States Pension Agent for that city. He early took a deep interest in the public schools, was for several years a director and for two terms president of the fourteenth section. He has for a long period been a member of the Board of Health, President of the Philadelphia, Newtown and New York Railroad Company, and is intimately connected with the mining and banking interests of the State. In person he is above the medium height and of powerful frame, with dark brown hair and gray eyes. In society he is taciturn, but with the mien of one possessing decided opinions and reserved power. His high sense of honor and moral worth endear him to all.

CHAPTER XIII.

WILLIAM WOODS AVERELL, Colonel of the Third cavalry, Brigadier and Brevet Major-General, was born on the 5th of November, 1832, at Cameron, Steuben county, New York. He was the son of Hiram and Huldah (Hemmingway) Averell. His paternal grandfather, Ebenezer, was a soldier of the Revolution, and his great-grandfather, Solomon, one of the early settlers of Connecticut. He became a cadet at West Point in 1851, graduated in 1855, was made Brevet Second Lieutenant in a regiment of mounted riflemen, and sent to garrison Jefferson Barracks, Missouri. In 1856 he was transferred to the cavalry school at Carlisle, and in the following year was ordered upon the frontier in New Mexico. On the 7th of December, 1857, he had a brisk skirmish with a band of Kiowa Indians, near Fort Craig, routing and destroying them. In 1858 he went upon the Navajoe expedition, in which encounters were frequent, engaging at Chusca Valley with Kyatano's band, and at the Puerco of the West, where he was severely wounded, the savages attacking the camp at night.

When rebellion reared its threatening head, he was sent as bearer of despatches to Colonel Emory, at Fort Arbuckle, in the Indian Territory, performing a journey of 1800 miles in fourteen and a half days. During June and July of 1861 he was on mustering duty at Elmira, New York, and subsequently was Adjutant-General to General A. Porter, in the first Manassas campaign. On the 23d of August he was commissioned Colonel of the Third cavalry, and given command of a brigade posted in front of Washington. He led the advance of McClellan's army on Manassas in 1862, and was in active service throughout the Peninsula campaign, bearing a part in the operations at Yorktown, Williams-

Photo by Brady.
Eng'd by J. C. Buttre

Wm W Averell

BRIG. GEN. W. W. AVERELL.
Brevet Major General.

burg, Fair Oaks, and Malvern Hill, and routed the rebel cavalry in a skirmish at Sycamore Church, on the 2d of August. He was prostrated by sickness, and was absent during the Second Bull Run and Maryland campaigns. Upon his return he was promoted to Brigadier-General. He went immediately to the upper Potomac, where he was employed in frequent skirmishing, and when the army advanced was hotly engaged along the passes of the Blue Ridge. During the winter of 1863 he had command of the Second division of cavalry.

Averell was a good disciplinarian, and troops under his command were rapidly transformed to real soldiers. In the spirit of banter, Fitz Hugh Lee, the rebel cavalry leader, who had been his companion at West Point, invited him to come over the river and visit him, and bring him a bag of coffee, a rare luxury in the rebel camp. Averell is one of those men to whom bold exploit is meat and drink. He at once determined to accept the invitation, and summoning to horse on the 17th of March, 1863, rode to Kelly's Ford, crossed the Potomac, attacked and won a decided victory over Lee and Stuart, tempering their appetites for the coffee which he had brought, and returned in good order, with only slight loss. This was the first considerable cavalry victory of the war. It sent to the heart of the North a thrill of joy. It disclosed what a skilful and bold leader could effect. "For gallant and meritorious services" in this battle, General Averell was brevetted Major in the regular army. When the Chancellorsville campaign opened he was charged with demonstrations upon the upper Potomac, and in the direction of Gordonsville. Heavy rains interfered with efficient action, and little was accomplished.

In the reorganization of the army which shortly after took place, Averell was sent to take command of the cavalry in West Virginia—a difficult country in which to operate, and intensely wearing to the troops. At Beverly on the 4th of July, 1863, at Hedgeville on the 19th, at Moorfield on the 7th of August, and at the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs on the 26th, he led his mounted command in brisk actions. At Droop Mountain the enemy had intrenched upon the summit, and was well supplied with artillery, and here on the 6th of November Averell attacked;

and though the force was formidable he flanked it, and completely routed the foe, capturing guns and trains. For his gallant conduct he was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel in the regular army. He was scarcely settled in camp, when, on the 8th of December, he again led his command southward on one of the most daring raids in all his stirring campaigns. Its object was the destruction of the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, and the immense stores there collected. By rapid marching he arrived at his destination on the 16th, and commenced the work of devastation. Several bridges and miles of track, depots, mill with warehouse and grain, meat, salt, clothing and merchandise, to the value of millions of dollars, were given to destruction. The enemy hurried forward troops in large force and put them upon his track. It was mid-winter, the roads icy, his beasts smooth-shod, and the streams swollen; but that indomitable will and cool daring which at Kelly's Ford, Moorfield, and Droop Mountain had gained him the victory were not wanting; and though foes were pressing on every side, he eluded all, and brought off his command triumphant. In his report he says: "I was obliged to swim my command, and drag my artillery with ropes across Craig's Creek, seven times in twenty-four hours." The creek was deep, the current strong, and filled with drifting ice. And in concluding his report he says: "My command has marched, climbed, slidden, and swum, three hundred and forty-five miles since the 8th inst." For this campaign he was brevetted Colonel in the regular army.

In the spring of 1864 he commanded a division in West Virginia, and was engaged at Cove Gap on the 10th of May, where he was wounded, and in the destruction of the Tennessee Railroad on the 12th. He thence marched across the Allegheny Mountains to Staunton, where he joined Hunter in his descent upon Lynchburg, and with that General made the famous circuit by the Kanawha and Ohio rivers to Parkersburg, and thence by rail to Martinsburg. On the 20th of July he defeated Ramseu's division at Carter's Farm, and had a sharp encounter at Winchester four days after. When McCausland made his escape from the burning of Chambersburg, Averell moved in pursuit, and at Moorfield overtook and routed his division. The skir-

mishing at Bunker Hill and Martinsburg towards the close of August heralded the dawn of a glorious day for the Union arms in the Shenandoah Valley, and the victories at Winchester, Fisher's Hill, and Mount Jackson followed in quick succession, which swept the enemy and made the Valley thenceforth untenable. So complete was the destruction that it was facetiously said that if a crow would fly from Winchester to Lynchburg he would be obliged to take his provisions with him. General Averell was brevetted Brigadier and Major-General in the regular army in recognition of his services at Moorfield and throughout the war. He resigned his commission on the 18th of May, 1865, and in 1866 was appointed Consul-General of Canada.

John Irvin Gregg, Colonel of the Sixteenth cavalry, Brevet Brigadier and Major-General, was born on the 26th of July, 1826, at Bellefonte, Centre county, where his family had resided for nearly a century. His father, Andrew Gregg, was for two terms State Senator. He received a sound education in the academies of Centre and Union counties. In stature he is six feet four inches in height and well formed. In December, 1846, he volunteered as a private for the Mexican War, and on reaching Jalapa received notice of his appointment as First Lieutenant in the Eleventh infantry, one of ten new regular regiments. He was subsequently promoted to Captain, and served with honor to the close of the war, when these regiments were mustered out of service. Captain Gregg returned to Centre county, where he engaged in the manufacture of iron. He served in the militia as First Lieutenant, Captain, Major, and Lieutenant-Colonel. He was married in November, 1857, to Miss Clarissa A. Everhart, a lady of rare amiability and beauty, whose early death was deeply and sincerely mourned.

At the breaking out of the Rebellion he was made Captain and Colonel of the Fifth Reserve, but was shortly after appointed Captain in the Sixth United States cavalry. His duty in the field commenced with the Peninsula campaign under McClellan, as a squadron commander. He was present at the battle of Williamsburg on the 5th of May, Kent Court House on the 9th, and on the 11th had possession of White House on the Pamunkey. He

was with the Union advance at Ellison's Mills on the 21st, and at Hanover Court House on the 27th. In the preliminaries to the Seven Days' battle he skirmished with the rebel infantry, and narrowly escaped capture. Then followed days and nights of weary marching, while the army of McClellan was fighting its way to the James. Captain Gregg subsequently did important service in the retirement from the Peninsula, and in the campaigns of Second Bull Run and Antietam. In November, 1862, he was selected to command the Sixteenth Pennsylvania cavalry. Early in January, 1863, he joined the Army of the Potomac, and was assigned to Averell's brigade. During the remainder of the winter he performed important outpost duty, and acquired a reputation for efficiency which was never lost. The first and only battle in which Colonel Gregg participated as a regimental commander was at Kelly's Ford, on the 17th of March. The numbers on either side were about equal, and the advantage gained by the Union force was decisive, marking a new era for that arm. At Brandy Station, on the 9th of June, nearly the entire cavalry of the two armies was engaged. Here Colonel Gregg led a brigade.

At Aldie and Upperville the fighting was severe, the combatants coming hand to hand. In the battle of Gettysburg his command was posted so as to protect the right flank of the Union army, and was engaged during the afternoon of the second day, and during the third. After Lee made his escape to Virginia, Gregg's brigade with the entire division was sent across the Potomac to follow up the rebel rear, and ascertain his whereabouts. But the rebel chieftain covered his movements by leaving near the mouth of the valley his best fighting troops. At noon on the 18th, while near Shepherdstown, the Union skirmishers were driven in, and close upon their heels the enemy advanced in force. For eight hours, and until night put an end to the contest, the fighting was of the most determined character and the carnage terrible. The enemy was well supplied with artillery, which was effectively served. At first he concentrated his fire on the right, then on the left, and finally, just as the sun was sinking, a fire of unwonted power and destructiveness was opened upon the right centre. The enemy charged repeatedly.

coming on in three columns, and gaining at times a point within thirty paces of the Union line; but nothing could withstand the withering fire that swept that gory field, and until darkness separated the combatants Gregg's small brigade held fast its position, and when the remnants of his faithful band were ordered to retire, bore away the mangled forms of one hundred and fifty-eight of their comrades.

In the movement to Culpeper, Gregg was with the advance, and in conjunction with Kilpatrick's men captured a body of the enemy who were there cut off. When General Lee commenced his flank movement towards Centreville, one regiment of Gregg's brigade was left on the south bank of Hedgeman or Upper Rappahannock river, charged with picketing in the direction of Jeffersonton. At eight o'clock on the morning of the 12th of October, the enemy were reported advancing in force. With two small regiments of less than six hundred men, from early in the day until nightfall, Colonel Gregg succeeded in checking the right wing of Lee's army and delaying his passage of the stream. The stubborn resistance which this devoted band here made was of signal service, as Meade was enabled to complete the crossing of the stream, and gain a day's march on his antagonist.

In November Gregg was ordered to Washington, where he remained the greater part of the winter under medical treatment. In the Wilderness campaign, which opened in May, he was in Sheridan's column, and for three days was engaged near Todd's Tavern. On the morning of the 10th Colonel Gregg had the advance in the movement upon Richmond, and soon after starting encountered the enemy in force. A brisk skirmish ensued. On the following day Gregg was of the rear-guard, and before the column had all moved the enemy attacked with great impetuosity, doubling up a part of his brigade, and was near throwing the whole Union force into confusion. At this juncture Gregg brought his artillery into position, and when the rebels were at close quarters, gave them grape and canister in rapid rounds, which sent them back in utter rout. It is impossible, as it is unnecessary, to follow Colonel Gregg through all the intricate mazes in which he led his brigade and division. He particularly distinguished himself in the actions of the 12th of May

inside the fortifications of Richmond, and at Trevilian Station, on the 11th of June, for which he received the brevet rank of Brigadier-General. In the action at Deep Bottom, on the 16th of August, he was wounded in the right wrist. He was also wounded in the ankle at Hatcher's Run, on the 6th of February, while attempting to charge at the head of a portion of his brigade against the enemy's infantry. An amusing incident occurred in connection with the dressing of this wound. At the time of the engagement, and for some days previous, a young German, the Baron Morehouse, a Lieutenant in the Prussian service and Aide-de-camp to the King, who was here for the purpose of observing military operations, had been serving as a volunteer aid on the staff of General Gregg. He had kept close to the side of the General throughout the battle, and in the midst of the sharpest firing. While the surgeon was removing the boot from the wounded foot, seeing the bullet lying loose in the wound, he sprang forward in an excited manner, and seizing the blood-stained missile, exclaimed in his broken English, "Mien Gott! I will carry him to Europe and show him to mien king."

General Gregg was again wounded at Amelia Springs on the 5th of April, 1865, in a skirmish on the occasion of Lee's retreat from Petersburg. At the close of hostilities he was brevetted Major-General of volunteers for distinguished services during the war. He also received the brevets of Major, Lieutenant-Colonel, Colonel, and Brigadier-General in the regular army, for gallantry in action in the battles of Kelly's Ford, Middleburg, Shepherdstown, Wilderness, Sulphur Springs, St. Mary's Church, Deep Bottom, Stony Creek Station, and Hatcher's Run. Throughout his entire term of service, General Gregg displayed the best qualities of the intrepid soldier, and by his stubborn fighting on many fields fairly won the character of an heroic and reliable officer, one who was not afraid to face superior numbers, even under the most unfavorable circumstances, and who made his dispositions with so much coolness and self-possession as to reassure his own men and intimidate the foe.

Roy Stone, Colonel of the One Hundred and Forty-ninth regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born at Plattsburg, New York. He was the son of Ithiel Vernon and Sarah (Gurner) Stone. He was educated at Union College, and when the war broke out was a resident of Warren county, on the borders of the great forest where a hardy population dwelt. Forming a company from among them, he sought acceptance in the three months' campaign. Failing in this he kept together his men, and after fruitless waiting, started down the Allegheny river on flat-boats, with the design of joining McClellan in West Virginia, where a stirring campaign was in progress. He was five days in making the run to Pittsburg, and on his arrival was summoned to Harrisburg to join the Reserve corps just then authorized. His men were armed with their own rifles, and each wore a bucktail, as an emblem of hardihood and marksmanship. They were merged in the Bucktail regiment, which became famous.

Before entering upon the campaigns of 1862 the regiment was divided, four companies being assigned to Colonel Kane for special service, and the other six left to the command of Major Stone and going with the Grand Army to the Peninsula. Recognizing their fitness for skirmish duty, General Reynolds gave them the advance in the movement upon Richmond, and at Mechanicsville and Beaver Dam Creek they were the first to meet the foe.

From his camp-fire on the Chickahominy he wrote to his parents on the 28th of June: "At noon of the 26th, while on picket two and a half miles from our main body, I engaged a large force of the enemy and held them in check until I was entirely surrounded, giving our troops time to prepare for the attack. I then cut my way out, and by a wide detour through the woods and swamps finally arrived at camp with the loss of seventy-five men. My black horse, saddle, pistols, and boots, had to be left behind. We had been given up as lost, and were received with the greatest demonstrations of delight by General Reynolds and all the brigade."

The fighting at the intrenchments was determined, but the enemy could make no impression, and at night it was decided to withdraw the Union force to Gaines' Mill. To Stone was given the place of covering the rear, which he accomplished with

entire success. "General Reynolds," he says, "stayed with us a great part of the time, displaying wonderful courage and skill. Cooper's battery also remained, and was most gallantly served. Two small companies of Berdan's sharpshooters were also placed under my command. As soon as it was light, the enemy, who had placed new batteries, and made all his dispositions under cover of night, renewed the attack in great force upon my front, which was the key to the whole position. Again and again they formed for a charge upon our fords, and as often they melted away, before our steady fire, while their batteries at rifle range poured a most terrible shower of shell, grape and canister upon us, shattering the woods over our heads and tearing up the ground about us. Still our protection was so perfect that the loss was comparatively light. We had held them back for two hours and a half, our forces were nearly all safe behind the second line, and we were outflanked on the right and left, when General Reynolds sent us orders to fall back as best we could. It was a desperate business. We had three miles to go without any help, and the men were already exhausted. Our loss here was fearful. We had to traverse nearly a mile before we got out of range of the batteries, which had been firing upon us all the morning. Many men fell while passing over that mile, and beyond that, every man who gave out on the double-quick had to be left behind. I brought in the poor remainder of the Bucktail regiment, one hundred and twenty-five men and five officers, too much exhausted to stand, but full of pluck and covered with glory."

In the action of that day Stone was again ordered in at four in the afternoon, and until sunset held his ground, when with the entire Union force engaged he retired behind the Chickahominy. In closing the letter above quoted, he says: "No language can describe the glorious conduct of my officers and men. It was more than heroic. Their loss is great. As for myself, I escaped with a slight bruise, though I had a ball through my bucktail and had my second horse shot yesterday."

Major Stone took position at Charles City Cross Roads in rear of a battery of Parrot guns, and while the first charge was being delivered acted as a reserve. That charge was successful; but a counter charge in great force carried the Reserves back, and now

Stone received the rebels and in turn drove them. But his men were too few, and they were compelled to retire. Taking up a new position about four hundred yards to the rear he made it the rallying point for the Reserves, and soon had six standards. With this force, which intuitively seemed to place itself under his command, he moved forward at dusk to the front, where the fighting was still fiercely raging. In his official report he says: "I moved by the flank up the Richmond road, and advancing steadily to the extreme front under sharp fire, halted to reconnoitre, on finding myself among the wrecks of our own batteries where the action commenced. General McCall had come out of the woods wounded and alone, and taken his place at the head of the column. After the halt the General took me forward a few paces with him, and in the darkness suddenly we found ourselves close upon the levelled muskets of a column of the enemy which filled the road in front of us. We were ordered to halt and dismount, but I turned and escaped only slightly hurt, drawing two volleys. General McCall was not so fortunate and is in the hands of the enemy. I formed my first company across the road and went to the rear, by order of General Kearny, who had come up in search of a battery to sweep the road in front. I soon became, however, so faint and dizzy from the effects of my hurt, that I was taken to the hospital and took no further part in the action, which soon terminated."

The superior marksmanship of the Bucktails and their great value as skirmishers, under such a leader as Stone, pointed to the desirability of a brigade of such troops, and at the recommendation of Generals Reynolds, Seymour, and others, he was sent to Pennsylvania to recruit one. Though the plan was not carried out, owing to his being ordered to the front when only two regiments were full, upon the occasion of the disaster at Bull Run, and advance of the foe into Maryland, yet he was eventually put in command of the brigade increased to four regiments, having in the meantime been commissioned Colonel of the One Hundred and Forty-ninth. With this he took part in the movements preliminary to and in the battle of Chancellorsville. It was incorporated in the First corps, and with Reynolds was on the ground at Gettysburg among the first troops. To Stone's

brigade was assigned the open ground on the advanced centre of the line. As they came upon the field they shouted, "We have come to stay," and with a heroism akin to martyrdom they proved their determination. In the heat of the battle Colonel Stone was severely wounded and rendered incapable of further duty, a Minié ball striking him in the right hip. He could not be moved from the field, and when, towards evening, the shattered corps was obliged to fall back, he was left in the enemy's hands. During the two weary days, while the terrific fighting was in progress, he was in captivity suffering from a double torture. When at length the foe, beaten and broken in spirit, began to retire, it conveyed to him the joyful tidings that his comrades were triumphant.

He had recovered from his wound sufficiently, as he deemed, though contrary to the advice of his surgeon, to take the field before the opening of the Wilderness campaign in 1864, and on the morning of the first day was engaged with Ewell's corps with heavy loss and varying success, and in the afternoon made a strong attack upon the left flank of Hill's corps with triumphant issue, doubling his left wing back upon his centre, and opening a communication with the Pennsylvania Reserves, who had been completely cut off. On the following morning the division advanced and occupied the Plank Road. While this movement was in progress the wound which he had received at Gettysburg was reopened by the fall of his horse, and so serious was the hurt that he was unable again to take the field. In September he received the brevet rank of Brigadier-General "for gallant services throughout the war, and especially at Gettysburg."

General Stone was married in August, 1862, to Miss Mary E. Marker, of Pittsburg. In person he is five feet nine inches in height, with a face peculiarly noble and attractive. Though not bred a soldier he developed some of the highest qualities of the profession—a quick appreciation of the situation when in face of the enemy, and accurate judgment of the best to be done to meet him successfully, unquestioned courage, and a devotion that no danger could cool or suffering dampen. Since the close of the war he has been engaged in active pursuits in the great lumber regions along the waters of the Allegheny.

whence came the men who, as Bucktails, made for themselves and their leader a world-wide reputation.

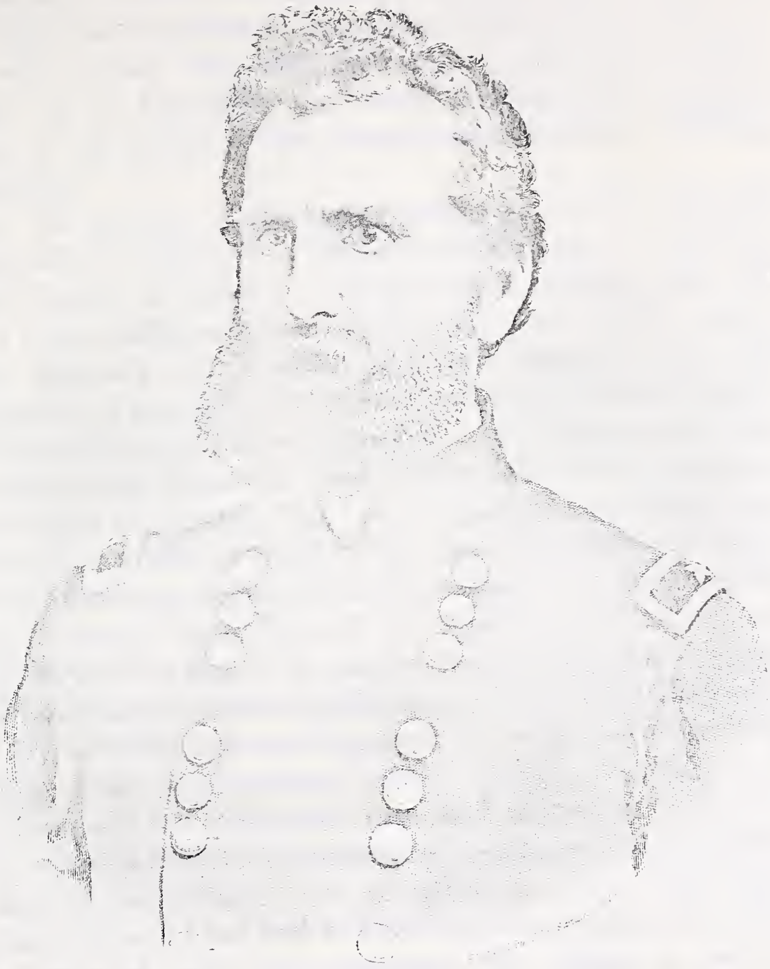
HECTOR TYNDALE, Brigadier and Brevet Major-General, was born on the 24th of March, 1821, in Philadelphia. His father, Robinson Tyndale, a lineal descendant of the translator of the Bible, the martyr William Tyndale, was a native of Ireland. His mother, Sarah Thorne, was born in Philadelphia, of a New Jersey family belonging to the Society of Friends. He was offered the appointment to West Point, which at the solicitation of his mother he declined. He was married in 1842 to Miss Julia Nowlen, a sister of Major Garrett Nowlen, who fell at Reams' Station. In 1845 he accompanied an expedition upon the plains commanded by Major E. V. Sumner, of the First dragoons. He was a member of the Washington Grays, and afterwards Captain of the Cadwalader Grays. In politics he identified himself with the Free Soil party. When the war opened he was absent on a business engagement in Europe, but relinquished it, and returning, tendered his services to the Government. He was commissioned Major of the Twenty-eighth and raised a battalion of five companies additional to the ten regularly required, a privilege granted at his solicitation; and participated in guarding the Potomac below Point of Rocks, coming often into collision with the partisan chieftain Moseby. In the spring he advanced into Virginia, and having occupied Harper's Ferry and Leesburg, drove the enemy from the passes of the Blue Ridge, and upon the advance of Jackson, by a daring reconnoissance discovered and reported to General Banks the purposes of the rebel leader. Soon afterwards he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, and was employed in constant and arduous duty before Washington.

In the battle of Cedar Mountain Colonel Tyndale was in command of the regiment, as he had been for a considerable time previous, and was ordered to retake and hold Thoroughfare Mountain, from which the Union signal officers had been driven. This he accomplished, and during the battle guarded the right wing. In the retreat of Pope's army he was of the rear guard, participating with Bohlen's brigade in the action at Freeman's

Ford, and supporting the artillery at Warrenton Sulphur Springs. The trains were cumbersome, but they were brought safely in to Kettle Run, where it was found that the enemy had broken the bridge. By direct order of General Pope his regiment was detailed to destroy the immense trains there stopped. While the army was retiring from Centreville Colonel Tyndale, with a small force in addition to his own command, was turned back to hold the bridges over Bull Run, satisfactorily executing the trust.

On the 8th of September he succeeded to the command of the brigade, the First of the Second division, Twelfth corps, which he led in the battle of Antietam. He was early ordered into action, and for full seven hours combated the foe. Thrice the enemy charged but was as often hurled back, an entire battery and seven battle flags being captured, an achievement rarely paralleled. In one of these charges, seeing a regiment waver, all the color-guard fallen, he himself seized the colors and, cap in hand, led it to victory. At two P. M. his brigade was forced back. While rallying and forming his command he was struck in the head by a musket ball, and his supposed dead body was dragged from the field. The resolute courage, conspicuous gallantry, self-possession and judgment shown in this battle, and previously, were recognized by his promotion to the rank of Brigadier-General.

Not until June, 1863, was he able to resume his place in the field, when he was ordered to duty with General Dix at Fortress Monroe. After commanding a brigade for a time here he was sent to the aid of Meade, joining the army just previous to the escape of Lee across the Potomac in his retreat from the battle of Gettysburg. With the Eleventh and Twelfth corps he went west to the support of Thomas at Chattanooga, and on the night of the 28th of October, when Geary was attacked by Longstreet at Wauhatchie, Tyndale, who was commanding a brigade of the Eleventh corps and who was just in advance, moved rapidly to the assistance of the hard-pressed division. When near Geary's position he encountered the rebels in considerable force, and with Colonel Smith's brigade routed them and gained a hill which threatened their way of retreat. Discovering this movement upon his rear, the foe quickly made dispositions to retire his



Hector Tyndale

BREVET MAJOR GENERAL U S VOLUNTEERS

whole force, giving up the contest. General Tyndale was also engaged in the glorious battle fought a month later, when Grant, with Sherman, Thomas, and Hooker as his lieutenants, swept the enemy from the fastnesses of Missionary Ridge, and at its conclusion was hurried away with Sherman to the relief of Burnside shut up in Knoxville and nearly perishing with hunger, enduring in the march at this wintry season immense suffering and hardship.

Before the opening of the spring campaign of 1864 General Tyndale, now in command of Schurz's division, was ordered by General Thomas to organize a body of loyal refugees, who had come in from Alabama, into a cavalry regiment. In the meantime the Eleventh and Twelfth corps were merged in one and designated the Twentieth, to the command of the Third brigade, First division of which, he was assigned. But disease contracted in the service had taken fast hold of him, and for days together he was unable to rise from his bed. His sickness proving protracted, and unwilling to stand in the way of promotion of other deserving officers, in August, 1864, he resigned. In March, 1865, he was brevetted Major-General, for "gallant and meritorious services during the war." In stature General Tyndale is above the medium height, of fair complexion, and of commanding presence. His intellect has been improved by study, travel and the association with distinguished artists, literary, scientific, and public men, and his tastes are pure and cultivated. He is a member of the American Philosophical Society, and the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences. As an officer he was a rigid disciplinarian, but most kind and watchful for the comfort and safety of his command, being ever solicitous "for wisdom to see and strength to do his duty."

GEORGE W. MERRICK, son of Israel and Julia Merrick, was born at Wellsboro, on the 27th of March, 1838. He was made Sergeant of Company H, Sixth regiment of the Pennsylvania Reserve corps, upon its formation, and served with it in the battle of Dranesville, upon the Peninsula, and in the Second battle of Bull Run, where the entire command was subjected to hard marching and the most desperate fighting. Sergeant Mer-

rick was at the time of the latter battle on the sick-list, but kept his place, and marched and fought with the rest. For seventy-four hours he was without rations, and the suffering endured would have overborne a man less resolute. Finally broken by exposure and privation, in December, 1862, he was discharged on a surgeon's certificate. He returned to the service as Captain in a six months' battalion, and subsequently became Major of the One Hundred and Eighty-seventh. In the desperate action on the 18th of June, 1864, at Cold Harbor, Major Merrick was in command of his regiment, and while leading it with the most determined bravery, was struck by a Minié ball just below the right knee, which fractured the bone and lodged in the knee-joint. He was carried from the field, and amputation was found to be unavoidable. This closed his military career. He is described by his associates as one of the bravest of the brave, and in his personal bearing the pattern of a gentleman and a soldier. He was married in 1866 to Miss Ione Butterworth, a niece of the late David Wilmot. Since the war he has studied law, and is in successful practice in his native place.

THOMAS ELLWOOD ROSE, Colonel of the Seventy-seventh regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born in Bucks county, Pennsylvania, on the 12th of March, 1827. He received a good education in the academies and schools of the county under the instruction of his father, evincing an aptness for mathematics, and an especial fondness for military history and geography, having at an early age read the accounts of many celebrated battles, and made a record of the character of ground on which they were fought, contiguity to streams, forests or towns, and the number, discipline, and dress of the troops. In the three months' service he was a private in the Twelfth regiment, and at its close recruited a company for the Seventy-seventh, of which he was Captain. It was sent west to the Army of the Cumberland, and was the only Pennsylvania regiment which participated in the battle of Shiloh. In the early part of the battle of Stone River, fought on the last day of 1862, Lieutenant-Colonel Housum, the leader of the regiment, was killed, and the command devolved upon Captain Rose. The enemy had suc-

ceeded, by a desperate assault on the Union right, in crushing it and forcing it back. Captain Rose, in the midst of the disorder incident to the disaster, and the fall of the regimental leader, held his men well in hand, and did the most efficient service. His gallantry secured him immediate promotion to Colonel.

In the action at Liberty Gap, the brigade commander having fallen, Colonel Rose led it to the close of the engagement. The action was stubborn and protracted, but the valor of the Union troops finally triumphed. Colonel Rose won fresh laurels by the good judgment and bravery here displayed. At Chickamauga his regiment, with the Seventy-ninth Illinois, was posted upon an important position, but isolated from the main line. They were attacked by overwhelming numbers, and though making a gallant resistance, and for a long time repelling every fresh onset, were finally overpowered, and Colonel Rose with many of his officers and men fell into the enemy's hands. He was taken to Libby Prison, where he soon formed a plan for tunnelling out, and organized a working party. After seventeen days of the most severe labor a way of egress was opened and numbers escaped. Colonel Rose made his way with great difficulty, and numerous hairbreadth escapes, to the Union lines, near Yorktown, but while within sight and about to enter them was captured and taken back to Libby. For a time he was placed in close confinement, but was finally exchanged and returned to his regiment, now with Sherman on his famous Atlanta campaign. It was at Ackworth, on the 6th of June, 1864, that he resumed command. On the 26th, in the fierce fighting at Kenesaw Mountain, he was wounded. The assault proved disastrous to the Union forces, and the movement by the flank was again resorted to, which eventually, after much hard fighting and severe losses, carried Sherman into Atlanta.

In the separation of the army, which subsequently took place, Colonel Rose proceeded with the Fourth corps, under Thomas, to Nashville. In the action at Franklin, and shortly afterwards in front of Nashville, he bore a conspicuous part, having his horse killed under him in the latter engagement. In the reorganization of the forces after this battle Colonel Rose was assigned to the command of a brigade. When the rebel

armies in the East were finally overcome, he was ordered with other troops to Texas. In June, 1865, he was made a Brigadier-General by brevet. He continued in the service to the close of the year, when he returned and was mustered out with his regiment.

JAMES TEARNEY, Colonel of the Eighty-seventh regiment, was born at Lancaster on the 9th of October, 1836. He served as a private in the First regiment. At the end of its term he enlisted in the Eighty-seventh, in which he was made a Sergeant. He served in the campaigns in the Shenandoah Valley under Generals Kelly and Milroy. When returning from veteran furlough in the spring of 1864, and while approaching the front, the troops being under the command of Sergeant Tearney, they were brought into action unexpectedly, before reaching their regiment, by the sudden attack of Ewell's corps. When Early made his advance upon Washington in July, 1864, the Eighty-seventh was in that portion of the Sixth corps sent to Maryland to meet him. At Monocacy a bloody battle ensued, in which the Union troops, vastly outnumbered, were forced to retire. The regiment here suffered unprecedented loss. It was also in the division which made the attack upon Early's front on the memorable morning of the 19th of September at Opequon. Here Captain Tearney was wounded in the thigh. The Eighty-seventh was now composed only of veterans and recruits, which were consolidated into a battalion of five companies. A month later, at Cedar Creek, Captain Edgar M. Ruhl, who led the battalion, was instantly killed, and many of his men were lost. In December, 1864, Captain Tearney took command. Before the spring campaign opened five new companies were added, bringing it up to the full strength of a regiment. In the final assault upon Petersburg he led his command, mostly raw recruits, over two lines of old troops, and with his own hands planted the first regimental flag of the brigade on the enemy's works. For the valor here displayed, he was given the rank of Brevet Major. At Sailor's Creek he again made proof of his ability as a soldier, and was soon after commissioned Colonel. He was mustered out of the service with his regiment on the 29th of June, 1865.

Amor William Wakefield was born in Mifflin county, on the 30th of August, 1829. He was educated at the Lewistown and Tuscarora Academies. He served in the ranks of the Seventh regiment for three months, and upon the organization of the Forty-ninth was commissioned a First Lieutenant, and soon afterwards Captain. The regiment did excellent service in the battle of Williamsburg. During the entire Peninsula campaign Captain Wakefield was exposed with his command to the perils and hardships of the field. In the battles of Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg, the Forty-ninth participated, but was for the most part held in positions where it was exposed to a hot fire without the opportunity of returning it. In the action at Rappahannock Station, on the 7th of November, 1863, a feat was executed which will always reflect the greatest honor upon the troops engaged. The enemy occupied an intrenched position of great strength, defended by artillery. It was stormed and carried, at the point of the bayonet, by Russell's brigade, of which the Forty-ninth formed a part. The enemy had a bridge at his back; but so sudden was the attack, and so terrible the fire poured upon its approaches, that scarcely one escaped.

To the time of the action before Spottsylvania Court House, on the 10th of May, 1864, the casualties in the command had been comparatively light. But on the evening of that day, in a charge which lasted but a few minutes, greater losses were sustained than in all the three years of its previous experience. Sixty five were killed, including the Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel, and one hundred and ninety-five wounded and missing. Captain Wakefield came forth from the fearful ordeal unscathed. At Cold Harbor the fighting was desperate, and here he was less fortunate, receiving a severe wound. In June he was promoted to the rank of Major, and subsequently to that of Colonel. After a service of over four years, he was mustered out at the expiration of his term. General Irwin, the original commander of the regiment, thus speaks of him: "At Cold Harbor and Spottsylvania he highly distinguished himself in command of the regiment, and won the praise of General David A. Russell, one of the best soldiers in the army. I considered Colonel Wakefield an

admirable soldier, patient, courageous, strict in discipline, but utterly without cruelty, remarkably kind and generous, though firm and faithful in duty. He possessed at all times my entire confidence, and was as free from envy and malice as the human heart can be. His career in the army reflects honor on his native State. He is indeed a worthy son of Pennsylvania."

DENNIS HEENAN, Colonel of the One Hundred and Sixteenth regiment, was born at Barris O'Kane, Tipperary county, Ireland, on the 18th of April, 1818. His father owned and cultivated a large and well-stocked farm, where the son passed his boyhood and received his education. In 1843 he emigrated to this country, and settled in Philadelphia.

He enlisted for the Mexican War, but his company was not accepted. He served in the militia as Lieutenant, Captain, and Lieutenant-Colonel, in which capacity he acted in the three months' campaign. Returning to Philadelphia, he commenced recruiting a veteran regiment, and in September, 1862, was commissioned Colonel of the One Hundred and Sixteenth. At the battle of Fredericksburg he received a painful wound in the hand. The bones were broken, and the limb was lacerated in a fearful manner. After having his wound dressed he went again upon the field, and brought off the flag of the regiment, when the ground was found to be untenable. He was highly commended by both Generals Meagher and Sigel. On account of the great losses of the regiment it was consolidated in a battalion of five companies, and not being entitled to an officer of his rank he was mustered out of service and honorably discharged.

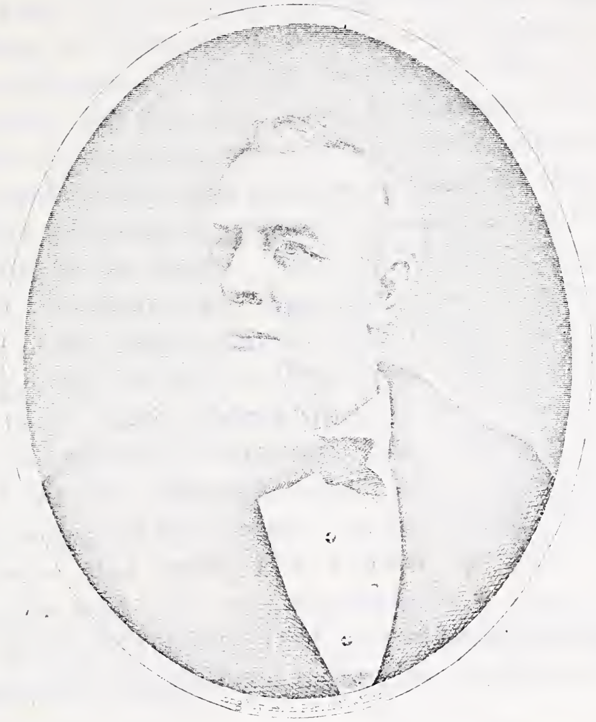
EDWARD JAY ALLEN, Colonel of the One Hundred and Fifty-fifth regiment, was born on the 27th of April, 1830, in the city of New York. He was the son of Edward and Amelia (Bindley) Allen, both of English descent. He was a lover of books and received a good English education in the schools of Pittsburg, whither his parents had removed, and a classical training at Duquesne College. He was married in 1857 to Miss Elizabeth W. Robison. His first military duty was as a volunteer aid to General Fremont, at the battle of Lewisburg, Vir-

ginia, May 25th, 1862. He continued with that officer throughout the campaign, and at Stone Run volunteered with a detail of twenty men to repair the road and bridges destroyed by Stonewall Jackson, executing the hazardous duty in advance of the Union skirmishers, and under the fire of the enemy's rear guard. On approaching the Shenandoah River he again volunteered to aid in getting the pontoons across the north fork, which he did under fire. He took part in the battles of Winchester, Mount Jackson, and Cross Keys where he won the commendation of his General. A new regiment that had been recruited at Pittsburg towards the close of the summer of 1862 was organized in September, and he was selected its Colonel.

Soon after taking the field the battle of Fredericksburg was fought, and he was put upon the fore front. He was of the division of the intrepid General Humphreys, one of the last to go forward in the desperate struggle to break the enemy's line. "When the fire of the artillery ceased," says General Hooker, "I gave directions for the enemy's works to be assaulted. General Humphreys' men took off their knapsacks, overcoats, and haversacks. They were ordered to make their assault with empty muskets, for there was no time then to load and fire. When the word was given, the men moved forward with great impetuosity. They ran and hurrahed, and I was encouraged by the great good feeling that pervaded them. The head of Humphreys' column moved to within perhaps fifteen or twenty yards of the stone wall which was the advanced position held by the rebels, and then they were thrown back, as quickly as they had approached. They left behind, as was reported to me, seventeen hundred and sixty, out of four thousand." In the midst of the operations on the enemy's front, the command of the brigade devolved upon Colonel Allen, who won by his gallantry the earnest praise of General Humphreys. Soon after the close of this campaign he was prostrated by a rheumatic attack, and though he remained nominally at the head of the regiment until after the battle of Gettysburg, he performed no further field duty, and on the 25th of July was obliged to resign.

Henry Ruhl Guss, Colonel of the Ninety-seventh regiment, and Brevet Brigadier and Major-General, was born on the 28th of July, 1825, at Chester Springs, Chester county. He was the son of Samuel and Sabrina (Ruhl) Guss. He was educated in Philadelphia, and at the academy of Joshua Hoopes in West Chester. He was an original member of the noted National Guards of West Chester, organized in 1846, and for several years was its commander. Captain Guss was one of the first to respond to the call for troops in 1861, and so great was the confidence in him that, in four days from the date of the requisition, he was on his way to Harrisburg with a force of three hundred men. They were assigned to the Ninth regiment, and served under Patterson in the Shenandoah Valley. He assisted in recruiting the Ninety-seventh, of which he was Colonel, and which he brought to a high state of efficiency. In November, 1861, he was ordered to the Department of the South, and arrived at Hilton Head on the 15th of December. He was assigned to the expeditionary corps commanded by General H. G. Wright, and led his regiment with skill in the campaign which resulted in the occupation of Fernandina, Jacksonville, and other points on the Florida coast, early in 1862, and in the disastrous campaign on James Island in the following summer. In the affairs at Grimball's Plantation, on the 10th of June, 1862, and at Secessionville a week later, he especially distinguished himself, and was highly complimented by General Wright.

On the 1st of August, 1862, he was assigned to the command of the post at Hilton Head, the most important in the Department. When General Hunter organized his forces for the reduction of Charleston he gave to Colonel Guss the First brigade of Terry's division. The campaign was unsuccessful, and upon the withdrawal of the troops he was ordered to the command of the posts successively of Edisto, Botany Bay, and St. Helena Island. Upon the advent of General Quincy A. Gilmore to the head of the Department, Colonel Guss was again intrusted with the command of the First brigade, which he exercised with ability throughout the protracted and wearisome operations on Morris Island directed against Fort Wagner. When the immense siege operations had been completed, and the third assault upon



Henry R. Guss

HENRY R GUSS.

Col 97th Reg P V

Brevt Maj Gen U S V

Wagner had been ordered, he was selected to lead the storming party, to consist of his own regiment and the Third New Hampshire. The plan of operations had been discussed and each soldier had pictured the part he was to bear, many sending messages of love to friends as for the last time. Before day the enemy fortunately abandoned this stronghold. The joyous news relieved many burdened hearts.

On the 1st of October, 1863, Colonel Guss was ordered with his regiment to Fernandina, Florida, and directed to assume command of the post. Until the 1st of April, 1864, he remained here, when, for the first time since his entrance to the service, he accepted a leave of absence, and with the members of his regiment who had reënlisted as veterans departed for home. On the 14th of May following he resumed command of his brigade, now in the Army of the James. This position he continued to fill during the time that active operations were in progress on the south side of the James, around Cold Harbor, and in front of Petersburg, until the 22d of June, 1864, when, for reasons of a personal nature, which, though regretted by his associate officers, were acknowledged to be imperative, he tendered his resignation. One who knew him intimately says of him: "By the officers and men of his regiment and brigade he was highly esteemed. The characteristics that made him popular at home served him better in the field. He was emphatically a man of deeds, not words." On the 23d of July, 1867, he was brevetted Brigadier and Major-General for faithful and meritorious services in the field.

JOSEPH SETH HOARD, son of Enos and Fanny (Perry) Hoard, was born in Oneida county, New York, on the 17th of April, 1818. He was commissioned Captain of a company assigned for duty to the Eleventh regiment, Colonel Coulter, but was subsequently transferred to the One Hundred and First. He was promoted to Major at the beginning of the year 1862, and with his regiment entered on the Peninsula campaign. Major Hoard suffered from the miasmatic airs of the Chickahominy; but still clung to his post, and in the battle of Fair Oaks distinguished himself, receiving the thanks of General Casey upon the field. His regiment was posted on the extreme front, and to him belongs

the credit of advancing the picket line to a point on the Williamsburg Road nearest to Richmond. On the 1st of July, 1862, he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel; but finding at the conclusion of this campaign that his health was seriously impaired, he resigned.

JAMES THOMPSON KIRK, son of George A. and Jane (Thompson) Kirk, was born on the 21st of September, 1825, at Canonsburg. The family were Covenanters of Scotch-Irish extraction. He was educated at Jefferson College, and previous to the war had held five commissions in the militia. He was married in 1855 to Miss Mary Swan. He served during the Rebellion in the Tenth Reserve regiment, as Captain, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Colonel in succession, and participated in the battle of Dranesville, soon after which he came to the command of the regiment, in the Seven Days' battle upon the Peninsula, Bull Run, South Mountain, and Antietam. Towards the close of the latter engagement he was placed over the brigade, which he led to the close of the battle. His health having become much impaired, by the advice of his surgeon he resigned and returned to private life. In May, 1863, he was appointed Deputy Provost Marshal, which office he held to the close of the war.

THOMAS F. MCCOY, Colonel of the One Hundred and Seventh, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born in Mifflin county, in 1819. He was the youngest of nine children of John and Jane (Junkin) McCoy, of Scotch-Irish lineage. At the breaking out of the Mexican War, having for seven years previous served in the militia, President Polk appointed him First Lieutenant in the Eleventh United States infantry, and with it he marched to the Rio Grande. He was sent with the column ordered to Vera Cruz, and thence into the interior. His first encounter with the enemy was at the National Bridge. He was afterwards engaged at Passa La Hoya, and in a reconnoissance at Contreras, conducted by Captain Robert E. Lee, then of General Scott's staff. In the battles of Contreras, Cherubusco, Molino del Rey, Chapultepec, and Garita San Cosme he took an active part, and was promoted to Captain for gallantry. In the bloody battle of Molino

del Rey he found himself the ranking officer, four of his superiors having fallen. Assuming command, he gathered up the thinned ranks of the regiment and led it to the close. Of his conduct here General Cadwalader says: "A reference to the official reports will show that his services were not overlooked either by the late commanding officer of his regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Graham, or after his death by his successor, Major Hunter, and that he is also particularly named in high terms in my own report." Returning to civil life with an honorable record, he was for two successive terms Prothonotary of Mifflin county. On leaving this position he studied law with William J. Jacobs and D. W. Woods of Lewistown, and was admitted to the bar.

At the commencement of the Rebellion, he tendered his services to Governor Curtin, who, appreciating the value of his military experience, appointed him, in April, 1861, Deputy Quartermaster-General of the State, and in conjunction with the lamented R. C. Hale, chief of the department, labored assiduously through all the earlier months of the war in clothing and fitting the volunteers for the field.

Upon the death of Colonel Thomas A. Zeigle, of the One Hundred and Seventh regiment, on the 16th of July, 1862, the line officers united in inviting Colonel McCoy to fill the vacancy. His regiment was in Pope's army, and on taking the field was at once engaged in that unfortunate campaign which culminated in the battle of Bull Run. Colonel McCoy joined it and assumed active command on the 15th of August near Cedar Mountain, and from this moment, through the long three years of battles and sieges, until the last gun was fired in front of Appomattox Court House, he was faithful and devoted in the discharge of his varied duties. During this time he was frequently in command of a brigade. General Duryea commends him for "his gallant conduct in the various battles of the campaign in Virginia," and designates him "as an officer, cool and deliberate under fire, and subordinate and respectful in an eminent degree, commanding the confidence of his companions-in-arms."

At Fredericksburg he made a daring and successful charge, of which Colonel Root, then leading the brigade, in his official report spoke in high terms. No less important was his conduct

at Chancellorsville, holding the skirmish line on the left of the army for two days and nights without relief. At Mine Run he was designated to lead the brigade in the charge upon the enemy's lines. He commanded the brigade on perilous outpost duty at Mitchell's Station in the winter of 1864, with eminent caution and success. In the advance to the James his regiment occupied an important position covering the movement, and successfully repulsed an attack when other troops gave way, which brought from General Crawford an expression of satisfaction "for effectually holding the position without support." At the Weldon Railroad, Colonel McCoy was surrounded in the dense wood in which the battle was fought, and many of his officers and men were captured. Although repeatedly summoned to surrender, he refused, and at the imminent risk of being shot down made his escape. In the hottest of the battle at Dabney's Mill General Morrow, being dangerously wounded, turned the command of the brigade over to Colonel McCoy, together with its flag, which he had been carrying in the thickest of the fight. McCoy, not to be outdone in such gallantry, seized the proud emblem and bore it triumphantly. "I was wounded," says General Morrow, "in the first day's fight. Colonel McCoy then assumed command, and I know his conduct through the whole engagement to have been gallant and skilful."

Especially were Colonel McCoy's services appreciated in the battle of Five Forks, for which he was brevetted Brigadier-General. He was fortunate in having the friendship and high regard of General Baxter, with whom he served more than two years. "I wish to express," says that sturdy soldier, "my high appreciation and regard for the moral worth and integrity of purpose that has governed him in every action, and the promptness and ability with which his services have been rendered under all circumstances. In the camp, on the long and tedious marches, and on the battle field, his duties have been performed with that decision and ability, that cannot but render a command effective and reliable, which his has ever been." Not less complimentary was the commendation bestowed by General G. K. Warren, who characterized him as "one of the most worthy officers of his corps." There is one merit due to General McCoy quite as

important as that of leading in the "imminent deadly breach." In the course of his correspondence he casually remarks, "I feel sure that the highest type of a soldier is a Christian citizen fighting the battles of his country." To model his command after that type was his constant aim. To restrain hilarity and a tendency to riotous or immoral life in the camp was often unpopular, and, unless judiciously done, was liable to draw odium upon him who attempted it; but the purity of life and the seasonable and sensible way in which General McCoy impressed his men and his associates with his own spirit, commanded respect.

After the close of the war he returned to his home at Lewistown, where he resumed the practice of his profession. He was married on the 22d of May, 1873, to Miss Maggie E. Ross, of Harrisburg.

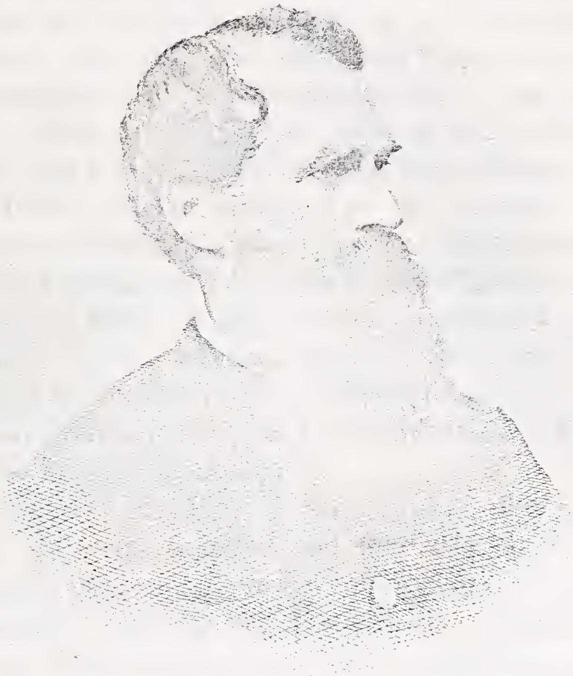
EDWARD O'BRIEN, son of Thomas and Elizabeth (Connolly) O'Brien, was born in Pittsburg on the 10th of October, 1823. His maternal grandfather served under Washington in the patriot army. He volunteered as a private in the Mexican War, was advanced to the rank of Lieutenant, and was wounded in the left eye at the storming of Garita de Belen. In the late war he was Captain in the Twelfth three months' regiment, and Colonel of the One Hundred and Thirty-fourth nine months'. He was in the battles of Antietam, Shepherdstown, Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville, in the latter having his clothing riddled with bullets and his horse shot under him, narrowly escaping with his life. "Under my own eye," says Humphreys, in whose division he served, "Colonel O'Brien rode in front of his regiment and literally led in the last charge on the stone wall at Fredericksburg, just before dusk on the 13th of December. . . . He is in every way reliable, a good soldier and gallant leader, always attentive to duty, careful and considerate of those under his command, prompt in execution."

CARLTON B. CURTIS, Colonel of the Fifty-eighth regiment, was born in central New York on the 17th of December, 1811. He removed to Pennsylvania in 1831, and, having read law, settled at Warren in 1834. In the fall of 1836 he was elected to the Pennsylvania Legislature, where he served for two terms. He

was elected to Congress in 1850, as the successor of the late Chief Justice Thompson, where he served as a Democrat until 1855. Upon the repeal of the Missouri Compromise he abandoned his old political affiliations, and henceforward acted with the Republicans. When war broke out, in 1861, he was made Colonel of the Fifty-eighth. He was ordered to North Carolina with his command, where he was for the most part on outpost duty, arduous and perplexing, with frequent severe skirmishing. In July, 1863, on account of failing health he resigned. In the fall of 1872 he was again elected to Congress.

CHANCEY ALMERON LYMAN, son of Eleazer and Sally (Payne) Lyman, was born in Tioga county, on the 19th of July, 1820. He entered the service in April, 1861, as Captain in the Seventh Reserve regiment, and was promoted in succession to Major and Lieutenant-Colonel. He was engaged in the battles of Beaver Dam Creek, Gaines' Mill, Charles City Cross Roads, Second Bull Run, South Mountain, Antietam, and Fredericksburg. He commanded his regiment at Antietam and held his men in good order until one-third were killed or wounded, and though the brigade was broken, still kept them in hand and retired leisurely, receiving the plaudits of General Meade. By the wounds of his superiors the command also devolved on him on the field at South Mountain and Fredericksburg. In February, 1864, he resigned. He was married in 1841 to Miss Celinda M. Ingraham.

ISAIAH PRICE, Brevet Colonel of the Ninety-seventh regiment, was born on the 20th of May, 1822, in Chester county. His father was Benjamin, son of Philip Price, an eminent teacher, both prominent members of the Society of Friends. His mother was Jane Paxson, also a Friend. He received a liberal English education, with some knowledge of Latin, and graduated at the Philadelphia College of Dental Surgery in 1854. That a conviction of duty as revealed in the heart of each individual should be the paramount spring of action was held to be a leading tenet in the Quaker faith, and while peace and good-will among men was set as the end of their teaching, it was undoubtedly the promptings



Isaiah Price

MAJOR 97TH P.V. BREVET COLONEL U.S.V.

of conscience which impelled many young Friends to join in the great contest between despotism and human freedom. On the 18th of September, 1861, he was mustered into service as Captain of Company C of the Ninety-seventh. With his regiment he proceeded to the Department of the South. On the 3d of January, 1862, he was detailed upon recruiting service, and ordered to report to Harrisburg. Early in June with his recruits he rejoined his regiment at Legereville. He participated in the engagements at Grimball's Plantation and Secessionville, on James Island, June 10th and 16th, and during the winter succeeding was detailed upon court-martial duty. He led his company in the affair at Stephen's Landing on the 16th of July, 1863, and during the protracted siege of Forts Wagner and Gregg, on Morris Island, was in command of the regiment. After the fall of these strongholds he was ordered to Florida, and upon the occupation of Fernandina was made Provost Marshal of the town. In the spring of 1864 his regiment was transferred to the Army of the James. In the advance upon the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad on the 9th of May, at Proctor's Creek on the 16th, and at Green Plain on the 18th, he exhibited a determined spirit that won the highest admiration.

On the night of the 19th of May, Captain Price was on the picket line with one hundred and fifty men, and was several times attacked, but was able to hold his ground. Reinforcements were repeatedly called for, but none came. Finally three rebel regiments *en echelon* moved out from a concealed position and bore down upon his line. A detachment upon his left broke at the first onset, leaving his flank exposed. By his personal bravery he prevailed upon a part to return. But it was impossible to stem the torrent of the attack, and his line was forced back. In the midst of the struggle Captain Price was struck by a spent canister shot.

He was in command of the regiment at Cold Harbor. He also participated in carrying some of the enemy's works on the heights near Petersburg on the 15th of June, and in the assault on the 30th of July upon the occasion of the springing of the mine. On the 6th of June he was commissioned Major. At the close of his term, the regiment having been reduced below the number

required for two field officers, he, having been debilitated by an attack of fever, resigned and was honorably discharged. In March, 1867, he was brevetted by Governor Geary Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel. After his return from the field he resumed the practice of his profession in the city of Philadelphia. In 1846 he was married to Lydia, daughter of Jacob Heald, of Delaware.

An old companion-in-arms says of him: "There never was an officer more willing and *anxious* to hold himself up to the strict, stern, and varied requirements of his official duty than Major Price. With him lofty and pure patriotism and a desire to do everything he could to further the interests of the public service, regardless of self, were the grand incentives."

J. William Hofmann, Colonel of the Fifty-sixth regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born on the 18th of February, 1824. He was the son of John and Anna Louisa (Eckhardt) Hofmann, both natives of Prussia, who emigrated and settled in Philadelphia, in 1819. At the age of seventeen he learned calico engraving, and at the end of three years engaged in trade as a dealer in hosiery goods, the manufacture of which had been the occupation of his father. In 1848 he was married to Emma Margaretta Aunen, who, while her husband was in the field, acted the part of a real heroine in assuming the management of his business. In 1840 he joined the Junior Artillerists, and three years later the Washington Grays, continuing in active duty for a period of ten years. He served as a Captain in the Twenty-third regiment, and on being mustered out accepted the position of Major of the Fifty-sixth. In October following he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel. In the battle at Gainesville Colonel Meredith was wounded, when the command devolved upon Hofmann, who led it in the actions of the two following days at Bull Run. In the affair at South Mountain he was placed over the brigade, which he led throughout the battle of Antietam. Upon the advance of the army down the valley of Virginia, Hofmann was detailed with his brigade to operate with the cavalry under Pleasanton in clearing the passes of the Blue Ridge. He soon after returned to the command of his regiment, and was, on

the 8th of January, promoted to Colonel. In the severe battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville he led with his usual intrepidity, and at Gettysburg had the honor of opening the battle on the part of the infantry. He was sent soon after to Philadelphia to bring drafted men to the front, and while there was called to serve on a general court-martial. He returned in time to take part in the movement upon Mine Run, and after the determination had been taken to retire without bringing on a general battle, he was detailed to destroy the bridges over that stream which had been constructed for the use of the First corps. In the first day in the Wilderness his regiment suffered severely. At noon of the following day General Wadsworth was killed in an effort to repel a charge of the enemy, and the division forced back. As the regiments retired through the thick underbrush, they were much broken. A number of these were rallied by Colonel Hofmann and reformed in rear of a line of works held by the Second corps. At evening the enemy made a furious onslaught, and succeeded in forcing the troops out and in planting the rebel colors on the works. At this juncture, with the fragments of nine regiments which he had rallied, numbering about 400 men, he attacked and drove the enemy out, and thus reëstablished the main line of communication between the right and left wings of the army, which had been momentarily interrupted. General Hancock, who was in command of the left wing and who was present, acknowledged the importance of this blow, which proved to be the final one on that sanguinary field.

On the 21st of May, after having participated in the severe fighting at Spottsylvania and Alsop's Farm, he was assigned to the command of the brigade. At the North Anna, soon after crossing, he was heavily attacked, but succeeded in hurling the foe from his position. On the 7th of June Hofmann was ordered to seize the railroad bridge over the Chickahominy. By making a long detour he came upon the enemy unawares and put him to rout, sustaining only small loss. Having crossed the James, he joined on the 18th of June in the assault upon the works before Petersburg, where the loss was very severe. In the movement upon the Weldon Railroad on the 18th of August, Colonel Hofmann's brigade bore a conspicuous part, making many captures, among which

were two field officers, nine line officers, and three battle-flags. He was soon afterwards made Brigadier-General, and was by special order of the President assigned to duty according to his brevet rank. In the action at Pegram's Farm, at Hatcher's Run, and in the raid upon the Weldon Railroad, General Hofmann led his command. At the conclusion of his three years' term in March, 1865, he retired from the service. In the fall of 1863 General Hofmann was the recipient of a jewelled sword, in silver scabbard, with belt, spurs, and sash, from the officers and men of his command. In the summer of 1864 he received from the men of the Fourth Delaware of his brigade, a revolver and spurs which they had captured in battle. By the members of his staff he was presented with an elegantly bound copy of Jomini's Life of Napoleon. He enjoyed the confidence of his superior officers, having been honored with testimonials from Generals Meredith, Rice, Cutler, Wadsworth, Doubleday, Griffin, Ayers, Warren, and Meade, the latter bearing testimony to "his high character for intelligence, energy, and zeal in the discharge of his duties, and for conspicuous gallantry on the field of battle."

EDWARD OVERTON, JR., son of Edward and Eliza (Clymer) Overton, was born at Towanda, on the 4th of February, 1836. He was educated at Princeton College, graduating in the class of 1856. He entered the service as Major of the Fiftieth regiment in September, 1861, and was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel in August, 1863. He served with Stevens in the Department of the South, and with the Ninth corps in the fierce engagements at Bull Run and Chantilly, leading his regiment in the latter and continuing at its head in the battle of South Mountain and at Antietam, where he was severely wounded. He returned to duty in time to go west with the Ninth corps, and was with Sherman at Vicksburg and Jackson, and subsequently bore a part in the defence of Knoxville in its protracted siege by Longstreet. On the bloody battle ground of the Wilderness he was where dangers were thickest, and at Ny River, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Mine Explosion, and Weldon Railroad, shared the fortunes of his regiment, facing the foe in one of the most sanguinary campaigns of the Rebellion. Since the war he has held

the position of Register in Bankruptcy for the Thirteenth Congressional District.

William Francis Small, son of Thomas and Sarah (James) Small, was born in Montgomery county on the 16th of September, 1819. He commanded the Monroe Guard, a militia company, in the riots of 1844, and led it throughout the Mexican War, especially distinguishing himself at Puebla, charging with only sixty men a battery strongly defended. After his return he rose to be Colonel and Brigadier-General of militia. In 1860 he recruited the Washington brigade, and tendered its service to Mr. Buchanan, which was declined. When hostilities opened in April, 1861, he attempted to pass through Baltimore with his command with the Massachusetts Sixth, but not being armed was attacked by the mob and driven back, having several men wounded. He was commissioned Colonel of the Twenty-sixth regiment. In the battle of Williamsburg, while leading with great heroism upon a bastion of Fort Magruder, he was severely wounded and borne helpless from the field. Being incapacitated for duty, he resigned in June, 1862. He recruited and commanded the Sixtieth militia when the State was invaded in 1863. Previous to the war he was a member of the State Senate.

James Gwyn, Colonel of the One Hundred and Eighteenth regiment, Brevet Brigadier and Major-General, was born at Londonderry, Ireland, on the 24th of November, 1828. He was the son of Alexander and Catharine (Garvin) Gwyn. He was educated at Foyle College, and for a time studied surgery. On coming to this country he settled in Philadelphia, where he was connected with the mercantile house of Stuart Brothers. In February, 1850, he was married to Miss Margaretta E. Young. At the opening of the Rebellion he was commissioned Captain of the Twenty-third regiment, and when it was reorganized for veteran service he was again commissioned Captain and went to the field under the gallant General Birney. With him Captain Gwyn fought at Fair Oaks, and at the close of the Peninsula campaign resigned to accept promotion to Lieutenant-Colonel of the One Hundred and Eighteenth. Its first engagement was at

Shepherdstown, soon after the battle of Antietam, where it fell into an ambuscade and was fearfully decimated. In the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg, with all the incidental skirmishing and fighting, Lieutenant-Colonel Gwyn maintained his character as a valuable and reliable officer, and at the close of these campaigns was promoted to Colonel. On the first day in the Wilderness he was severely wounded in the right thigh. He rejoined his regiment in front of Petersburg. On the 30th of September, 1864, Warren attacked the enemy in his works at Peeble's Farm. Gwyn, as the senior Colonel, commanded the First brigade, First division. With great gallantry he led forward his men, reduced by repeated losses to about eight hundred, and captured two earthworks and a fortified line. For this action he was brevetted Brigadier-General, and assigned to duty in accordance with the brevet rank. At Five Forks, in April, 1865, which was the beginning of the end, General Gwyn's brigade captured a large number of the enemy and many battle-flags. He was immediately thereafter promoted to Brevet Major-General. At the close of the war he returned to mercantile business.

WILLIAM HENRY BOYD was born on the 14th of July, 1825, at Quebec, Canada. His father was a soldier in the British army. At the breaking out of the war he was in the Directory publishing business in Philadelphia. He recruited a company of cavalry for Schurz's National brigade, which became a part of the First New York (Lincoln) cavalry, and which he led on the Peninsula as escort to General Franklin. After the Maryland campaign this regiment was left with Milroy at Winchester, and fought the advance of Lee in his march towards Gettysburg. Boyd was detached to save the wagon train and brought it safely to Harrisburg, after which he operated in the Cumberland Valley both during the advance and retreat of the enemy from Pennsylvania, rendering important service. He was shortly after commissioned Colonel of the Twenty-first cavalry, which in the Wilderness campaign he led as infantry, and at Cold Harbor was severely wounded, the ball piercing his neck and lodging in one of the vertebræ, where it remained for five months and was only

extracted after three unsuccessful attempts. In 1868 he was an agent of the Treasury Department.

FREDERIC SHEARER STUMBAUGH, Colonel of the Seventy-seventh regiment, was born on the 14th of April, 1817, in Franklin county, Pennsylvania. He was the son of John Stumbaugh, a descendant of Lawrence, who emigrated to this country from Strasburg, Germany, in the year 1751, and Sarah (Shearer) Stumbaugh. He was married in September, 1841, to Anna Sophia Cressler. He was appointed Colonel of the Second regiment organized in the State, having for fifteen years previous been connected with the militia. At the expiration of the three months' term he was made Colonel of the Seventy-seventh. It was sent for duty to Buell's army in Kentucky, which was ordered to the support of Grant at Shiloh. At the opening of the battle the Seventy-seventh was a long day's march away. Early the dull sound of artillery told that the struggle had commenced. It was spring, and the ways were unsettled. But fired with zeal to reach the ground, they moved rapidly forward, and at four on the following morning, April 7th, were embarked upon the Tennessee for the Landing. During the early part of the day the Seventy-seventh was held in reserve, but was attacked, and successfully repulsed a cavalry charge. At one in the afternoon Colonel Stumbaugh was placed in command of a brigade under General McCook, and so led his force in the heavy fighting which ensued as to win the hearty applause of that soldier.

In the campaign before Corinth, he was in command of his regiment; but soon after was prostrated by sickness, which proved to be of such a lingering nature that he offered his resignation, and was mustered out of service in December, 1862. In November preceding he was nominated, by the President, Brigadier-General. Since the war, he has for several terms served as a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, where he has always taken a leading rank.

ORPHEUS S. WOODWARD, Colonel of the Eighty-third regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born in Erie county, on the 1st of May, 1835. He was the son of Ebenezer and Cornelia

(Prindle) Woodward. He served for three months in the Erie regiment, and at the conclusion became Captain in the Eighty-third, accredited with more battles than any other Pennsylvania regiment. In all these engagements down to the 5th of May, 1864, with the exception of Bull Run and Fredericksburg, he took part. He commanded his regiment at Gettysburg in one of the most trying positions of the war. He was promoted to Colonel in July, 1863, and to Brevet Brigadier-General in March, 1865. He was slightly wounded in the left arm at Malvern Hill, and severely in the right knee-joint on the first day in the Wilderness, losing his leg, which ended his active service. The pain experienced during the ten days between the wounding and the amputation, in which he was constantly moving, was excruciating. Since the war he has served two terms in the Pennsylvania Legislature. He was married in 1861 to Miss Marietta Hemrod.

Robert Miller Henderson, Colonel of the Seventh Reserve regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born in Cumberland county, on the 11th of March, 1827. He was a farmer's son, and was educated at Dickinson College. He chose the law as his profession, and before he had attained his majority was admitted to practice. He was soon after elected a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, where he served during the sessions of 1851–'52. He married Miss M. A. Webster, of Baltimore. When the war opened he entered the volunteer force as a Captain in the Seventh Reserve. His two brothers accompanied him, but one of them, William M., was compelled from ill health to resign, and in less than a year died. During the Seven Days' battle upon the Peninsula, Captain Henderson shared in the hard fighting, receiving a wound at Charles City Cross Roads. Four days thereafter he was made Lieutenant-Colonel, General Seymour recommending the advancement on the ground of "brilliant gallantry." After returning from the Peninsula, Colonel Henderson marched to Kelly's Ford, and finally to the Second Bull Run battle-ground, where, in the severe struggle which ensued, he led his regiment with such coolness and courage as to elicit the warm commendation of Generals Reynolds and McDowell. Late in the

action Colonel Henderson was severely wounded and carried from the field. After partially recovering, he resigned his commission, to accept the office of Provost Marshal of the Fifteenth district of Pennsylvania. At the close of the war he returned to civil life and resumed the practice of his profession. He was brevetted Brigadier-General. The position of Judge Advocate-General of the Army of the Potomac was tendered him by General Meade, in a communication dated October 20th, 1864, but this for private reasons he was obliged to decline.

ISAAC ROGERS, son of John and Matilda (Gorsuch) Rogers, was born on the 5th of November, 1834. Entering the service as a Lieutenant in the One Hundred and Tenth regiment, he rose to Captain, Major, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Colonel in succession. He was with Shields at Winchester, and in the battles of Cedar Mountain, Bull Run, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and Wilderness he bore himself with heroic courage. At Laurel Hill, on the 12th of May, 1864, he was mortally wounded, and expired eleven days thereafter, having endured intense suffering. He left his home a year before with a presentiment that he would never return. His last message to his family was: "Tell them I have fought and fallen for my country," and died commending his comrades to heaven.

TILGHMAN H. GOOD, Colonel of the Forty-seventh regiment, was born in Lehigh county, on the 6th of October, 1830. He was the son of James and Mary A. (Blumer) Good. At the age of twenty he joined the militia, and in 1856 was Brigade-Inspector. He married, in 1851, Miss Mary A. Trexler. In 1858 he was a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature. When troops were called for the three months' service, his company, the Allen Rifles, was the first which arrived in camp, reporting at Harrisburg fully armed and equipped on the 20th of April, and became a part of the First regiment, of which he was Lieutenant-Colonel. He was made Colonel of the Forty-seventh regiment, and was sent to the Department of the South, where he participated in the battles of Pocotaligo, South Carolina; St. John's Bluff, Florida; and in Louisiana at Sabine Cross Roads,

Pleasant Hill, Cain River Crossing, and Morganza. In July, 1864, the Nineteenth corps to which he belonged was ordered north, and upon its arrival at Fortress Monroe was hastened forward to the Shenandoah Valley. At Berryville, Winchester, Fisher's Hill, and Cedar Creek, he was among the most reliable and skilful leaders who had a place in the glorious column that followed Sheridan to victory. The most notable exploit of his military life was that at Pocotaligo, where the brigade which he then commanded had the advance, and in fact fought the battle. Colonel Hawley, of the Seventh Connecticut, says of his conduct here: "Throughout this terrible engagement he displayed such marked coolness, indomitable bravery and skill as to win the admiration of all the officers and men in the expedition."

GEORGE ELWOOD JOHNSON, son of Samuel and Eliza (Keen) Johnson, was born in Philadelphia, on the 8th of December, 1824. He entered the service as a Lieutenant in the Twenty-ninth regiment in May, 1861, and was promoted to Captain, Major, and Lieutenant-Colonel. He was captured in the battle of Front Royal and was a prisoner at Salisbury three months. He was engaged in the battles of Chancellorsville, Gettysburg—where he was captured but escaped—Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Ringgold—where he was wounded severely—Atlanta, in the March to the Sea commanded a battalion of pioneers for the Twentieth corps, and was with his regiment in the march north, participating in several minor engagements. He was honorably discharged at the close of the war. He was married in 1848 to Miss Annie Burwell. In 1868 he was chosen an Alderman of Philadelphia.

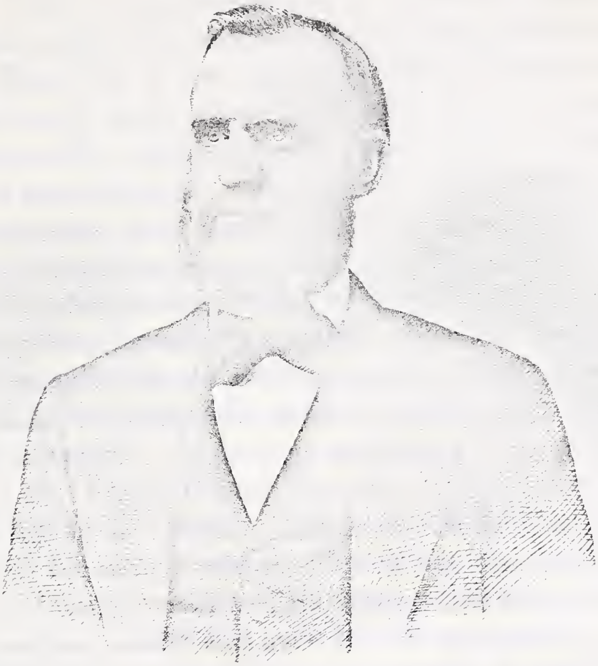
JAMES W. H. REISINGER, son of Charles and Providence (Roberts) Reisinger, was born on the 19th of January, 1833, at Beaver. When the war came he with his brothers was in the oil regions. Carried along by the current of fortune-making and speculation they had overlooked the claims of patriotism, when they were one day greeted with a note from their mother intimating her consent to their enlistment in the army of the Union. That hint was enough, and her four sons

were quickly transformed to soldiers. James W. H. became a Captain in the One Hundred and Fiftieth, with which he served until after Chancellorsville, when, from ill health, he was transferred to the Veteran Reserve corps, and subsequently was commissioned Major, and Lieutenant-Colonel of the Twenty-fifth colored regiment, with a section of which he was in command at Fort Pickens. Napoleon B. served in the Seventeenth Indiana; Charles S. lost a leg in front of Petersburg; and Roe, the youngest, received three balls in the right leg at Gettysburg. At the close of the war Colonel Reisinger published a weekly paper in Venango county, and afterward became editor and proprietor of the Meadville *Republican*, having a daily and weekly issue.

ADONIRAM JUDSON WARNER, Colonel of the Tenth Reserve, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born on the 13th of January, 1834, in Erie county, New York. His father was a native of Vermont, his mother of Massachusetts. At the age of twelve the family removed to Wisconsin. Four years after, his father died, and he, being the eldest of five children, remained at home and took the management of the farm, which had been broken anew on reaching the State. By his own exertions upon the farm, and as a hired laborer and teacher, he not only obtained a liberal education at Beloit and the New York Central College, but continued the discharge of a filial duty by providing for the support of the family of his widowed mother. In 1856 he was married to Miss Susan E. Butts, of Wayne county, New York, and soon after went to Lewistown, Pennsylvania, where he had previously taught, and became principal of the Lewistown Academy. Subsequently he was appointed Superintendent of the schools of that county, but resigned before the expiration of the term to take charge of the Union School at Mercer, Pennsylvania, where he was engaged at the breaking out of the war. He had no military training, and on this account declined the offer of the place of Major, accepting the commission of Captain of Company G. Before the opening of the Seven Days' battle on the Peninsula he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel. In the actions at Beaver Dam Creek, Gaines' Mill, and Charles City Cross Roads his regiment was hotly engaged and suffered severe

losses. In connection with the first two of these battles Colonel Warner mentions an interesting fact. "At Beaver Dam Creek, a request to be allowed to dig rifle-pits was hardly permitted by a regular army officer, and then only with an intimation that it was not evidence of true courage to get behind breastworks, and at Gaines' Mill it was impossible to get any attention paid to suggestions as to the propriety of throwing up temporary works, and no tools could be had for the purpose. A year later no one was asked for permission to dig trenches." At Charles City Cross Roads, when one wing of McCall's division was broken, after the most stubborn fighting, Colonel Warner, in conjunction with Major Stone and a few other officers, rallied disjointed troops, and when the enemy was about to charge, arrested a powerful attack, creating the impression that heavy Union supports were in readiness to receive it.

After the return from the Peninsula, Colonel Warner rendered important service throughout Pope's campaign and at South Mountain. But it was at Antietam that he gave the most signal proof of his ability as a soldier. As the battle opened he was ordered by General Hooker to proceed to the extreme right of the line, and as far to the front as he could, and report the movements of the enemy. As he went forward he discovered heavy masses of the foe pushing out upon that part of the field where Hooker was already most heavily engaged. With the eye of a true soldier he perceived that, unless that assault could be checked, Hooker's centre would be pierced. His resolution was instantly taken. "I immediately," he says in his report, "threw out nearly the whole regiment into a corn-field, as skirmishers, placing the rest as a reserve under cover, and opened a sharp fire upon the enemy's moving columns. This manœuvre had the intended effect. The enemy evidently expecting an attack in force, halted his columns, formed line, and threw out skirmishers to engage us. Meanwhile I sent a few chosen men further to our right, who crept up close enough to the rebel battery to kill the horses and pick off the gunners. For about twenty minutes the skirmishing was kept up sharply, and the enemy's whole force was held at bay. He evidently construed it into a movement on his flank. I had ascertained and reported to



Eng'd by Geo. E. Perine New York

A. J. Warner

ADONIRAM J. WARNER.

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General Hooker fully the enemy's movements." By his prompt and skilful conduct the centre was relieved, and Hooker was enabled to make one of the most gallant and well-directed fights of the war. But Colonel Warner, while doing bravely and well for his country, was himself sorely scourged. Being the only mounted officer he was a conspicuous mark for the enemy's sharpshooters. After having his horse twice struck, his sword once, one ball graze his right side and another pass through his coat, he was hit by a Minié ball in the right hip, which shattered the pelvis bone and buried itself, where for a long time it was inextricable. Two unsuccessful attempts were made to find it, during which he suffered great anguish. Not until the 8th of February, 1864, after an operation that lasted five hours, was it finally removed. His subsequent field service was trying. He could only walk with the aid of crutches or canes, which he carried fastened to his saddle, and riding was exceedingly painful. But the Gettysburg campaign was at full tide, the enemy already on the soil of his State, and he could not resist the desire to hasten forward to join in the great struggle. As he was advancing into position across a spur of the Little Round Top, he received a severe injury from the fall of his horse. "Once on the field of Gettysburg," he says, "I felt sure of victory; for it was the determination of the men to bravely withstand the enemy that won us the battle." As soon as the conflict was over he was sent again to Washington for treatment. He had been reported to the Secretary of War as unfit for duty, with wounds likely to prove fatal. This prevented his promotion, which had been recommended by General Meade. He was, however, advanced to Colonel, to date from April 25th, 1863; but after Gettysburg, seeing no hope of being useful in the field, he accepted of a transfer to the Seventeenth regiment of the Veteran Reserve corps, on the 23d of November, and in March following was brevetted Brigadier-General. In the meantime he was kept on court-martial duty, and was finally sent to Indianapolis, and placed in command of that post. Bounty-jumping was here rife, a practice which he could not regard but with feelings of abhorrence. Indeed the whole system of giving bounties he condemned in unqualified terms. To break up this flagitious outrage he resorted to the most

severe punishment, ordering the worst offenders to trial and execution, and binding whole gangs of others together and sending them thus yoked to the front. At the conclusion of his service he took up his residence at Marietta, Ohio, where he became President of the Marietta, Pittsburg, and Cleveland Railroad Company, in which position he is still employed.

LORENZO CANTADOR was born on the 10th of June, 1810, at Dusseldorf, Prussia. He entered the Prussian army in 1832, as a volunteer, was promoted an officer of the Landwehr in 1833, and in the attempted revolution of 1848 commanded a body of the National Guard. He was subsequently engaged in mercantile pursuits, and in 1861 was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel of the Twenty-seventh regiment, having in the meantime become a resident of Philadelphia. He was in the battles of Cross-Keys, Cedar Mountain, Second Bull Run, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg, and had two horses shot under him. He resigned in November, 1863. He is six feet four inches in height, and well formed.

JOHN ELY was born on the 16th of January, 1816, in Bucks county, where his ancestors, who were of the Society of Friends, had lived for six generations. He abandoned a lucrative trade in coal at the opening of the Rebellion, and contributed liberally to the formation of a company for Colonel Baker's California regiment. In August, 1861, he recruited a battalion of five companies for the Twenty-third regiment, of which he was appointed Major. He was engaged at Williamsburg, and at Fair Oaks had a leg broken by a musket shot, but kept his horse until the fighting was over. His promotion to Lieutenant-Colonel followed close, and in the battle of Marye's Heights, in May, 1863, he acted a leading part in that daring charge which hurled the enemy from his stronghold, and received severe injuries from the fall of his wounded horse in the midst of the assault, which compelled him to tender his resignation. In January, 1864, he was appointed Colonel in the Veteran Reserve corps. From July to November, he was recruiting and disbursing officer in West Virginia, when he was transferred for similar duty to New Jersey.

In January, 1866, he was placed in charge of the Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen and Abandoned Lands in Kentucky, having in the meantime been advanced to Brevet Brigadier-General. General Ely was twice married—in 1837 to Rebecca R. Winder, and in 1856 to Marie Antoinette Morris—and had one son, Samuel L. Ely, who served in the Eighth cavalry. In person he was nearly six feet in height, deep chested, and of powerful frame. General Ely was intrusted with responsible duties in the Freedmen's Bureau, which he resigned in 1867. In 1869 he was appointed United States Marshal for the eastern district of Pennsylvania, but died suddenly on the 4th of May, soon after being inducted into office.

EDWIN E. ZEIGLER was born in Lewistown, in 1842. He was a member of the noted Logan Guards, the van of the first column to reach the Capital in April, 1861, and with it served for three months at Fort Washington. On being mustered out he entered the Forty-ninth regiment as a Lieutenant, where he served until March, 1862, when he was transferred to the One Hundred and Seventh, of which he became in succession Captain, Major, and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel. In the stubborn battle at the Weldon Railroad on the 19th of August, 1864, he was taken prisoner and was incarcerated in the prisons at Salisbury and Danville until the spring of 1865. General McCoy says of him: "Colonel Zeigler participated in nearly all the battles of his regiment, and was esteemed as one of its most courageous, faithful, and reliable officers." At the close of the war he became an agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company at Huntingdon, and was subsequently promoted to a much more responsible position in Allegheny City.

ASHER S. LEIDY, Colonel of the Ninety-ninth regiment, was born on the 30th of July, 1830, in Philadelphia. He was the son of Philip and Christiana Teliana (Maley) Leidy. He was educated at the Philadelphia High School, the College of Pharmacy, and the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania. He was active in raising the Ninety-ninth regiment, which he assisted materially in equipping, organizing, and disciplining, and was commissioned its Major. He was severely

wounded in the battle of Fredericksburg, the left thigh bone being fractured. By skilful treatment he recovered with only slight permanent disability. He was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel on the 1st of February, 1862, and to Colonel in June following. On various occasions he was called to the command of Kearny's old brigade. The most important battles in which he participated were Second Bull Run, Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville, though he was conspicuous in a large number of less important engagements, notably at White's Ford, where Stuart's cavalry attacked and was repulsed, and at Wolf Creek Bridge, where Moseby was likewise driven in rout. He was handsomely noticed by Kearny at Bull Run, by Birney at Fredericksburg, and by Ward, Birney, and Sickles at Chancellorsville. He was honorably discharged on the 9th of April, 1864.

THOMAS LEIPER KANE, Colonel of the Bucktail regiment, Brigadier and Brevet Major-General, second son of John K. Kane, was born in Philadelphia. Having overtaxed himself in study he was sent, at the age of sixteen, to Norfolkshire, England, to reside with an aged kinsman, to whose property he was by family arrangement to succeed. Finding it a condition of his fortune that he should become a British subject, he broke with his relative, and left England for the Continent, where his education was completed. On his return to the United States he engaged with youthful ardor in various reforms designed to introduce advanced French ideas into American politics. He drew about him a circle of young professional men, who, though varying widely in opinion, united in preparing articles of a progressive tone, the publication of which they pushed in newspapers and serials. The little junto, however, split and went to pieces upon the slavery question, Kane with the minority being an unconditional abolitionist.

In the meantime he had studied law and was admitted to practice; but an adventurous spirit possessed him, and he forsook his profession to find, in the western wilds of America, its satisfaction. With his brother, Elisha Kent, whose exploits have filled the world with their renown, he had early planned extended travel, and when his brother entered upon his Arctic

explorations he went west. Fremont's journals had not then familiarized the reading public with the character of the national domain west of the Missouri. It had as yet been little explored, and the months of Kane's residence in the Indian villages of the plains were full of adventure. He returned to Philadelphia the sworn defender of the Red Man. The boldness of his attacks on the Indian rings at Washington conciliated prominent members of the Society of Friends, who led him to regard with favor their methods of advancing reform, and fed his zeal in the cause of the American slave. He made southern trips to urge upon eminent slave-holders gradual compensated emancipation, and three voyages to the British West Indies to study the working of emancipation there, extending his researches to the Spanish Islands.

In 1846, while on a confidential mission from President Polk to New Mexico, he fell in with the Mormons, just then driven from Nauvoo, whose wretched condition excited his pity and moved him to efforts for their amelioration. Mr. Buchanan, in his message of 1858, alludes in terms of compliment to his mediatory offices in pacifying Utah. In 1848 he was chairman of the Freesoil State Central Committee. At the time of the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, he was a United States Commissioner; but spurning its provisions he resigned his place in a letter which was construed as a contempt of court. The action of the District Judge in committing him was, however, overruled by Judge Grier of the Supreme Bench. Kane, shortly after this, appears as a corporator of the Underground Railroad, asserting practically the abstract right of a member of society to break any law against his conscience, provided he does so openly, and without attempting to evade its penalties. In June, 1852, he was upon the platform at an anti-slavery meeting in the Tabernacle, New York, facing boldly the threats of violence, and at a similar assemblage in Philadelphia, to be addressed by George W. Curtis, resolutely advocated the meeting of force by force.

But as a resident of Philadelphia he found scope for his energies in more practical duties. As a city director of the Sunbury and Erie Railroad he was influential in having its route changed to one running through a pass of the Alleghenies, which he had discovered in his summer explorations. He was an active mem-

ber of the American Philosophical Society, a manager of the House of Refuge, to the success of which he largely contributed, and a familiar visitor to the almshouse and prisons of the city. He was now able to reduce to practical operation some of the less Utopian theories of his youth. He established and maintained, at his own expense, for several years, a large and most successful Salle d'Asile, the first working model in America of this excellent charity, and found coadjutors among the most sober and conservative of his fellow-citizens in another enterprise which he regarded as of great usefulness—the popularization of music in public schools and charitable associations for the training of youth.

In 1860 the portents of storm in the political horizon made him uneasy, and abolitionist though he was, he deprecated war. He counselled peaceful measures, advocated the Crittenden Compromise, and made numerous trips to Washington, as the winter advanced, to plead with his old Southern friends in Congress. Yet, when the Rebellion broke out, he dropped all his occupations, abandoned all his plans, and was the first volunteer from Pennsylvania for the war, reconciling his course with the peace principles which he had professed, on the score that he went forth as an armed policeman to restore order. Although he had raised a regiment he was himself mustered in as a private. When subsequently elected Colonel, he resigned on the following day in favor of one recommended by General Scott as a proficient in military tactics. He was a rigid disciplinarian, but did not thereby forfeit the love and confidence of his men. In the first victory gained in the Army of the Potomac his regiment was prominently engaged, he manœuvring it with singular skill and receiving a ghastly wound in the mouth.

While in winter quarters at Camp Pierpont, before Washington, in the winter of 1861–'62, Kane wrote his *Instruction for Skirmishers*, a protest against the enforcement of European tactics upon American riflemen. He claimed for its chief merit the employment of large bodies of men in dispersed order; deploying and bringing them together again more readily than by the prevailing system. His manuscript was submitted, by command, to General Casey, upon whose recommendation General McClellan issued an order, dated March 7th, 1862, to General McCall,

instructing him to "detail four companies of the Kane rifles to report to Lieutenant-Colonel Kane, and until further orders to be drilled by Colonel Kane exclusively in the system of tactics devised by him." Under his instruction these companies became proficient. He served in Bayard's brigade, and here found himself among officers whose tone was like his own. Bayard was his personal friend. But both were fighting for the Union against the sympathies and wishes of many of their family connections. Their camp near Fredericksburg was set among the plantations of old friends and relatives, now estranged. Complaints of outrages committed by Union soldiers were often brought to his notice, and meddlesome persons sought to charge him before his former associates with instigating them, though without a shadow of foundation.

It was a relief when spring came to turn from these painful scenes to active campaigning. A specialty of Kane's tactics was a peculiar fatigue march, and in the movement to the Shenandoah against Jackson, his skirmishers kept pace with the cavalry, outmarching the rest of the column. Kane was no less magnanimous than brave. It was his fortune to hold a command opposed to Ashby throughout that officer's career, and in 1861, when operating in the New Creek country against the Black Horse cavalry, he had ordered his men to respect Ashby's life. At Harrisonburg, Ashby made himself conspicuous, commanding Jackson's rear guard while Kane was pressing the pursuit. Kane was shot, as his men claimed, by Ashby—a pistol ball having been extracted from one of his wounds—and they were intent to avenge the wrong. This was finally accomplished by Fred. Holmes, a Bucktail, who had himself already received his death-wound. As Ashby passed near, Holmes raised himself on his arm and fired. A Bucktail's aim none might elude, and Ashby fell. The engagement at Harrisonburg gave occasion for a display of generous magnanimity worthy to recount. Kane's fall left Charles F. Taylor, brother of Bayard, in command of the Bucktails. Kane refused to be carried off the field at the peril of his men, and by his order Taylor withdrew them to a place of safety. This done he returned alone to seek his wounded Colonel. Darkness had fallen, and Kane had been carried off the field by the enemy. Taylor surrendered himself, stating his

errand. His capture was reported to Jackson and Ewell, and an aid immediately brought him the offer of a parole. Taylor declined it until he should first find his commander, whom he discovered next day, "hatless, coatless, shoeless, and out of his head," lying on an ammunition wagon in the blazing sun. The offer of parole was formally renewed to both at intervals until accepted. As they were carried across Virginia to Salisbury, North Carolina, Kane was again thrown among the companions of his boyhood. At one point they passed a wounded man propped up against a tree. It was a relative of Kane, who had been shot by the Bucktails and was dying. Another cousin, unlike any other Southerner they met, shook the bed on which Kane was lying to arouse him, and addressing him by his Christian name taunted him with his wounds and captivity. His own men removed the young Virginian forcibly, crying "For shame." The obsequies of Ashby were being celebrated as they went through Charlottesville. The funeral bell was heard tolling, the musketry firing over the hero's grave. Passing the University of Virginia, a young gentleman came into the car where the two prisoners lay among the rows of wounded Confederates, and began giving them refreshments from a basket which he carried on his arm. Approaching Kane the latter said, "We are Federals." "These provisions are my father's," the lad answered courteously; "he meant them for gallant men. I am sure you have been one, sir." Kane asked his name, and when he gave it, recognized in him the son of one of his oldest family friends. Everywhere he met with kindness; and when he reached home he sought to repay it. He had seen enough of the misery of Southern hospitals, without ice, quinine, or chloroform, to pity the wounded there languishing. One of his first acts was to dictate a letter to President Lincoln, requesting permission to send a schooner-load of these articles to the Southern hospitals at his own expense. But the President was inflexible in his denial.

In the meantime he had been promoted to Brigadier-General of volunteers and given a brigade in the Twelfth corps. After Chancellorsville, a selection was made of regiments "warranted to stand fire" to defend the rear on the retreat. The honor of commanding this brigade was conferred on General Kane. Perhaps the most important in its results of his irregular services

was his rejoining his brigade before the battle of Gettysburg. He was intrusted by the War Department with the important message to General Meade not to place any reliance on the telegraphic cipher, as it had been intercepted and was understood by the enemy. As the rebel General Stuart's command of horse was between the Capital and Meade's army, it was hazardous to attempt to reach it. A special train furnished him was ambuscaded above Poolesville, and he came near falling into the enemy's hands. General Schenck, in command at Baltimore, detailed a barouche with spirited horses, in which he made his way to the Union head-quarters. As was apprehended, he fell into Stuart's hands near Westminster, where he was arrested and examined, but it being in the sleepy hours before day, was allowed to pass on. He reached Taneytown in the afternoon of the 1st of July. On reporting to his brigade, it was ordered upon the front, and its place on the line on Culp's Hill is marked to this day by the severity of the fire. During the afternoon of the 2d, while the sharp fighting was in progress on his left, he shifted and strengthened his position; but in the evening he was hurriedly ordered out to reinforce the opposite wing of the army. Before he was half way to Round Top, his destination, he learned that the enemy had been repulsed, at the same time detecting heavy firing in the direction he had left. Instead of reporting and awaiting orders, he instantly countermarched, arriving at a critical moment. The enemy was found in possession of his breastworks. The night was far advanced; but he drove them out inch by inch, and retook in person a piece of rocky ground—a key-point in the hard fighting of the succeeding day.

Having been disabled by wounds and sickness he withdrew from the active command soon after the battle, and on doing so issued to his brigade the following characteristic order, which may properly conclude this narrative: "The hard fighting seems over. If there is to be more of it soon, I will be with you. If not, farewell, and may God bless and reward you for your noble conduct, but for which, neither I nor any of the thousands of this army would have home, country, pride, or honor to return to. If you should not see me again in the brigade I hope you will remember long and affectionately your friend and commander."

CHAPTER XIV.

GALUSHA PENNYPACKER, Colonel of the Ninety-seventh regiment, Brigadier and Brevet Major-General, was born at Valley Forge, the scene of the unparalleled fortitude of Washington and the patriot army. He was the son of Joseph J. and Tamzen A. (Workiger) Pennypacker, natives of Chester county. The mother died when the son, her only child, was but three years old, and he was placed in charge of his paternal grandmother, who cared for him with all a mother's tenderness. He received a good English and classical education, and at the instance of his father learned the art of printing. He was about to commence the study of law when the war broke out, but dismissed the lights of jurisprudence for the camp and bivouac fires.

He had previously attached himself to the infantry company of Henry R. Guss, with whom he served in the three months' campaign under Patterson in the Ninth regiment as Quartermaster's Sergeant, performing the duties of Quartermaster during the greater part of the campaign. He displayed unusual executive ability, and when Colonel Guss received authority to raise a regiment for three years Sergeant Pennypacker recruited the first company and was commissioned Captain. He was appointed commandant of Camp Wayne, where the regiment was placed, and authorized to muster the troops as fast as organized. Soon after his entrance upon this duty he was promoted to Major, and in addition aided his associate officers in the routine of their labors, in which by his experience he was well versed, conducting regimental and battalion drills with the skill and confidence of a veteran drill-master.

His regiment left camp on the 16th of November, 1861, for

G. Pennypacker.

BREVET MAJOR GENERAL G. PENNYPACKER, U. S. A.

Fortress Monroe, and a month later sailed for South Carolina. A storm kept the vessel tempest-tossed several days, and the men, fresh from the farm and the work-shop, had their first experience of the sea. It was a dismal voyage; but the kind face and pleasant voice of Major Pennypacker, as he moved among the men, inspecting their quarters and caring for their wants, reassured many a drooping spirit, and brought sunshine amidst clouds and storms. While in the Department of the South, his regiment was engaged in the operations against Fort Pulaski in January, 1862, and in the following month in the occupation of Fort Clinch, Fernandina, and Jacksonville, at the latter place having brisk conflicts with the enemy. Active service continued with little cessation while his regiment remained in the department, its command much of the time devolving on Major Pennypacker. In the discharge of that trust he showed signal ability, causing General A. H. Terry, who was serving in this department, to say to Colonel Guss: "You have a most excellent and deserving officer in Major Pennypacker; he will make his mark in the service,"—a prediction which was signally verified. In February, 1863, he was member of a board appointed to examine officers. His selection for this grave duty, when barely twenty years of age, over soldiers graced with the training of West Point, shows how completely he had won the confidence of his commander, and how devoted he had been in the brief period of his novitiate to the military profession.

The second assault on Fort Wagner was made at dusk on the evening of July 18th, 1863, the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts (colored) leading the way. The slaughter was terrible, and though promptly and gallantly supported by Putnam's brigade, it proved disastrous. Stevenson's brigade, in which was Pennypacker's regiment, was brought up to cover the retreat, and during the long hours of that dismal night, under a constant fire from the fort, the men were employed in bringing in the wounded, crawling stealthily up to the very moat and slopes of the fortress. To this attempt to gain the stronghold, regular approaches succeeded. In the face of desperate resistance, and a ceaseless fire from the most formidable enginery of war, these operations were pushed. In the midst of them Major Penny-

packer was stricken with fever. When the siege works were ready for a fresh assault, the commanders of regiments were called together to receive their final instructions. Major Pennypacker was too sick to be present, but he awaited until past midnight the return of his next in command, who attended in his stead, and refused to retire until he had fully mastered every detail of the plan of attack. When morning came he mounted his horse, the very study and meditation of the scheme inspiring him with vigor. At the point where horses must be left, he dismounted and marched at the head of his columns. But on reaching the parallels it was ascertained that the enemy had forsaken their posts, leaving the stronghold to fall into the hands of the besiegers—a bloodless victory.

So much reduced was he by the severe duty here imposed that, at the urgent representation of his physicians, he accepted a furlough and went north to regain his shattered strength. He returned and rejoined his regiment near the close of October, 1863, which had in the meantime been transferred to Fernandina, Florida. He was immediately placed over five companies, and in April following succeeded to the command of the post. He headed two expeditions to the mainland for the purpose of surprising rebel camps and obtaining lumber for the use of the department, both of which were successful. In April, 1864, he was ordered to Virginia, there to join the Army of the James, and was soon after commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel. Arrived at Gloucester Point, the place of rendezvous of the troops, his regiment was assigned to the Second brigade of General Terry's division of the Tenth corps. In the operations from Bermuda Hundred and along the line of the Petersburg and Richmond Railroad, in the main fruitless, though involving desperate fighting, Colonel Pennypacker manœuvred his men in the face of superior forces with consummate skill. Especially was this the case in the action at Wier Bottom Church, on the 16th of May. It was necessary that the enemy, who was concentrating there in considerable force, should be held in check until the main body of General Butler's army could be withdrawn. By a forced march the regiment was brought into position in time to check the foe, and by so disposing his troops as to convey the impression

that his was only the skirmish line to a powerful body, he stopped a vastly superior force, until Butler was safe in his works.

Two days after this, Beauregard, who commanded the rebel troops, attacked and carried a portion of the Union line occupied by the Eighth Maine. Pennypacker was ordered up with his regiment to retake it. Selecting four companies with which to make the assault, by a sudden spring he routed the enemy, though in the face of a terrific fire, and reoccupied the ground. It was a brilliant dash, and though attended with fearful slaughter was completely triumphant. At Foster's Plantation, on the 20th, his command was less fortunate, but not less heroic; for, charging gallantly over open ground, his steadfast line was swept by a storm of musket shot and canister from well-served guns. Twice had he fallen from grievous wounds, but recovering himself, had led on, exhorting and encouraging, when he was a third time stricken, and now rendered helpless. A more gallant or persistent charge was not delivered during the war, nor one which more clearly demonstrated the devotion of a body of men to their commander. He was carried helpless to his tent with a wound in his right arm, another in his left leg, and still a third in his right side, and three days thereafter was sent to the general hospital at Fortress Monroe. Impatient to be with his men, though still suffering from his wounds, he resumed command on the 12th of August, and soon after was made Colonel. The actions at Deep Bottom and Strawberry Plains speedily followed, in which, though with right arm still disabled, he headed his command, and at the moment of extreme peril in the latter engagement succeeded by great skill and heroism in bringing off his regiment, when by a sudden unfortunate turn in the fight it seemed given over to inevitable capture. On returning to the lines before Petersburg, Colonel Pennypacker succeeded to the command of the brigade, and was shortly after permanently assigned to it by General Butler.

Towards the close of September, aggressive operations were renewed on the north side of the James, and in the actions at New Market Heights, and before Fort Gilmer, Colonel Pennypacker led his brigade, winning new claims to confidence in his more responsible position. In the latter engagement he received

a painful wound, and his horse was shot under him. Though suffering greatly, he refused to leave the field. Commanding positions were secured at New Market Heights and at Fort Harrison. To regain them the enemy made desperate assaults, and the slaughter was frightful. The reconnoissance towards Richmond by Terry and Kautz involved severe actions at the Darbytown and Charles City Roads. Major Price, who succeeded him in command of the regiment, and who furnished the material for this sketch, thus speaks of his chief: "During these important movements, Colonel Pennypacker was continuously in command of his brigade, always at the post of duty, always prepared for instant action, always thoroughly cognizant of every movement of the enemy in his front."

Early in December, the Tenth and Eighteenth corps were merged in one and designated the Twenty-fourth. A plan was devised about this time for the reduction of Fort Fisher, commanding the entrance to Wilmington, the chief remaining entrepôt to the Confederacy. With Ames' division of the Twenty-fourth and Paine's of the Twenty-fifth (colored), about six thousand five hundred men, General Butler set sail on the 13th of December, to act in conjunction with Admiral Porter. Under cover of the fleet, Ames' division debarked, and pushed up close under the fort, Pennypacker leading his brigade. A reconnoissance was made by General Weitzel, second in command, which resulted in the conclusion that the place was impregnable; whereupon Butler ordered the division to embark, and sailed away to the James. On the 2d of January, scarcely two weeks later, the same troops, with the addition of Abbott's brigade of Terry's division and a small siege train, in all about eight thousand men, under General Terry, were ordered to renew the attempt. Rendezvousing with the fleet off Beaufort, Terry was obliged by stress of weather to wait from the 8th to the 12th, when, moving up, he landed with his entire force. A line of skirmishers was thrown out which met little resistance, and Colonel Pennypacker at dusk, with his own and two other brigades, was sent to establish a line of defensive works across the island from sea to river. The ground was marshy and difficult, and it was not until two o'clock on the following morning that a line much nearer the

fort than the one originally sought was found feasible, and the work of intrenching commenced. Before morning, a good protection was completed, giving a sure foothold. After a careful reconnoissance, Terry determined to assault. At eight o'clock on the morning of the 15th, the fleet moved down and opened fire at close quarters. Ames' division had been selected to lead. At two o'clock P. M. one hundred picked men, with Spencer repeating carbines and light spades, went forward at a run, and when arrived within two hundred yards of the fort, quickly threw up sufficient earth to afford some protection, and opened fire. Curtis' brigade followed, and was succeeded by Pennypacker's and Bell's at regular intervals. By successive steps these were advanced one after another by rapid movements, taking shelter behind the slight works prepared. The missiles of the fleet and the work of the intrepid axe-men had made openings in the palisades, when Curtis' brigade sprang forward, and though meeting a terrific fire, passed all obstruction and made a lodgment upon the parapet. Pennypacker was not far behind, "overlapping Curtis' right," says Terry, "and drove the enemy from the heavy palisading, from the west end of the land face to the river, capturing a considerable number of prisoners; then pushing forward to their left, the two brigades together drove the enemy from about one quarter of the land face." Bell carried the side next the river, where the works were of minor strength. But the difficulties had now but just begun to be met. "Hand-to-hand fighting," continues Terry, "of the most desperate character ensued, the huge traverses of the land face being used successively by the enemy as breastworks, over the tops of which the contending forces fired into each other's faces. Nine of these, one after the other, were carried by our men. . . . The fighting for the traverses continued until nearly nine o'clock, when a portion of Abbott's brigade, which had been brought to the support of the assault, drove the enemy from the last remaining stronghold, and the occupation of the work was completed." Language is inadequate to the presentation of the terrors of the scene as assailants and assailed met each other over the traverses of this strongest of rebel works. But the valor of this devoted division was superior to all, and everything went down before it.

When his brigade had scaled the battlements of the frowning fortress, Colonel Pennypacker, seizing the flag of his old regiment, heroically led the way. Three of the traverses, after fearful struggles, had been carried, when Colonel Pennypacker received a severe wound. Recovering himself, by one desperate effort he planted his flag at the farthest reach on the front, and then fell back helpless and exhausted from the loss of blood. "I have no words," says General Terry, "to do justice to the behavior of both officers and men on this occasion. Better soldiers never fought. Brigadier-General Curtis and Colonels Pennypacker, Bell, and Abbott, the brigade commanders, led them with the utmost gallantry. Curtis was wounded after fighting in the front rank, rifle in hand! Pennypacker, while carrying the standard of his regiment, the first man in a charge over a traverse! Bell was mortally wounded near the palisades!"

Captain George F. Toule, Inspector-General to General Terry, in a letter from the fort, of January 23d, 1865, says: "The assault was magnificent. For six hours success seemed doubtful. The men actually clubbed rifles over the parapet, and the fighting was of that hand-to-hand character we so often read about but seldom see. . . . Curtis was wounded. Bell was wounded and died the next day. Poor Pennypacker was wounded while leading his brigade over the parapet, with the colors of the Ninety-seventh in his hand. I saw him as he was brought off on a stretcher. He refused to leave the field until he had seen General Terry. I told the General, who went to see him. Pennypacker then pointed to the foremost flag on the traverses, and said, 'General, take notice; that is the flag of the Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania.' Everybody feels badly that he should receive such a severe wound, and none more so than myself. . . . The carrying of such a strong work as Fisher by assault is an event unparalleled in military history. Including the Mound battery, and Battery Buchanan, there are eighty-four guns. Among them a splendid one-hundred-and-fifty pounder gun, with a rosewood carriage, presented to the rebels by English friends. General Terry intends to present it to West Point."

Colonel Pennypacker's wound was a ghastly one in the right side and hip, made by a Minié ball, the pelvis being shattered.

As soon as it was deemed safe he was taken to the Chesapeake Hospital, at Fortress Monroe, where he received the best surgical and medical attention. His recovery was for a long time considered doubtful, and his suffering intense.

Immediately after this action, the rank of Brevet Brigadier-General was conferred upon him, and soon after that of a full Brigadier. Upon the recommendation of General Terry he was also made Major-General by brevet for gallant and meritorious services during the war.

As soon as he was so far recovered as to travel with safety, he returned to his home at West Chester. He was received on his arrival with the most flattering demonstrations of respect and esteem, by an organization of citizens, accompanied by the cadets of the two military schools, the populace crowding to behold the maimed soldier. He was formally welcomed by Senator Wilmer Worthington in a delicate and graceful eulogy of his faithful service. Though gradually recovering his strength he was still unfit for field duty, and after twice tendering his resignation it was finally accepted on the 30th of April, 1866, he being the last of his regiment to leave the service, as he was the first to enter it. He was the youngest general officer who served in the army during the war, having been confirmed as Brigadier and Brevet Major-General at the age of twenty-two.

Relieved from martial duties, though with wounds unhealed, General Pennypacker at once commenced the study of law. But the Government could ill afford to spare the services of so true and good a soldier, and on the 1st of December, 1866, he was appointed a Colonel in the regular army and assigned to the command of the Thirty-fourth infantry. He was permitted to delay joining his regiment for several months that he might have proper surgical treatment. In the meantime he was nominated and confirmed a Brevet Brigadier and Brevet Major-General in the regular army.

On the 20th of May, 1867, he joined his regiment, then stationed at Grenada, Mississippi. He was afterwards President of a military commission convened at Vicksburg, and for a short time commanding officer of the sub-district of Mississippi. Subsequently the Twenty-fourth infantry was discontinued as an

organization, when General Pennypacker was assigned, on the 25th of March, 1869, to the command of the Sixteenth infantry, which position he still holds.

Previous to the nomination for Governor in 1872, General Pennypacker was urged by many influential papers throughout the State for that high office. In the effort to harmonize conflicting interests, the propriety of selecting a candidate so deservedly popular, in order to secure the united support of all parties, was regarded as of the first importance. For the intended honor he expressed to his friends in the convention grateful appreciation, but respectfully yet positively declined to be considered a candidate, preferring to retain his position in the army. His name was accordingly withdrawn from the convention before a ballot was taken. His age was barely that fixed by the Constitution for Governor.

WILLIAM J. PALMER, son of John and Matilda (Jackson) Palmer, was born near Smyrna, Delaware, on the 18th of September, 1836. He was educated at the Central High School of Philadelphia, and spent a year in inspecting practical mining and engineering in England, becoming soon after his return private secretary to J. Edgar Thomson, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. He formed and was made Captain of the Anderson Troop for escort duty to General Anderson on taking command in Kentucky. Captain Palmer subsequently set about recruiting a regiment of cavalry, and when partially completed it was sent into the Cumberland Valley to meet the enemy in his Maryland campaign. Soon after Antietam Captain Palmer volunteered to go into the enemy's lines on delicate duty, was taken prisoner, and was not released until January, 1863. He had in the meantime been promoted to Colonel, and on rejoining his regiment, now with Rosecrans in Tennessee, soon brought it to an effective state. He was active in the Chickamauga campaign, in the battle of Missionary Ridge, and in the operations against Longstreet in the valley of the French Broad River, in the winter of 1864. In the Atlanta campaign he had charge of a portion of the line of supply, and when Hood moved on Nashville, Palmer was set upon his rear,

burning a pontoon train near Russellville, destroying a supply train near Aberdeen, and subsequently routing a column under General Lyon. In the spring of 1865, having been made a Brevet Brigadier-General, he was given a brigade and sent into North Carolina, and when Johnston surrendered was placed over a division and put upon the track of Jefferson Davis, then trying to escape to the Gulf. Palmer with others pushed the pursuit, and he was close upon his trail when the rebel President was captured in his female paraphernalia. On leaving the service he was chosen Treasurer of the Kansas Pacific Railroad Company, and builder and manager of construction of the last two hundred and thirty-two miles. After the lapse of a little more than five years he organized the Denver and Rio Grande Railway Company, the main line to extend to El Paso in Mexico, the track having a gauge of only three feet. In 1870 he married Miss Queen Mellen, of Flushing, Long Island. He has established his home in a wild gorge of the Rocky Mountains, which he has named Queen's Cañon. General Thomas said of him: "There is no officer in the regular or volunteer service who has performed the duties which have devolved upon him with more intelligence, zeal, or energy, than General Palmer, whose uniform distinguished success throughout the war places his reputation beyond controversy."

SAMUEL KLINGER SCHWENK, Colonel of the Fiftieth regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born on the 8th of May, 1842, in Dauphin county. He is descended from the Von Schwencks of Germany, a noble family, several of whom served with distinction in the late Franco-German war, and both paternal and maternal ancestors served in our Revolutionary war and in the wars of Napoleon. He was educated at Dickinson Seminary, which he left in his senior year to enlist in the service of his country. He studied military tactics when but a boy, with an old French officer, and at the age of sixteen was appointed Lieutenant of the Germanville artillery. While at college he instructed the Dickinson Cadets, composed of the teachers and students of the college. On the 19th of August, 1861, he was appointed a First Lieutenant in the Fiftieth, and proceeded with

it to South Carolina. In affairs at Beaufort and twice at Port Royal Ferry he acted with skill, and received the thanks of Generals Stevens and Hunter. He returned to Virginia in time to take part in the battles of Bull Run and Chantilly. At South Mountain he was wounded in the ankle. At Antietam he was still with his company, though scarcely able to walk, and was given command of the sharpshooters on the Ninth corps front, where he was pitted against the famous Palmetto sharpshooters, whom he drove, and opened connection with Hooker's corps on the right, receiving handsome mention from Generals Wilcox and Burnside. At Fredericksburg he again led the skirmishers, and reached out on the left until he joined hands with those of Franklin's Grand division. The Ninth corps was sent west in the spring of 1863, and at Blue Spring and Hough's Ferry, where the advance of Longstreet was met, Captain Schwenk performed one of those daring feats with which his name was often associated. He not only fought the enemy's skirmishers and captured a number of them, but actually went within the hostile lines, gaining full information of the position and numbers, and in the end took a party sent out to demand his own surrender. "At Campbell's Station," says his brigade commander, General Cutcheon, "he behaved most bravely," and during the entire siege of Knoxville was "especially distinguished for his coolness, prudent judgment, and determined gallantry, as well as professional skill in the construction of defences." The same officer further says: "During the battles of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania his regiment fought side by side with the Twentieth Michigan, of which I was then the commanding officer. In the first of these actions his gallantry was conspicuous and remarked by all who witnessed it. At the passage of the Ny River, on the 9th of May, 1864, his services were more valuable and permanent, being in command of the right company of the Fiftieth Pennsylvania, holding the extreme right of our line. The enemy charged and attempted to turn that flank. Most of the regiment gave way and fell back from the crest. Our flank seemed to be turned. At this moment Captain Schwenk, by his great personal exertions and bravery, rallied a part of his regiment, charged the enemy with the bayonet, and repulsed them from the crest, thus saving

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Sam K Schwenk.-

the brigade from serious disaster. Again on the 12th of May, in the battle of Spottsylvania Court House, he greatly distinguished himself, so as to draw the attention and admiration of the whole brigade." At the North Anna and at Shady Grove he was alike conspicuous, always upon the advance line, where dangers thickened and peril was most imminent. In the severe fighting at Cold Harbor he was severely and at the time thought mortally wounded. A ball entered the side, split and traversed a rib bone, carrying away a portion of the vertebra. It was treated by men eminent in the medical profession, the case being regarded as remarkable, many months elapsing before he could move about. In the meantime an examining board had pronounced him permanently disabled, and the order for his discharge on account of "physical disability from wounds received in action" had been issued. On the day following that on which this was promulgated, Governor Curtin had ordered his promotion to Lieutenant-Colonel. On six several occasions he went before the examining board to have the revocation of the order of discharge recommended, before he succeeded, and then with his wounds still open. He proceeded immediately to the field and assumed command of his regiment, with the rank of Major. At the retaking of Fort Steadman and in the final capture of Petersburg he was engaged, leading his troops with marked skill and enterprise. He was promoted to the rank of Colonel and Brigadier-General by brevet for "skilful and meritorious services during the war." Upon the occasion of laying the corner-stone of the national monument at Gettysburg, in July, 1865, Colonel Schwenk's regiment was selected, upon the recommendation of General Grant, to represent the infantry of the army. At the muster out of service, on the 30th of July, only 134 men and two officers, out of 940 who originally went forth, remained. In his farewell order to his men he said: "The story of the old regiment, with the incidents of the past four years, will always be remembered and cherished with the memory and virtues of our noble comrades, whose remains are mouldering in ten different States. Your deeds of valor and trials of endurance, with the achievements of thirty-two battles, will brighten many pages in the annals of your country's fame."

Soon after his discharge General Schwenk entered Hancock's First Army corps, and served for a time in Michigan. Near the close of the year 1866 he was appointed First Lieutenant in the Forty-first regular infantry, which he joined at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, in March following, and was shortly after made Adjutant. He was in succession brevetted Captain, Major, and Lieutenant-Colonel in the regular army for conspicuous gallantry and skilful and meritorious services at Ny River, Spottsylvania, and Cold Harbor. He was stationed at Brownsville, Texas, in 1867, and was Adjutant-General to General Mackenzie in command upon the Rio Grande. During the prevalence of yellow fever he in addition performed the duties of Regimental and Post-Adjutant, until he was himself stricken with the fever, of which, after having nearly recovered, he suffered a violent relapse which came near carrying him off. He was promoted to Captain in December, 1867, and stationed at forts along the Texas frontier, where he had several encounters with the Indians. In July, 1868, he was President of the first Military Commission for Texas under the reconstruction acts of Congress. A year later he was sent to Nashville, Tennessee, in charge of recruiting service, with offices in Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi. When the army was reduced in 1871, he was assigned to the Eighth cavalry, but in consequence of disability from wounds, of which he received eight during the war, he was compelled to give up active service and will probably have to go upon the retired list of the army.

Martin D. Hardin was born on the 26th of June, 1837, in Jacksonville, Illinois. His father, a native of Kentucky, a member of Congress, was killed in leading a charge in the battle of Buena Vista. His grandfather, Martin D., for whom he was named, was a member of the United States Senate, and his great-grandfather, born in western Pennsylvania, was a distinguished soldier in the Revolutionary War. His mother, Sarah Ellen (Smith) Hardin, married, in 1851, Chancellor Walworth of New York. He was educated at West Point, where he graduated in 1859. He entered the service as a Lieutenant of artillery, and, after a brief term at Fortress Monroe, was sent with a

detachment of three hundred men to the Pacific coast, and posted at Fort Uniqua, Washington Territory. He returned at the opening of the Rebellion, and was stationed with his company in the defences of Washington, and served with it in McClellan's column until after the battle of Yorktown, when he was for some time prostrated by sickness. He returned to duty in time to participate in the Seven Days' battle, during which he served on the staff of General Hunt, Chief of Artillery. In July, 1862, he was made Colonel of the Twelfth Reserve regiment, and in the battle of Bull Run led Jackson's brigade, holding open ground with determined courage, and near the close of the engagement received a severe and dangerous wound. He participated in the battle of Gettysburg, and at Mine Run by his gallantry broke through the enemy's mask, disclosing his purposes. Near the close of 1863, while on duty near Catlett's Station, he was shot by guerillas and severely wounded, losing his left arm. He served on a board to examine prisoners of state, and in charge of draft rendezvous at Pittsburg until the opening of the spring, when at his earnest solicitation he was restored to his regiment, and put in command of a brigade of the Reserves. He was wounded at the North Anna, and distinguished himself at Bethesda Church. On the muster out of the Reserve corps, on the following day, Colonel Hardin was put in command of the defences of Washington north of the Potomac and promoted to Brigadier-General. When attacked by Early, in July, 1864, he rendered important service in holding him in check until the arrival of the Sixth corps. On the 15th of August, 1865, he was assigned to the command of a district in North Carolina. In July, 1866, he was commissioned Major of the Forty-third Veteran Reserve, and was stationed at Detroit. In June, 1867, he was given leave of absence and spent a year in Europe. On his return he served in Michigan and at Buffalo, New York, until December, 1870, when he was retired from active duty with the rank of Brigadier-General, having been advanced by brevet through all the grades to that of Brigadier in the regular service. On retiring he studied law, and was admitted to practice in Chicago, in July, 1871. He was married in 1864 to Miss Estella Graham, second daughter of James Sutton Graham, of Harrodsburg, Kentucky.

HENRY MARTIN HOYT, Colonel of the Fifty-second regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born in Luzerne county, on the 8th of June, 1830. His parents were natives of Connecticut. He was educated at Lafayette and Williams' Colleges, graduating at the latter in 1849. He studied law in the office of George W. Woodward, and early took a good rank at the bar. The national cause found no more ready supporter, and he was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fifty-second in August, 1861. While on an examining board at Washington he studied diligently books upon tactics, engineering, fortifications, and the various requirements of a soldier. On the Peninsula he was of Naglee's brigade, and participated in the reconnoissance from Bottom's Bridge to Seven Pines in advance of the whole army, and commanded the party which constructed the bridges across the Chickahominy. When the battle of Fair Oaks opened he rendered signal service by communicating to General Sumner the exact position of the Union troops, joining Sumner's column as it moved to the support of Heintzelman in that battle, and fighting under him to the end. This brigade had the honor of being selected to hold the enemy in check at the passages of the Chickahominy, and when recalled joined Franklin at White Oak Swamp, in both situations exhibiting the most undaunted courage.

At the close of this campaign Colonel Hoyt was ordered first to North Carolina, and thence to South Carolina, where he was engaged in the siege of Fort Wagner, the first serious obstacle to the reduction of Charleston. The operations were laborious and conducted under the terrible fire of the enemy and the more wasting effect of the summer's heat. For forty days the work was pushed. A single paragraph from a letter written by Colonel Hoyt at the time will illustrate its nature. After describing the busy scenes of a detail, he says: "Over all this diversity of labor were constantly exploding, at night, the shells of the enemy. 'Cover Johnson!' would be called out from one lookout. There is a flash away across the harbor. In ten or fifteen seconds comes a report. Away up in the air is seen a small unsteady twinkle. Presently it 'whistles,' and 'wobbles,' and roars like a coming storm. Down, down on the heads of the men crouching behind

their mounds of sand, lower and lower still, and in very imminent proximity, it winds up with a bang, and a villainous whirr-r-r of half a hundred pieces humming into the marshes, or mayhap into the living muscles of its poor victims. Then the Bull of the Woods would open its pyrotechny, and Bee, and Beauregard, and the Peanut, and Haskell, and so the thing was kept up until, tired, and weary, and mangled, the detail went out of the trenches at dawn." When all was ready, a hundred heavy guns opened upon devoted Wagner and the troops were held in readiness to assault, Colonel Hoyt having been assigned the task of charging Fort Gregg; but before the time for the movement had come the enemy evacuated and the stronghold fell without a blow.

In June, 1864, a plan was devised to capture Charleston by surprising the garrisons guarding its approaches. The attempt was made on the night of the 3d of July, in three divisions, Colonel Hoyt, closely supported by other troops, leading that which was to capture Fort Johnson. The channel was difficult, and the pilot, either through ignorance or treachery, utterly failed in his duty. Colonel Hoyt, determined to carry out his instructions, undertook the guidance and triumphantly cleared the bar. But precious time had been lost, and as he approached the fort he was discovered and a simultaneous, rapid fire was opened upon him. His supports failed to follow, though of this he was ignorant, and pushing boldly forward, landed, and with 135 men, his whole party, charged and captured a two-gun battery. The heavy guns of Fort Johnson, two hundred yards beyond, were beginning to open their hoarse throats, while the intervals were filled with the sharp rattle of musketry. No sign of wavering was seen in the intrepid band as they moved steadily forward, led by Colonel Hoyt. They crossed the parapet, struggled at the crest face to face with the foe, and began to leap into the fort, when the astounding and mortifying fact was disclosed that they were unsupported. The whole garrison was now alive and swarming upon all sides. It was plain that a further struggle would be useless, and the detachment surrendered as prisoners of war. The skill and daring displayed by Colonel Hoyt and his men extorted the highest praise from friend and

foe. The Charleston *Mercury* of July 6th said: "The second column, under Colonel Hoyt of the Fifty-second Pennsylvania, who also had command of the expedition, attacked the Brooke gun, and landing, Lieutenant Boworth of the Second South Carolina artillery was compelled to fall back, after himself and men fighting bravely. The enemy, cheered by this success, with their commander at their head waving his sword, advanced in heavy force upon Fort Johnson; but these were received with a terrific fire by the light and heavy batteries on the line." General Foster, in command of the department, said in orders: "The boats commanded by Colonel Hoyt, Lieutenant-Colonel Conyingham, and Lieutenants Stevens and Evans, all of the Fifty-second Pennsylvania, rowed rapidly to the shore, and these officers with Adjutant Bunyan (afterwards killed) and 135 men, landed and drove the enemy, but, deserted by their comrades, were obliged to surrender to superior numbers. Colonel Hoyt bestows unqualified praise on the officers and men who landed with him; of these seven were killed and sixteen wounded. He himself deserves great credit for his energy in urging the boats forward, and bringing them through the narrow channel, and the feeling which led him to land at the head of his men was the prompting of a gallant spirit which deserves to find more imitators." General Schemmelfinnig said, after recounting the preliminaries: "After this you placed yourself at the head of the column and led them most gallantly, faithfully carrying out as far as possible with the small number of men who landed with you the orders given you by me. Had you been supported as your brave conduct deserved, it would have ensured the success of the important operations then being carried on in front of Charleston."

Colonel Hoyt with other Union officers was sent to Macon, and subsequently to Charleston, where they were exposed to the sweep of the Union guns. On his way thither he, with some companions, leaped from the cars and undertook to make their way to the Union fleet, but were tracked by bloodhounds and all captured. After his exchange he returned to his regiment, and at the close of hostilities, which occurred not long after, resumed the practice of his profession. In 1867 he was appointed by Governor Geary an additional law judge of the eleventh dis-

trict. He discharged its duties with honor and dignity until the ensuing election, when one of the dominant political party was chosen to succeed him. In person he is full six feet in height, well proportioned, and of a dignified presence. He was married in 1855 to Miss Mary E. Loveland.

JOHN P. S. GOBIN, son of Samuel S. and Susan A. (Shindel) Gobin, was born on the 26th of January, 1837, at Sunbury. His great-grandfather, Charles Gobin, was a Revolutionary soldier. He learned the printing business in the office of the Sunbury *American*, studying law in the meantime. In the three months' campaign he served in the Eleventh regiment as Lieutenant, after which he entered the Forty-seventh as Captain, and advanced through the several grades of Major, Lieutenant-Colonel, Colonel, and Brevet Brigadier-General. He was early sent to the Department of the South, where he participated in the actions of Pocotaligo, St. John's Bluff, Sabine Cross Roads, Pleasant Hill, and Cane River Crossing. During 1862 and part of 1863 he was Judge Advocate-General of the Department of the South. He returned north in the summer of 1864, and made the campaign with Sheridan in the Valley, a portion of the time commanding a brigade in the Nineteenth corps, participating in the battles of Opequan and Fisher's Hill, and particularly distinguishing himself at Cedar Creek. His regiment was here the right of Sheridan's line, and when a portion gave way from the severe pressure of the rebel front which overlapped the Union, he held fast and gave the enemy his first repulse, the turning point in the battle. Returning to the South in June, 1865, General Gobin was placed in command of the First Sub-district of Charleston, and was Provost Judge from July to January, 1866, when the term of service of his regiment ceased. He married, in October, 1865, Miss Annie M. Howe, of Key West, Florida. Since the war he has practised his profession in Lebanon.

J. BOWMAN SWEITZER, Colonel of the Sixty-second regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born in Fayette county, in 1824. At the breaking out of the Rebellion he was a lawyer of Pittsburg. In conjunction with Samuel W. Black he recruited

the Sixty-second regiment, which they transformed into one of the most reliable corps in the whole army. At Hanover Court House a handsome victory was gained and prisoners taken. In the sanguinary battle of Gaines' Mill, Colonel Black, while directing a charge upon the left, was killed. Nothing daunted, Colonel Sweitzer assumed command and resolutely beat back the foe. The line was now hard-pressed upon the extreme left, and thither Colonel Sweitzer was directed to lead his regiment. The struggle was desperate and was at this time raging with terrible heat along the whole front. To the last Colonel Sweitzer breasted the storm. But the current of disaster was now setting against the fragment of the Union army engaged, which was vastly outnumbered, and he fell, wounded, into the enemy's hands. He was taken to Libby, and his fate was for a while in doubt. He was reported killed, and several papers published his obituaries. His wife, on her way to the front, casually overhearing a soldier declare that he saw Colonel Sweitzer killed, swooned and was for some time insensible. It was with a joyous heart that she learned on the following day, from the noble philanthropist Clement B. Barclay, that her husband was still alive and only slightly wounded.

As soon as exchanged Colonel Sweitzer returned to his regiment, and led in the battle of Antietam. The command of the brigade to which the Sixty-second was attached fell to his hands a short time afterwards—the brigade which the intrepid Griffin had led. This he commanded in the battle of Fredericksburg, under a fire that has rarely been paralleled. As they advanced in beautiful order, General Burnside, who was watching every movement through his field-glass, exclaimed as he beheld the magnificent spectacle :

"What troops are those?"

"Second brigade, General Griffin's division," replied General Sturgis, who stood near.

"No troops ever behaved handsomer," said Burnside, as he moved nervously.

But all was to no purpose. Though they fought with a desperation worthy of success, they were hurled back from the stone walls and intrenched guns, where a foe lurked that no

daring could reach. Colonel Sweitzer was wounded and had a horse killed under him. At Chancellorsville he handled his brigade with remarkable skill, extricating it, when cut off and in imminent danger of capture, with surprising success. A writer in the Boston *Advertiser* thus alludes to him in the battle which next succeeded: "At Gettysburg he was as brave as a lion, regardless of his own personal safety, but urging his men on to victory. When he was ordered to move on the enemy, he went up to the very front, some distance in advance of his troops, with his brigade flag flying by his side. Through some oversight or bad management Colonel Sweitzer's brigade was left in the very front without any support, and it became flanked by the enemy. It was then thought that the whole brigade were prisoners. But Colonel Sweitzer was equal to the emergency, and by a skilful movement withdrew his command, though his loss was very heavy."

Colonel Sweitzer was one of the most trusted leaders in the campaign from the Wilderness to Petersburg, where the way was through human gore, and the track was marked by war's most blasting and blighting effect. At the expiration of his term he was mustered out of service together with the fragment of a regiment which remained of that once strong body of men, and he retired to his home at Pittsburg. In March, 1865, the brevet rank of Brigadier-General was conferred upon him—a rank which he had really held for more than two years. Acts of heroism which in the early stages of the war would have been rewarded with a star were allowed to pass unregarded in the later, so gigantic had become the contest and so vast the theatre on which it was conducted.

JOHN FLYNN was born on the 10th of March, 1819, at Waterford, Ireland. He came to this country in early manhood, and in 1844 enlisted as a private in the regular army. He served in Mexico, and was noticed by General Worth at Cherubusco and characterized by Captain F. T. Dent, at Molino del Rey, as "foremost and fearless." Upon his discharge-paper, given to accept promotion, Captain Whitall noted the following: "First Sergeant John Flynn is an active, efficient, and intelligent soldier."

At the opening of the Rebellion he was made Lieutenant and Adjutant of the Twenty-eighth regiment and afterwards Captain, participating in the affairs at Bolivar Heights, Cedar Mountain, Rappahannock, Sulphur Springs, Antietam, and Chancellorsville. Shortly after the latter engagement he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel. At Gettysburg he was severely wounded. In the famous Battle above the Clouds at Lookout Mountain he was conspicuous for gallantry, and in March, 1864, was promoted to Colonel. Throughout the Atlanta campaign he led with skill and courage his well-tried regiment. In the battle of North Edisto he received a wound in the foot which necessitated the amputation of a portion of it. He was brevetted Brigadier-General in March and mustered out in November, 1865, after a faithful service of over twenty-one years—a hero in two wars. He was married in 1850 to Miss Mary Pinchard. In person he is over six feet in height. He is characterized by an old companion-in-arms as "intelligent, zealous, a thorough soldier, at all times and under all circumstances bearing in mind that a soldier should be a gentleman."

CHARLES H. T. COLLIS, Brevet Brigadier and Major-General, was born on the 4th of February, 1838, at Cork, Ireland. He was the son of William and Mary Anne (Lloyd) Collis. In the year of his birth his parents removed to England. His father being a gentleman of means, his early education was of the most liberal character. He was fond of athletic games, expert at cricket and ball, and skilled in horsemanship. At the age of fifteen he came with his father to the United States, and settled in Philadelphia. His mother, five sisters, and two brothers sailed shortly afterwards in the *City of Glasgow*, but were all lost at sea, the vessel, after leaving port, never having been heard of more. His training was conducted with a view to a legal education. He was married on the 9th of December, 1861, to Miss Septima M. Levy, of Charleston, South Carolina, for several years a resident of Philadelphia.

His only military experience previous to the war was gained while acting on the staff of William D. Lewis, Jr., commanding the First regiment, Pennsylvania militia. He served in the

Charles H. T. Collis

Eighteenth regiment through the three months' campaign, and at its close recruited a company of Zouaves d'Afrique for the special service of body guard to General N. P. Banks, successor to General Patterson. When Banks was attacked by Stonewall Jackson, with forces many times outnumbering his own, to Captain Collis with his fine company was assigned the hazardous and difficult duty of covering the retreat. By skilful dispositions and bold assaults he succeeded in delaying the hostile advance until Banks had got his trains away and the main body into position to defend himself. For this important service Captain Collis was warmly commended by the General, and was induced by him to raise a regiment of Zouaves. In this he was successful and was commissioned Colonel, the entire regiment being uniformed after the manner of the French Zouaves d'Afrique. But though gayly dressed they were no holiday troops, as was proved in many a bloody struggle. At the battle of Fredericksburg Colonel Collis was with Birney on the left, and when the contest was hottest he was thrown in to the support of the Pennsylvania Reserves, coming to the rescue at an important juncture, hurling back the enemy and saving the guns of Randolph's and Livingstone's batteries. His service in this battle was specially recognized in the reports of Generals Robinson and Stoneman. At Chancellorsville he so impressed all with his intrepidity that a letter asking his permanent assignment to its command was signed by every regimental commander of the brigade, and the enlisted men of his own regiment, desirous of emphasizing their gratification with his growing honors, presented him with a sword inscribed "in commemoration of his distinguished gallantry in the battle of Chancellorsville, May 3d, 1863."

In the retreat of Meade from Culpeper in the fall of this year, General J. E. B. Stuart came unawares upon Colonel Collis' brigade, now composed of six Pennsylvania regiments (Fifty-seventh, Sixty-third, Sixty-eighth, One Hundred and Fifth, One Hundred and Fourteenth, and One Hundred and Forty-first); but the rebel chieftain found the young Colonel prepared, and was obliged to withdraw sadly repulsed. General Birney immediately issued the following order: "The Major-General commanding the division thanks the officers and men for their admirable conduct

during the late movements. Especial credit is due to the First brigade, Colonel Collis, for its gallantry in repulsing the enemy's attack on the head of the column at Auburn, and to Colonel Collis for his skill and promptitude in making the dispositions ordered." Soon after this engagement General Birney thus wrote to the President: "Colonel Collis has for a long time very ably commanded the First brigade of my division; the brigade has always behaved, under General Kearny and myself, with the utmost gallantry, and deserves a general officer to command it, promoted for services in it." In this request Birney was joined by Generals Robinson, French, and Meade, and in the following October he was appointed Brigadier-General by brevet.

At the opening of the campaign of 1864, an independent brigade consisting of six regiments of infantry and one of cavalry was organized for duty at the head-quarters of General Grant, to the command of which General Collis was assigned. In this capacity he participated in the battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Guinea Station, and Petersburg, under the immediate eye of the Lieutenant-General, and so well did he acquit himself in the charge delivered from Fort Sedgwick upon the enemy's salient, where he led the assaulting column, that he was brevetted Major-General upon the field.

At the close of the war General Collis returned to the practice of his profession, and was soon after appointed Assistant City Solicitor. In 1869 he was appointed Director of City Trusts of Philadelphia by the Board of Judges. He was tendered the position of Assistant Attorney-General of the State, under Mr. Brewster, but declined. In 1871 he was elected City Solicitor by a large majority, and reëlected in 1874 for a second term of three years, by an increased majority. His opinions as law-officer of the city government possess enduring merit, notable among which was that adverse to the right of the Constitutional Convention of 1873 to enact an election law, in which he was sustained by the Supreme Court without a dissenting voice. Few men so youthful have won so high a rank both civil and military as has General Collis.

JAMES McLEAN THOMSON, son of Andrew and Jane Eliza (McLean) Thomson, was born in Adams county, on the 4th of February, 1833. He entered the service of the United States as a Captain in the One Hundred and Seventh regiment and led his company through Pope's campaign. At South Mountain and Antietam the command of the regiment fell to him. In the former he led in a charge with fixed bayonets which routed the enemy, Colonel Gale of the Twelfth Alabama being killed and the Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fifth South Carolina wounded and taken prisoner. In the latter he led on his men up to the noted Corn-field, where he suffered severe losses, having been pitted against vastly superior numbers, but held his ground with unwavering courage. He was shortly after promoted to Major, and took part in the battle of Fredericksburg. In February, 1863, he was made Lieutenant-Colonel. He was with his corps at Chancellorsville, and at Gettysburg the command of the regiment again devolved upon him. Here his horse was killed under him and he was struck by a grapeshot. He was brevetted Brigadier-General for gallantry, and continued to serve until the close of the war, when he was transferred to the regular army. In stature he is over six feet in height. He married in 1864 Miss Mary Rebecca Slye, of Washington, D. C.

JOHN HENRY TAGGART was born on the 22d of January, 1821, at Georgetown, Kent county, Maryland, where his ancestors for several generations had lived. The father died in 1825, when the mother with her two children, a boy and girl, removed to Philadelphia. At the age of eleven the son was apprenticed to a printer, William Fry, of the *National Gazette*, with whom he remained nine years. To his mother, who had taught school in Maryland, he was much indebted for the rudiments of education. But aside from this his university was the printing office, where a knowledge of the history and politics of the time, and the progress of civilization, was principally gained. He was also indebted to the Apprentices' Library of Philadelphia, which as a lad he liberally patronized. He joined the militia in 1842, aided in suppressing the riots of 1844, and was commissioned Lieutenant by Governor Shunk. Believing fully in the doctrine of

coercion, he was among the first to offer a company, and was put in command of Camp Curtin in May, 1861, and a month later made Colonel of the Twelfth Reserve regiment.

He was warmly engaged at Dranesville, where, he says in his report, "The conduct of the men under fire, nearly all of them for the first time, was most commendable. There was no flinching, and the line was preserved unbroken."

At Beaver Dam Creek one of his companies was placed in Ellerson's Mill, where it did excellent service, of which Roger A. Pryor said: "Ellerson's Mill was defended with desperate obstinacy." The fatality in the battle of the following day at Gaines' Mill was very great, as also at Charles City Cross Roads. Finally at Malvern Hill the Union retreat and the rebel pursuit and attack was staid by one of the most sanguinary struggles of the campaign. The Union army played the part of a lion at bay, and the death and destruction which it dealt from artillery supported by determined infantry was indeed frightful. Upon the withdrawal of the army from the Peninsula, Colonel Taggart resigned and was appointed to the head of an institution founded to impart professional military instruction. Patriotic citizens of Philadelphia, anxious to uphold the Government in this trying hour, recognizing the difficulty of obtaining suitable officers to command colored troops just then being called into the army, proposed to establish a school for the instruction of soldiers for these positions. The chairman of the board was Thomas Webster, its secretary Cadwalader Biddle, its treasurer S. A. Mercer. Through the liberality of this board, funds were raised to furnish the instruction free, open alike to citizens of all the States, and Colonel John H. Taggart was selected to conduct it. It was known as the Free Military School of Philadelphia. The institution had the warm approval of the national authorities, and permission to grant furloughs to deserving soldiers to attend it was given to officers in the field. General Casey, chief of the examining board, wrote on March 7th: "It gives me great pleasure to learn that your school is prospering, and I am pleased to inform you that the board of which I am president have not as yet rejected one of your candidates." Pupils entered it from eighteen States of the Union, and from ten of the

leading nations of Europe. It was continued in operation from the 26th of December, 1863, when it was opened with only two students, to September 15th, 1864. During this period four hundred and eighty-four were graduated and passed successful examinations. At the end of this time the funds were exhausted, when it was continued by Colonel Taggart on his own responsibility until the fall of Richmond, charging a small tuition. This service of Colonel Taggart was doubtless greater than he could possibly have rendered by continuing in the field. The Philadelphia *Dispatch* of October 2d, 1864, said of him: "The practical experience of Colonel Taggart is such that probably there is no person in the country, except the veteran professors at West Point, so well fitted to direct the studies which are necessary to be prosecuted by those aspirants who are ambitious to become officers of volunteers." On the 1st of November, 1865, he was appointed Collector of Internal Revenue, which office he held until the advent of President Johnson to power. In 1869 he became editor and proprietor of the Philadelphia *Sunday Times*.

Colonel Taggart was married on the 17th of June, 1845, to Miss Eliza Graham, a native of Philadelphia. Nine children were the issue of this marriage, the eldest son carrying a musket in the militia of 1863.

JOSEPH JACK, son of John and Nancy (McCoy) Jack, was a native of Westmoreland county. He rendered long service in the militia, having been successively Captain, Major, and General of a brigade. He was made Colonel of the One Hundred and Sixty-eighth regiment in December, 1862, which as a part of the Keystone brigade he led at Suffolk, Virginia, in North Carolina during the siege of Little Washington, and in the demonstration towards Richmond during the Gettysburg campaign. He retired from the service at the close of his term in July, 1863.

FRANKLIN ASA STRATTON, Colonel of the Eleventh cavalry, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born in Northfield, Massachusetts, on the 30th of November, 1829. He was educated for the occupation of civil engineering, and previous to the war was engaged in several western States in its practice. In 1857

he commanded a company of riflemen in a severe winter campaign against the Sioux Indians. In the summer of 1861 he moved to Washington with a company of Iowa men, which became a part of what was eventually the Eleventh. He was promoted to Major in September, 1862, to Lieutenant-Colonel in September, 1864, to Colonel in May, 1865, and Brevet Brigadier-General in March. The pitched battles in which he was engaged number nearly thirty, besides many skirmishes and minor affairs. In a sabre charge at Franklin, in which he displayed courage and skill, he was wounded, and in a hand-to-hand encounter in the battle of October 7th, 1864, received a sabre cut in the hand. He particularly distinguished himself in the raid led by Wilson and Kautz, 500 miles inside the enemy's lines, in which three battles were fought and thirty miles of the Danville Railroad were destroyed, he having the lead in withdrawing in face of vastly superior numbers sent out to intercept them. General Stratton led his regiment in the final charge made in the Army of the Potomac just previous to the surrender of Lee on the 9th of April, and throughout his entire service proved himself an intelligent and able leader. He was married on the 24th of February, 1866, to Mrs. Georgie E. Griffith *née* Keeling of Norfolk, Virginia. He was soon afterwards appointed Civil Engineer in the Navy.

GEORGE SHELDON GALLUPE was born at Troy, New York, on the 4th of August, 1832. In early life he followed the seas for a period of three years. At the commencement of hostilities he was made Captain in the Eighth Reserve regiment, in which capacity he served through the Peninsula campaign, being severely wounded at Gaines' Mill, and again slightly at Charles City Cross Roads. The command of the regiment devolved upon Captain Gallupe in the midst of the hardest fighting at Fredericksburg, where he won the thanks of General Reynolds in command of the corps. He was shortly after made Inspector-General of the Reserves, and promoted to Major. At Spottsylvania, on the 11th of May, 1864, he was hit, and only preserved from death by the pocket-book in which the bullet lodged, and on the following day was severely wounded in the face, the flesh

of the chin being carried away. At the close of his service in May he commenced recruiting for a new command and soon had over three thousand men. He was made Colonel of the Fifth artillery (heavy) and was assigned to the command of a brigade in the Department of Washington, having some severe skirmishing in keeping open the Manassas Gap Railroad, his gallantry securing him the brevet rank of Brigadier-General. On leaving the volunteer service he was appointed a Captain in the regular army and brevetted Major and Colonel. General Gallupe was married in 1854 to Miss Sadie Hare of Pittsburg.

JOHN ANDERSON DANKS was born in Venango county, on the 11th of March, 1826. In early life he was a farmer and iron-worker. He was married in 1848 to Miss Annie Reese. Earnest in his support of the Government, he recruited a company for the Sixty-third regiment, of which he was commissioned Captain. At Fair Oaks he was wounded in the right leg. After recovering he returned to his regiment, having in the meantime been promoted to Major, and was in time to lead in the battle of Fredericksburg. In that engagement he heroically headed a charge, in which his own regiment with the One Hundred and Fourteenth rescued twelve pieces of artillery, and saved them from capture, receiving the thanks of General Stoneman. At Chancellorsville he was taken prisoner, and for two weeks endured the privations of Libby. Soon after his release he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel.

At Gettysburg this regiment was thrust out upon the skirmish front at the Peach Orchard, where it was subjected to a cross fire of artillery and infantry. In the face of the most fearful assaults that shook that ever memorable field it held its ground, and until the Third corps, shattered and broken, was forced back. Lieutenant-Colonel Danks was promoted to Colonel, to date from the second day of this battle. He was warmly engaged at Auburn Mills on the 14th of October, where he led the regiment in a charge which resulted fortunately, and won the approval of the division commander, the gallant Birney. At the very opening of the spring campaign of 1864 Colonel Danks was severely wounded, a Minié ball striking his left fore-arm and passing

into his hand. Seven officers besides himself were wounded, and General Hays, the father of the Sixty-third regiment, who led the brigade, was killed. Colonel Danks was sufficiently recovered to participate in the battles before Petersburg. He was mustered out at the conclusion of his term, August 5th, 1864. In 1866 he was elected a member of the Legislature of Pennsylvania.

Louis Wagner, son of Ludwig and Christina (Berg) Wagner, was born on the 4th of August, 1838, in Giessen, Germany. At the age of eleven he came to Philadelphia, where, after receiving a fair education, he was apprenticed to learn the business of lithograph printing. He entered the service as a First Lieutenant in the Eighty-eighth regiment, and was engaged at Cedar Mountain, Thoroughfare Gap, Second Bull Run, and Chancellorsville, rising rapidly through the ranks of Captain, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Colonel, which last he attained in March, 1863. At the second battle of Bull Run he received a severe wound, which was eighteen months in healing, the tibia of the right leg being fractured, and necessitated the insection and removal of a considerable portion of it. He fell into the enemy's hands on this field, but was paroled shortly after. In June, 1863, in consequence of his disability from wounds, he was placed in command of Camp William Penn, established as a rendezvous for colored soldiers, which he kept open until May, 1865, organizing in the meantime troops to the number of 12,354. After closing the camp he returned to his regiment and was for a time in command of a brigade. He was brevetted Brigadier-General in March, 1865, "for gallant and meritorious services during the war." He has since been a member of the Councils of Philadelphia, executive officer of the Sons of Temperance, and Commander of the State organization of the Grand Army of the Republic. General Wagner was married to Miss Hattie Slocum, in 1869.

Thomas Jefferson Ahl was born on the 2d of April, 1839, in York county. His grandfather was a surgeon in the Revolutionary army. In February, 1859, with three others he went overland with a cattle-team to Pike's Peak, and in 1860

was a migratory lumber dealer along the Mississippi River. He was in Arkansas when the Rebellion opened, and was offered the position of Sergeant in a rebel company; but declined and returning to Pennsylvania, entered the Twenty-eighth regiment as Captain. This he led until after the battle of Antietam, when he was placed upon the staff of General Williams and subsequently of General Slocum. In August, 1863, he was made Provost Marshal of the corps, acting until November, when he took command of his regiment, having previously been promoted to Colonel, and led it in the stirring actions of Lookout Mountain, Mission Ridge, and Ringgold, succeeding to the command of the brigade in the latter. He was honorably discharged on the 18th of March, 1864.

JOSEPH M. KNAP, son of Thomas L. and Mary (Averell) Knap, was born at Ogdensburg, New York, on the 30th of December, 1837. He was educated at the Rensselaer Institute, at Troy. He entered the service as a Lieutenant in the Twenty-eighth regiment, and was promoted to Captain of a battery formed especially for Geary's brigade, which became justly celebrated as *Knap's Battery*. At Cedar Mountain the artillery played a conspicuous part, Knap receiving a converging fire; but, says the Chief of artillery, Best, "Officers and men stood firm and unflinching to the end. . . . I can bear witness to the brave and determined manner in which Captain Knap and Lieutenant Cushing worked their guns." He was engaged at Rappahannock, Sulphur Springs, South Mountain, and Antietam. He was made Chief of artillery of the Second division, Twelfth corps, in December, 1862, and at Chancellorsville was put upon the front towards Fredericksburg where the first conflict occurred, and where, says Captain Best, in his report, "The enemy was effectually checked, Knap's battery being most engaged and doing its work as usual well." On the morning of Saturday, the 2d of May, a fierce artillery duel occurred in which Knap's guns did effective service, blowing up two of the enemy's caissons and demolishing one of his guns, and in the afternoon when Hill pushed a heavy reconnoissance in front of the Chancellor House, "Knap," says an eye-witness, "had double-shotted twelve of his pieces with canister, and on

the enemy reaching the point mentioned, blazed away, literally mowing down the gray coats, and riddling the woods." He here had a horse shot under him. In the early part of the following day the action was terrible, and Knap's guns never failed to do fearful execution. Best was charged with covering the withdrawal of the army with his artillery, and in his report he says, "I gave the most important point to Captain Knap's, which he protected well." The enemy had earthworks and attacked. "For about an hour," says the authority above quoted, "the roar of artillery was deafening. Three of the enemy's caissons were blown to atoms and their batteries both silenced." Captain Knap was active in recruiting other batteries which also became renowned. But the Government had duty for him of more vital importance than that which he was rendering in the field, and in May, 1863, he resigned to take charge of the Government Cannon Foundry at Pittsburg, in which he was assiduously employed while the war lasted, and where his skill and judgment in producing effective weapons were of inestimable value. The Councils of Pittsburg in 1864 voted him a service sword suitably inscribed, and he was promoted to Major. He married in 1864 Miss Sophia H. Day.

William Cooper Talley, son of Rev. Lewis T. Talley, was born in Newcastle county, Delaware, on the 11th of December, 1831. He edited the *Upland Union* in Delaware county, and the *National Democrat* at Norristown, previous to the war. Entering the volunteer service in May, 1861, as Captain in the First Reserve regiment, in November, 1862, he was advanced to Colonel. He was engaged in nearly every battle in which the Army of the Potomac had a part, down to the close of his term, leading his regiment, and at times a brigade, with great steadiness. At Charles City Cross Roads he was wounded, as he was also at Fredericksburg and Gettysburg. While leading a brigade upon the enemy's works at Spottsylvania Court House he was taken prisoner. He was rescued by Sheridan when approaching the rebel capital, and mounting, fought in the column of cavalry until its return to the main body. He was with the Reserves in their last battle at Bethesda Church, and earned

the promotion to Brevet Brigadier-General. After the war he was appointed Collector of Internal Revenue for the Seventh Pennsylvania District. He was married in 1860 to Miss Mary Jane Webb. He resides in Media.

JAMES NAGLE, Brigadier-General, was born at Reading, on the 5th of April, 1822. He served with distinction throughout the Mexican war, commanding a company which he had previously organized as militia, the Washington artillery, one of the first five to reach the Capital in April, 1861. He led the Sixth regiment in the three months' campaign, and afterwards the Forty-eighth, and was with Burnside in North Carolina; with Pope at Bull Run, where he commanded a brigade and won the commission of a Brigadier-General; performed distinguished service at South Mountain and Antietam, and in the battle of Fredericksburg. He subsequently went to Kentucky with the Ninth corps. After a wearying service of some months, on account of a painful and alarming disease of the heart, aggravated by exposure and care, he resigned. Relieved somewhat by rest, he commanded the Thirty-ninth militia in 1863, and in the hundred days' service of 1864 the One Hundred and Ninety-fourth, and was given a brigade. General Nagle died of the disease of which he had long suffered, on the 22d of August, 1866.

MISH T. HEINTZELMAN was born on the 29th of June, 1830, in Schuylkill county. For the short term he served as a private in the Tenth regiment. In September, 1861, he became Second Lieutenant in the Seventy-sixth, from which he was honorably discharged, in August, 1862, on account of disability. He reëntered the army on the 11th of November, 1862, as a Captain in the One Hundred and Seventy-second, in which he was promoted to Major. At the end of the nine months for which it was called he was mustered out, but returned again as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Two Hundred and Eighth, on the 7th of September, 1864, and was subsequently brevetted Colonel. The two most important actions in which he was engaged were at Fort Steadman and Fort Sedgwick; in both of these he led the regiment.

AUDLEY W. GAZZAM was born at Allegheny City, on the 7th of May, 1836. His maternal great-grandfather was the Baron de Beelen, the first Austrian Minister to the United States, whose favorable reports secured the interest of the Emperor Joseph. He received a liberal and military education at New Haven, Connecticut, and read law. At the breaking out of the war he was commissioned Captain of a company, which, failing of acceptance for three months, he took to Wheeling, West Virginia—then just organizing a provisional government—at the solicitation of its authorities. Not wishing to attract attention, he landed his men at various points, but soon had them collected in the city under the semblance of a military school. At the instance of General Oakes he took possession of guns and ammunition, stored below the city, likely to be used against the Union. Preferring to serve in a Pennsylvania command he returned to Pittsburg, and was elected Major of the One Hundred and Third regiment. Though prostrated by sickness he led at Williamsburg, and at Fair Oaks was on the forefront, sustaining fearful losses. By reason of disability contracted in the line of duty, he was transferred, in 1863, to the Veteran Reserve corps, and was stationed at Nashville, and subsequently at Indianapolis. At the close of the war he resumed the practice of law at Utica, New York, and in 1870 established in New York city a collection agency.

ROBERT E. WINSLOW, son of Robert and Jane (Cumming) Winslow, was born on the 1st of January, 1829, in Philadelphia. He learned the trade of a type-founder. Volunteering for the Mexican War, he served with fidelity. In 1852 he went to California, remaining until near the close of 1856. He served in the Twentieth regiment with Patterson in 1861, and entered the Sixty-eighth, at its formation, as Captain, in which capacity he took part in the battle of Fredericksburg. He was shortly after promoted to Major, and was engaged at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. In the latter he received a gunshot wound in the head. After two months in hospital he returned with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and not long after received the command of the regiment, which he led at Kelly's Ford, Locust Grove, and Mine Run. Before the opening of the spring cam-

paign of 1864 he was ordered for duty with his command to the head-quarters of General Meade, and while thus detailed was engaged in the actions at Guinea Station, Petersburg, and Hatcher's Run. In the final charge on the Petersburg works, on the 2d of April, he led an assaulting party. "For faithful and meritorious services" he was brevetted Colonel and Brigadier-General.

JOHN P. TAYLOR, Colonel of First cavalry, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born on the 6th of June, 1827, in Kishacoquillas Valley, Mifflin county, where his ancestors for three generations had dwelt. He was the son of John and Elizabeth (McMonigle) Taylor. His home was near the spring of Logan, the Indian chieftain, who was on friendly terms with the family. Planning to go clandestinely with the troops to Mexico, he was prevented by his parents. In a cavalry company, formed in 1859, he was a Lieutenant, which at a meeting held on the 29th of January, 1861, pledged its services to the Governor. He entered the First cavalry, upon its formation, as a Captain, and was promoted in September, 1862, to Lieutenant-Colonel, and to Colonel, January 30th, 1863. He was prominent at Dranesville, charging through the town, and followed Bayard at Harrisonburg, Cross Keys, Locust Grove, and Cedar Mountain, his horse in the latter battle falling on him, inflicting injury and leaving him in the enemy's lines; but he adroitly managed to make his escape. "The coolness of Captain Taylor," says General Bayard, "in covering the retreat deserves the thanks of the commanding General." In the action at Brandy Station, where Colonel Taylor led in a daring sabre charge, and in the midst of the battle succeeded to the command of the brigade; at Culpeper, where dismounted he led his regiment to complete victory; at Mine Run, where he captured the entire skirmish line of the enemy; at Auburn, where he prudently aroused his brigade before dawn and was in readiness to receive a powerful attack intended as a surprise; and in the movement of Sheridan upon the rear of the rebel army in the spring of 1864, where the fighting was almost continuous for many days, he illustrated the highest qualities of the accomplished leader. During the three years of

his service he was engaged in over thirty battles and skirmishes either as regimental, brigade, or division commander, and received frequent complimentary notices from his superior officers. He was honorably discharged at the conclusion of his term, General D. McM. Gregg saying in his farewell order: "To you, Colonel Taylor, my thanks are due for the efficient manner in which you have always performed your duty." He was promoted to the brevet rank of Brigadier-General in August, 1864. He is in person full six feet in height and robust. He was married in 1863 to Miss Sallie H. Nourse.

WILLIAM MOORE MCCLURE, son of Silas and Margaret (Moore) McClure, was born on the 5th of March, 1831, in Chester county. In 1854 he emigrated to Kansas and was elected a member of its first legal Legislature. Returning in 1859 he had leased a furnace near Danville, when the war came and he served during the short term as Captain in the Eleventh regiment, and subsequently in the Second artillery, posted in the defences of Washington. To supply the waste in the Wilderness campaign this regiment, now numbering nearly 4000 men, was organized in two and sent as infantry to the front. Captain McClure joined the Potomac army at Cold Harbor, where the losses in his regiment were very severe. It was kept on most exposed and exhausting duty with the musket and spade. In this Captain McClure so acquitted himself as to rise to the rank of Colonel and to the command of the reunited regiments. At the conclusion of his term, which was near the close of the war, he was honorably discharged.

WILLIAM RICKARDS was born in Philadelphia on the 18th of November, 1824. He entered the service as a Captain in the Twenty-ninth regiment, and was rapidly advanced to Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel. At the battle of Winchester, under Banks, he was wounded and fell into the enemy's hands. He had been a jeweler, and at Libby he transmuted many a rough object into beautiful ornaments, thus earning comforts for himself and companions in misery. In the battles of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, where he was in command of his regiment

and was of the brigade of Kane, he proved himself among the most reliable. At Wauhatchie, whither he was sent with the Twelfth corps, he was officer of the day, and by his penetration and foresight discovered the approach of the foe and prevented a midnight surprise of the camp. In the Battle above the Clouds he was the foremost in scaling the rugged heights of Lookout Mountain; and in the battles of Missionary Ridge, Pea Vine Creek, Ringgold, Rocky Face, Resaca, and at Dallas during nine consecutive days, he acted with the greatest gallantry. In the battle of Pine Knob, while leading the first line of the brigade in a charge upon the enemy's works, he received a wound through the body, just below the lungs, which was judged to be mortal. General Geary, his division commander, riding up to him as he lay bleeding upon the field, and kneeling by his side, said: "Colonel, this is unfortunate. We can ill spare such men as you, for we have rough work ahead." "Has my conduct as a soldier been satisfactory?" he faintly asked. "Yes," said the General, "none have been more faithful. If all were as trustworthy as you I should have little trouble." "That," said the Colonel, "is a comfort to a dying man." The General then believed that he would survive but a few moments. But on being taken to the hospital he revived, and by fortunate care recovered, and is still a strong man, illustrating the power of the human system to withstand terrible mutilation. Colonel Rickards was married in 1848 to Miss Eliza Tucker, of Baltimore.

William Sirwell, son of Richard and Elizabeth (Graham) Sirwell, both natives of England, was born in Pittsburg on the 10th of August, 1820. Of a military turn, he entered the militia service in 1839, and commanded in succession the City Blues, of Pittsburg, and the Washington Blues, Brady Alpines, and Kittaning Yeagers, of Kittaning. He was also for ten years Brigade-Inspector of Armstrong county. In person he is six feet in height, broad-shouldered, and robust. He was married on the 6th of November, 1840, to Miss Elizabeth McCandless. Upon the organization of the Seventy-eighth regiment he was commissioned Colonel, and was sent to the army then stationed in Kentucky. In the affair at Lavergne—one of the actions for the

defence of Nashville—his regiment particularly distinguished itself, and its commander was complimented by General Negley, and by Andrew Johnson, then military governor of Tennessee. At Stone River the regiment captured the White Horse Artillery of New Orleans, consisting of four twelve-pounder brass Napoleon guns, the regimental colors of the Twenty-sixth rebel Tennessee, and the guidon of the Fourth Florida. As a reward of his service here, Colonel Sirwell was made Provost Marshal of Murfreesboro and was afterwards placed in command of the Second brigade, First division of the Fourteenth corps. In the terrible conflicts at Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge, and in the subsequent campaign of Atlanta, he rendered valuable services. At New Hope Church, so marked was his gallantry that he was commended by General Thomas. When Atlanta finally was taken after a campaign of a hundred days, in which the smoke of battle scarcely cleared away, it became difficult to keep open the base of supplies, stretching away to Chattanooga. Colonel Sirwell was assigned to this duty, and preserved unbroken the line of transportation, supplies being rapidly brought up. After his term of service had expired, at the solicitation of the commander of the department, Colonel Sirwell remained in the field, his regiment, as mounted infantry, being employed in attacking and pursuing Forrest's cavalry, through middle and southern Tennessee. He was mustered out on the 4th of November, 1864. Colonel Sirwell has held the offices of postmaster and justice of the peace, besides several municipal positions.

SENECA G. WILLAUER, son of Samuel and Hannah (Grubb) Willauer, was born in West Chester, on the 25th of November, 1835. He entered the service as a Lieutenant in the One Hundred and Sixteenth regiment. In the battle of Fredericksburg he was wounded by a shell which shattered the right leg, carrying away a large portion of the limb. He was promoted to Captain on the recommendation of General Hancock on the field for gallantry in battle, and in March, 1863, to Lieutenant-Colonel, but could not be mustered for lack of men. He was in the battle of Chancellorsville, and in the Gettysburg campaign commanded the regiment a part of the time, and for nearly a

year thereafter. His conduct was particularly commended at Auburn and Bristoe Station. General Mulholland speaks of him as "brave and faithful," and General Hancock says, "I know Captain Willauer to be a brave and meritorious officer." He suffered severely from his wound at Fredericksburg, and was, in January, 1864, transferred to the Veteran Reserve corps, in which he was for thirty-six hours on duty before Washington in July of that year, holding General Early at bay until the arrival of the Sixth corps. At the Old Capital prison, Washington; at Johnson's Island, Lake Erie; and at Point Lookout, Maryland, he was on constant duty with his regiment, in the latter having an independent command. He was active in the search for, and arrest of Booth and Harrold, the assassins of the President, served at Plattsburg, in command of a camp of rendezvous, and at Albany on a court-martial. In April, 1866, he was assigned to the Freedmen's Bureau and ordered to Alexandria, Louisiana, in the Red River region, where he was in command for nearly two years, and was successful in organizing a large number of colored schools. He was elected Prothonotary of Chester county in 1869. In 1872 he was married to Ellen, daughter of Wellington Hickman.

Albert L. Majilton was born in New Castle county, Delaware, on the 8th of July, 1826. His father was Adam Majilton, a native of Ireland. His mother, Dorcas (Morton) Majilton, was descended from the first Swedish settlers on the Delaware River, subjects of that renowned hero-king, Gustavus Adolphus. He was educated at the Philadelphia Central High School, and at the Military Academy at West Point, where he graduated number eighteen in a class of fifty-nine, in 1846. As Brevet Second Lieutenant he entered the Fourth artillery, and served in Mexico at Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Molino del Rey, and in the assault and capture of Mexico; and was made Second Lieutenant and Brevet First Lieutenant for gallant conduct. In 1848–'49 he was in garrison at New Orleans barracks, and in 1849–'50 was engaged against the Seminole Indians in Florida. In 1849 he was promoted to First Lieutenant, and served until 1857 in Kansas, New Mexico, Michigan,

and Florida. In June of the latter year he was commissioned Captain in his regiment, and in December resigned. He was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second Reserve in 1861, and in October, Colonel of the Fourth. At Beaver Dam Creek his regiment was held in reserve, but in the more general battle of the following day at Gaines' Mill was hotly engaged and shared the fate of Porter's entire wing, being driven back with heavy loss. He was wounded at Charles City Cross Roads. Shortly after the battle of Fredericksburg Colonel Majilton resigned. For several months he was engaged as professor of infantry tactics in the Philadelphia Free Military Academy for applicants for commands in colored troops. In November, 1867, he was appointed Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue.

CHARLES COMLEY McCORMICK was born in Northumberland county. He was educated at Lewisburg, and at the Iron City Commercial College. He entered the Seventh cavalry as a private, and rose through the successive steps of a non-commissioned and commissioned officer to that of Brigadier-General by brevet. In Kentucky and Tennessee he served with Buell and Rosecrans, particularly distinguishing himself at Lebanon, in May, 1862; at Nashville, in November; at Stone River, at the opening of 1863; at Chickamauga, in September, where he was taken prisoner; and at Selma. In Sherman's Atlanta campaign he was Inspector-General of cavalry on the staff of General Thomas, and was with General Wilson on his exciting ride from Eastport, Mississippi, to Macon, Georgia. He was twice wounded, by a pistol shot in the breast at Lebanon, on the 5th of May, 1862, and on the 2d of April, 1865, while storming the works at Selma, Alabama, by a gun shot which broke the right leg, the missile still remaining in the limb. In person General McCormick is full six feet in height, erect and of well-rounded frame.

BENJAMIN CHEW TILGHMAN, son of Benjamin and Ann Maria (McMurtrie) Tilghman, was born in Philadelphia on the 26th of October, 1821. He was educated at the University of Pennsylvania, was admitted to the bar, applied himself to chemical and scientific studies, and spent several years in Europe.

He was of the first column which left Philadelphia in April, 1861, for the defence of the National capital, and afterwards became Captain in the Twenty-sixth regiment and was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel. He participated in the battles of Williamsburg, Savage Station, Glendale, Malvern Hill, Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville. In the latter engagement he was severely wounded in the right thigh by a rifle ball, by which he was for some time disabled. In August, 1863, on recovering from his wound he was appointed Colonel of the Third colored regiment, with which he served in South Carolina and Florida to the close of the war. He was brevetted Brigadier-General in 1865. The distinction of commanding the first three year regiment and the first colored regiment raised in Pennsylvania is due to General Tilghman.

PETER C. ELLMAKER, son of Jacob C. and Juliana (Seeger) Ellmaker, was born on the 11th of August, 1813, in Lancaster county. At the age of fourteen he removed to Philadelphia, and was employed in a wholesale dry goods house. In 1834 he enlisted in the Washington Greys, a volunteer artillery corps, with which he served for over twenty years, rising to the rank of Captain. When the Rebellion came he commanded the first regiment raised in the State. In August, 1862, he was commissioned Colonel of the One Hundred and Nineteenth, then just organized. At the battle of Fredericksburg by his remarkable coolness he inspired his men with the courage of veterans. At Salem Church his regiment was subjected to a terrible ordeal, the numbers of the enemy being concealed and their lines protected. Colonel Ellmaker proceeded from Westminster on the night of the 1st and day of the 2d of July, 1863, by a forced march to Gettysburg, a distance of nearly forty miles, arriving in time to support and strengthen the wasted columns battling on that glorious field. In the action at Rappahannock Station he commanded the brigade of the Sixth corps which made the memorable charge, fit to rank with the most daring exploits. The assault was delivered under a terrific fire of artillery and musketry. But, filled with a spirit that no danger could appall, that devoted brigade went forward where at every step the dead and the dying fell from the

ranks, and compelled the foe to lay down his arms and surrender prisoners of war. The victory was complete, and resulted in the capture of the strong position, with four guns, two thousand small arms, eight battle-flags, one bridge train, and one thousand six hundred prisoners. His gallantry in this action won for him the formal thanks of Generals Meade, Sedgwick, and Russell, and the applause of the whole army. After leaving the service he returned to the practice of his profession, and was for some time, as he had been before the war, a notary public. He was appointed Naval Officer of the Port of Philadelphia in 1848, by President Taylor. He was married in 1844 to Miss Sarah Ann Wade. In person he is six feet two and one-half inches in height, and well-proportioned.

Franklin Baily Speakman, son of Joshua and Hannah (Baily) Speakman, was born in Chester county on the 9th of January, 1833. Though nurtured in the tenets of the Quaker faith he could not regard with indifference the attempts to disrupt the government, and recruited a company of which he was made Captain, and was subsequently commissioned Colonel of the One Hundred and Thirty-third regiment. He was in the division of General Humphreys in the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. In the former he led his command up to within forty paces of that fatal stone wall on Marye's Heights where the flower of the Union army was cut down, which position for more than an hour he held under a terrific fire. With like heroism he acted in the latter, where Humphreys faced a defiant foe with a courage and a resolution which will ever challenge admiration. Colonel Speakman's regiment was called but for nine months, and at the expiration of that time he was mustered out. He was married on the 30th of December, 1856, to Miss Annie M. Spangler.

Loren Burritt was born in Susquehanna county, of New England ancestry, on the 26th of June, 1837. He was educated in the Wyoming Seminary and had commenced the study of law when the Rebellion came, but enlisted in the Fifty-sixth regiment as a private, in which he served in the battles of

South Mountain, Antietam, and Fredericksburg. In February, 1863, he was promoted to Lieutenant and acting Adjutant, participating in the battles of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, during a part of which, and subsequently, he was an aid on the staff of General Cutler. In November, 1863, he was appointed Major of the Eighth colored regiment, which he accompanied to South Carolina. At Olustee it was subjected to a wasting fire, such as is rarely recorded, in which half of the officers and three-fifths of the men were lost. Major Burritt received two severe wounds, disabling him for the rest of the war, and from which he still suffers. He rejoined his regiment in September, 1864, having been promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel; but his wounds reopening, he was obliged to retire. In November he was placed in command of recruiting rendezvous at Newport News, and was subsequently on court-martial, and President of a military commission at Norfolk. In May, 1865, he went with his regiment to Texas, and was finally mustered out in December. Since the war he has served two terms in the Pennsylvania Legislature.

Daniel Leasure, Colonel of the One Hundredth (Roundhead) regiment and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born in Westmoreland county, on the 18th of March, 1819. His great-grandfather, Abraham Leasure, emigrated to Pennsylvania from the borders of Switzerland, near France, whither the ancestors of the family had fled after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, they being Huguenots of Navarre. He studied medicine and graduated at Jefferson Medical College. He was married in September, 1842, to Isabel W., eldest daughter of Samuel Hamilton, for several years a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature.

He had served in the militia, and at the opening of the Rebellion raised a company and was made Adjutant, and also acting Assistant Adjutant-General of the brigade upon the staff of General Negley. At the close of the three months' term he was authorized to raise a veteran regiment. Lawrence county, where he had taken up his residence, had been largely settled by the descendants of those who had followed Cromwell in the struggles of the English people for liberty, and from among these he drew

recruits, appropriately designating it the Roundhead regiment. Colonel Leasure was first sent to the Department of the South, where his command formed part of the brigade of General Isaac I. Stevens. In the attack upon the Tower Fort near Secessionville, on the morning of the 16th of June, 1862, Colonel Leasure led the brigade, and won the commendation of General Stevens. In the battle of Second Bull Run, Colonel Leasure, while leading his brigade, had his horse shot under him, and himself received a severe wound. He recovered in time to take part in the battle of Fredericksburg, and soon after went with two divisions of the Ninth corps, to which he was then attached, to Kentucky, and thence to Vicksburg, where, and at Jackson, he participated in those triumphant achievements which opened the Mississippi and really broke the backbone of Rebellion.

From Vicksburg he proceeded with his troops to East Tennessee, and was active in the operations of the Union arms in that region and in the siege of Knoxville. At the battle of the Wilderness on the 6th of May, where he commanded a brigade, he led in a charge which hurled the rebels from works which they had captured from Union troops, and reëstablished the broken and disorganized line, receiving the thanks of General Hancock on the field. At Spottsylvania Court House, Colonel Leasure was wounded. At the conclusion of his term on the 30th of August, 1864, he was mustered out of service. He was brevetted Brigadier-General in April, 1865. Upon his return to civil life he resumed the practice of his profession, first at New Castle and subsequently in Allegheny.

CHARLES T. CAMPBELL, son of James and Margaret (Poe) Campbell, was born in Pennsylvania, on the 10th of August, 1823. He was educated at Marshall College, and served in the Mexican war as Lieutenant in the Eighth infantry, and Captain in the Eleventh. In May, 1861, he was commissioned Colonel of the First Pennsylvania artillery, but finding his command scattered in the exigencies of the service he resigned in December, and was made Colonel of the Fifty-seventh regiment of infantry. At Fair Oaks he had his horse shot under him, and received a severe wound in the right arm, another in the

left groin, and a third in the right leg. That in the arm was serious, necessitating a removal of a part of the ulna. At Fredericksburg he again had his horse shot under him, and received two balls in the right arm, and another in the bowels which made its exit near the spinal column. For a time he was a prisoner with his regiment; but taking advantage of a favorable turn, they released themselves and carried back over two hundred of the enemy captives. Again was a portion of the bone of the right arm removed, and a tedious and painful confinement in hospital ensued. This ended his active service. For his gallantry he was promoted to Brigadier-General. He was a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature in 1852. He was married in 1850 to Miss Fannie Bruce, daughter of Dr. Bruce of Pittsburg. Since the war he has resided in Dakota.

GEORGE POTTS McLEAN, son of William and Sarah (Douglass) McLean, was born in Philadelphia on the 13th of July, 1817. He served as Major of the Twenty-second regiment in the three months' service in the city of Baltimore, after which he became Colonel of the Eighty-eighth, with which he participated in the battle of Cedar Mountain and in the preliminary operations to the battle of Bull Run. Having been prevented by protracted sickness from keeping the field he resigned. He recruited and commanded the Fifty-ninth militia in 1863, and subsequently raised a three year regiment, the One Hundred and Eighty-third, which he led with gallantry at the Wilderness and Spottsylvania. Incapable of the exposures and privations of the camp, he resigned soon after. Colonel McLean was a member of the City Councils before the war, and in 1870 was appointed storekeeper of the United States bonded warehouse in Philadelphia.

CHARLES WORTH DIVEN, son of Thomas N. and Evelina (Barton) Diven, was born in Huntingdon county on the 27th of July, 1831. At sixteen, he went with the army to Mexico and served through the entire contest in Geary's regiment. In May, 1861, he was commissioned a Lieutenant and soon after Captain in the Twelfth Reserve, with which he served with distinction in the battles of the Peninsula, at Bull Run, South

Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, and Mine Run. In the spring of 1864 he was promoted to Major, and was engaged in the hard-fought battles of the Wilderness, Laurel Hill, Spottsylvania, North Anna, and Bethesda Church, when the term of the Reserves expired and he returned home; but immediately raised a new regiment, the Two Hundredth, of which he was made Colonel. On his arrival at the front he was put in command of a brigade, which, in the battle of Fort Steadman, performed the most distinguished service. At the moment of moving, he was struck by an exploding shell and disabled. The brevet rank of Brigadier-General was promptly conferred on him. He was characterized as "cool and calm in battle."

JOHN HARPER, son of Thomas Nicholas and Mary (McNab) Harper, was born on the 5th of April, 1840, at Bethnal Green, London, whence the family emigrated to this country in 1848. He served in the Seventeenth regiment for three months and entered the Ninety-fifth as a non-commissioned officer, rising through all the grades of the company and regiment to that of Colonel. He was engaged in the battles of West Point, Gaines' Mill, Crampton's Gap, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Marye's Heights, Salem Church, Gettysburg, Rappahannock Station, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Opequan, Fisher's Hill, Cedar Creek, Second Petersburg, Sailor's Creek—in short in every battle in which his regiment participated with the exception of the Second Hatcher's Run, and a slight skirmish in front of Petersburg, when he was absent by leave. He was awarded the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel both by commission and brevet, which is sufficient evidence of his gallantry.

CHARLES KLECKNER, son of Michael and Susana (Reber) Kleckner, was born in Union county, on the 10th of December, 1831. In August, 1861, he was commissioned a Lieutenant in the Forty-eighth, in which he was engaged under Burnside in North Carolina, at Bull Run, Chantilly, South Mountain, and Antietam. In December, 1862, he was made Colonel of the One Hundred and Seventy-second, drafted militia, which he commanded near Yorktown during the period of its service. He

subsequently became Lieutenant-Colonel of the One Hundred and Eighty-fourth for veteran service, which he led in two desperate assaults at Cold Harbor, where the enemy's shots fell like rain, and the dead and dying covered all the field. Its loss was sixty-seven killed, and one hundred and thirteen wounded. Colonel Kleckner was warmly commended for the dauntless courage displayed on this field, and the unflinching bravery of his men. He continued to lead the regiment in the assaults before Petersburg, at Strawberry Plains, Reams' Station, and Deep Bottom, where he was severely wounded. He was with his regiment in the final attack on Petersburg, and to the end of the war stood with face to the foe. He was married in 1851 to Miss Harriet A. Orwig. In person he is over six feet in height.

JOSEPH B. KIDDOO, son of John and Mary (Barr) Kiddoo, was born on the 31st of March, 1837, near Pittsburg. He received a liberal education and studied law, which he had barely finished when the Rebellion opened. He served as a private in the Twelfth regiment for the short term, and went to the Peninsula in that capacity in the Sixty-third regiment, serving till the close of the campaign as a non-commissioned officer. In August, 1862, he was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the One Hundred and Thirty-seventh, and with it participated in the engagements at South Mountain, Antietam, and Fredericksburg. In the spring of 1863 he was advanced to Colonel, and led in the battle of Chancellorsville. In June he was mustered out at the expiration of his term, but took an active part in the exciting chase after John Morgan in Ohio. Soon afterward he was appointed Major of the Sixth colored, but was not long thereafter made Colonel of the Twenty-second colored, which he led in the active operations of the Army of the James. For his assault and capture of a strong redoubt and six pieces of artillery, on the 15th of June, he was brevetted Brigadier-General. In an action on the South Side Railroad, on the 27th of October, he was severely wounded through the hips, involving the spine, which confined him to the hospital till after the close of the war. For his valor here he was brevetted Major-General. He was given command of the post at Harrisburg. In the spring of 1866 he had charge of the

Freedmen's Bureau for Texas, and while there was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel in the Forty-third infantry, and was brevetted Colonel and Brigadier-General in the regular army. After two years of service in the Department of the Lakes, and a term of duty in New York city as superintendent of recruiting, he was placed on the retired list of the army with the rank of Brigadier-General.

GEORGE FAIRLAMB SMITH, son of Persifer F. and Thomasine (Fairlamb) Smith, was born on the 28th of February, 1840, at West Chester. He was educated at Yale College, and was reading law when the war broke out. He served as a private in the Second regiment; at the end of its term became Captain in the Forty-ninth; and in the spring of 1862, Major of the Sixty-first. At Fair Oaks he was wounded and fell into the enemy's hands. On his return after a brief captivity he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel. He was conspicuous in storming Marye's Heights in the Chancellorsville campaign, and was soon after promoted to Colonel. In the action at Spottsylvania Court House he was severely and nigh fatally wounded. Of him that intrepid soldier, General A. P. Howe, said: "He showed himself at all times an efficient, gallant, and competent officer;" and the lamented Sedgwick: "He has performed his duty with zeal and ability." Colonel Smith married in 1867 Miss Anna Elizabeth Hickman. At the conclusion of the war he commenced the practice of the law at West Chester.

DAVID B. MORRIS was born at Port Elizabeth, New Jersey, on the 17th of December, 1825. In 1838 the family removed to Wheeling, and in 1841 to Pittsburg. In December, 1845, he was married to Miss Margaret Grissell, daughter of John Grissell. In 1855 he enlisted in the Washington Infantry, in which he rose to be Lieutenant. This company, with the Pennsylvania infantry, turned out armed and equipped to resist the order of Secretary Floyd to remove heavy guns from Allegheny Arsenal. Of his company Lieutenant Morris was commissioned Captain in April, 1861, and at the formation of the One Hundred and First regiment was made Lieutenant-Colonel,

and after the death of Colonel Roberts, Colonel. In the battle of Fair Oaks he was in Casey's division, the first to be struck. Recognizing from the opening his precarious situation, and that it behooved him to make every missile tell, Colonel Morris hastened along the line as he marshalled his men in arms, and spoke words of encouragement. "Fire low, my boys," he said, "and aim at the waist-belts of the graybacks!"

That they might be deliberate, he ordered them to hold their fire until the enemy were near enough to count their fingers. Right manfully were his orders heeded, and when the crash of his musketry opened, the ranks of the foe were swept clean away. Overborne by superior numbers the regiment was finally compelled to retire to the supporting line of General Couch, where it fought until the close of the battle. Early in the fray Colonel Morris was wounded and borne from the field.

At the conclusion of the campaign this regiment was ordered to the Department of North Carolina, where upon his recovery Colonel Morris rejoined it. He was intrusted with the direction of expeditions undertaken into the interior, and was prominent in several considerable engagements. At the conclusion of his term on the 24th of January, 1865, he was mustered out of service and returned to his home in Pittsburg, where he maintains the character of one of the most active business men of that eminently business city.

HENRY M. BOSSERT, son of Henry Y. and Hannah (Miller) Bossert, was born on the 25th of January, 1825, in Montgomery county. He served in the Eleventh regiment under Patterson, and participated in the affair at Falling Waters. In the summer of 1862 he was commissioned Colonel of the One Hundred and Thirty-seventh regiment. "We drilled," he says, "by company during the day, and by battalion by moonlight." When the army retired from the Second Bull Run field, Colonel Bossert was ordered to join Hancock's brigade. He acted in support at Crampton's Gap, and, when the enemy gave way, was directed to take sixteen companies, one from each regiment in the division, and establish a line across Pleasant Valley, facing Harper's Ferry, which had fallen into the enemy's hands. When the battle of

Antietam opened he resumed his place at the head of his own regiment. He was posted in support of a battery of Hancock's command, which he gallantly defended under the immediate eye of that heroic General, and received his thanks upon the field. When Stuart made his famous raid to the rear of the Union army, Colonel Bossert was aroused at midnight to move to intercept him, but failed to catch the wily rebel leader.

When the campaign in Maryland was ended the regiment was ordered to Washington, and thence to Acquia Creek, where Colonel Bossert was placed in command of a brigade of six regiments, and charged with guarding the landing, and the railroad leading to Falmouth. Having been injured by the fall of his horse in March, he retired from the service, the time of his regiment being then about to expire. Previous to the war, Colonel Bossert was justice of the peace for a period of fifteen years. He was afterwards elected register and recorder, and clerk of the courts of Clinton county.

EDWARD CAMPBELL, son of Hugh and Rachel (Lyon) Campbell, was born on the 24th of July, 1838. He received a liberal education and entered the service of the Union as Lieutenant in the Eighty-fifth, and in May, 1862, was promoted to Captain. His regiment was in Casey's division at Fair Oaks and sustained heavy losses. At the end of the Peninsula campaign he went to North Carolina, and subsequently to the army before Charleston, where he was engaged in the operations to reduce that stronghold, and in the siege of Fort Wagner. In September, 1862, he had been promoted to Major, and after the fall of Wagner was advanced to Colonel and commanded the regiment. After its transfer to the Army of the James it was engaged in the desperate fighting which was in progress here until the 22d of November, when at the conclusion of his term he was mustered out, and returned to the practice of his profession at Somerset.

THEOPHILUS KEPHART, son of Abraham R. and Mary (Garner) Kephart, was born in Bucks county, on the 19th of April, 1835. He served for the three months' term in the Twenty-fifth regiment, and entered the One Hundred and Fourth as a Lieu-

tenant, in which capacity he went through the Peninsula campaign. Soon after its conclusion he was promoted to Captain, and with his regiment was transferred to the Department of the South. It was finally returned to the Army of the James in the spring of 1864, where it served till the close of the war. In December, 1864, Captain Kephart was promoted to Major, in the March following to Lieutenant-Colonel, and in June to Colonel. In the battle of Fair Oaks he received a wound in the foot, and again in the breast at Fort Gregg, South Carolina. He was also wounded in the finger at the battle on John's Island. Colonel Kephart was married to Miss Lottie B. Connor in 1867.

FREDERICK O. ALLEMAN was born August 1st, 1829, in Dauphin county. He received a liberal education and graduated at the Pennsylvania Medical College in the spring of 1853. At the opening of the Rebellion he served as a private in the Fifteenth regiment, and at the close of its term was appointed Assistant Surgeon of the Eighth Reserve. He was active through the entire Peninsula campaign. "On one occasion," says a correspondent, "while caring for the suffering, two shells burst by his side, instantly killing three of his wounded, and tearing to pieces the body of one whose leg he was amputating. He had three horses shot under him, and for four consecutive days and nights got neither food nor sleep, being constantly engaged with the knife and in dressing wounds." At the close of the campaign he resigned, but was immediately reappointed Assistant Surgeon in the Ninth Reserve. He remained with this until after the battle of Fredericksburg, when he was detailed to duty in the Western Army. He had charge of hospitals at Louisville, Nashville, Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain, and Atlanta. From this point he marched with Sherman to the Sea. He was stationed there as Surgeon-in-chief of Roper Hospital, and was afterwards placed in charge of all the hospitals in the city. Here he remained until after the close of the war, leaving in August, 1865, and was soon after mustered out of service, having been in almost constant duty from the beginning to the end of the Rebellion. He married in 1853 Miss Mary B. Ogelsby, of Harrisburg.

DANIEL NAGLE was born at Pottsville, Schuylkill county, Pennsylvania, in 1828. He was the son of General James Nagle, a native of Reading. . He served as a private in Mexico, participating in the siege of Vera Cruz, and the battles of Cerro Gordo, La Hoya, Huamantla, and the City of Mexico. In the late war he served as Captain in the Sixth regiment, in the three months' campaign, at the close of which he entered the Forty-eighth as Captain, and was soon after promoted to Major. He was with Burnside in North Carolina, and after the return of the regiment to Fortress Monroe, resigned and retired from the service. In 1862 he was Lieutenant-Colonel of the Nineteenth emergency regiment. In November, 1862, he was appointed Colonel of the One Hundred and Seventy-third—a regiment of drafted militia—and was stationed at Norfolk, Virginia. In July he was transferred to the line of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, where he remained until his muster out, in August, 1863.

ARCHIBALD BLAKELEY, son of Lewis and Jane (McAllister) Blakeley, was born on the 16th of July, 1827, in Butler county. His great-grandfather, a brother of Commodore Johnston Blakeley, of the American Navy, was killed in the battle of Brandywine. The father dying suddenly when he was but a mere youth, Archibald was forced to rely on his own exertions for an education. He studied law, was admitted to practice in 1852, and in the fall of that year was elected District Attorney. At the breaking out of the war he was active in recruiting, and was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel of the Seventy-eighth regiment, which was sent to the army of Buell in Kentucky. He was engaged in arduous service in defending communications while Buell was on the march to Shiloh, and after the fall of Corinth, Blakeley was detailed to preside over a court-martial, and a military commission for the trial of civil offences, performing for a time much of the business of the civil courts. In the fall of 1863 he was prostrated by sickness and was unable to return to duty until after the battle of Stone River. At Dug Gap, just previous to the battle of Chickamauga, while in command of his regiment, he found himself in the presence unexpectedly of the rebel army, and only by cool and judicious

manœuvres was he able to extricate himself. During the night of Friday preceding the battle he was sent to the fords of the Chickamauga, with orders to hold them to the last extremity for the protection of the flank of McCook's corps, moving into position, which was gallantly executed. In the great battle of Saturday and Sunday he led his regiment with marked courage. After the series of engagements which drove the enemy from before Chattanooga, Colonel Blakeley with his own, the Twenty-first Wisconsin, and a battery, was placed in command on Lookout Mountain, which he fortified and held securely during the winter. Near the close of his term of service, in the spring of 1864, on account of severe illness in his family, he resigned. He was nominated by President Johnson for Brigadier-General by brevet, but the nomination was never acted on by the Senate. He was married in 1854 to Miss Susan D. Mechling. Since the war he has devoted himself to his profession in Pittsburg.

JOSEPH W. FISHER was born in Northumberland county on the 16th of October, 1814. Two years after, his father died, leaving a widow and several small children, of whom he was youngest. His education was consequently the result mainly of his own efforts. He married in 1836 Miss Elizabeth R. Shearer, and in 1840 removed to Lancaster county, where he studied law and was admitted to practice. In 1848 he was elected a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature. He entered the service as a private in April, 1861, and was subsequently made Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fifth Reserve regiment. He made a campaign in West Virginia in the fall of 1861, and in 1862 was in the Seven Days' battle on the Peninsula, commanding the brigade skirmishers at Beaver Dam Creek, was in the hottest of the fight at Gaines' Mill, and at Charles City Cross Roads led in the famous charge which shattered the enemy and threw him back upon his supports. He was soon after promoted to the rank of Colonel. On his way to the Bull Run field his horse fell upon him, inflicting serious injuries, which prevented him from participating in that battle. At South Mountain he led his regiment in the assault and capture of that stronghold, and with equal gallantry fought at Antietam. At Gettysburg he was in command of a

brigade, which he led upon Little Round Top at an opportune moment, and subsequently, at dark, scaled Round Top itself, driving out the enemy, and fortified it. He continued to command his brigade in the battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, and Bethesda Church, and was mustered out with the corps at the end of its service. In less than a month he was in the field again with a regiment for one hundred days, at the end of which he raised one for veteran service, and was ordered into the Shenandoah Valley, where he was pitted against the redoubtable Moseby. Colonel Fisher was brevetted Brigadier-General in this his final campaign, and soon after the close of the war was elected a member of the Pennsylvania Senate. In February, 1871, he was appointed an associate justice of the court in Wyoming Territory, and in December was made Chief Justice, which office he still holds.

Noah G. Ruhl, son of John and Catherine (Gerberick) Ruhl, was born on the 20th of February, 1823, in York county. In 1840 he entered the regular army as a private, and was engaged against the Indians in Florida. He served in Mexico from Palo Alto to the capture of the City of Mexico, and at the conclusion of the war left the army. Reëntering the service as a Captain in the Eighty-seventh regiment in 1861, he served in the Shenandoah Valley until after the close of the Gettysburg campaign, having in the meantime been promoted to Major, when his regiment was incorporated with the Sixth corps and in the campaign of the Wilderness fought with the Army of the Potomac. The duty here was unusually severe, and his health becoming impaired, he was, on the 30th of August, discharged on surgeon's certificate. He had previously been promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, and during a considerable time had commanded the regiment.

James Carle, son of John and Maria (Suttle) Carle, was born on the 8th of September, 1835, in Broome county, New York. He served an apprenticeship to the business of printing, and five years in the regular army, and entered the volunteer service in April, 1861, as a Captain in the Sixth Reserve regi-

ment, participating in all the battles in which that noted body was engaged. At Antietam he had a part of his left hand shot away, but remained with his company until ordered back. When the Reserve corps, at the expiration of its term of service, was mustered out, the remnants—a few scarred veterans—were organized into two new regiments, the One Hundred and Ninetieth and Ninety-first, and Captain Carle was given command of the latter. Soon after crossing the James he was directed to charge the enemy before Petersburg. This order was gallantly executed, and the Thirty-ninth North Carolina regiment was captured in a body. On the 18th of August, 1864, in an action upon the Weldon Railroad, near the Yellow House, he was captured with a large part of his brigade, and was held at Belle Isle, Salisbury, and Danville, until near the close of the war. "For conspicuous gallantry and meritorious services" he was brevetted Brigadier-General by the President.

JAMES S. NEGLEY, Major-General of volunteers, was born in Allegheny county, on the 26th of December, 1826. In the war with Mexico he enlisted as a private in the First Pennsylvania regiment, in which he fought in the siege of Puebla, the battle of Cerro Gordo, and other engagements of the campaign which carried the flag in triumph to the City of Mexico. On being mustered out he returned home and engaged extensively in horticulture. He was for many years connected with the militia, and at the opening of the civil war was in command of a brigade. He rendered important service in raising and organizing troops for the first campaign, and was selected by Governor Curtin to command the camp at Lancaster. General Patterson chose him to lead one of his brigades in the Shenandoah Valley, he having in the meantime been made a Brigadier-General of volunteers.

After the muster out of his first command he was given a brigade in McCook's division of the Army of the Cumberland. General Negley was for a time with General Mitchell in northern Alabama, but was subsequently given the Eighth division of Buell's army, and put in command at Nashville. While Buell was upon the campaign northward which culminated in the battle of Perryville, Negley was obliged to tax his best resources to

prevent the city from falling into the hands of the enemy. An officer of his command says: "While besieged, affairs wore a gloomy aspect. Shut out from the world, with no news for months from the army or from home, surrounded by a vindictive enemy resolutely determined to capture the capital with the executive members of the government, compelled to fight for every mouthful of food we ate, the condition of the garrison became every day more critical. Yet no one was discouraged, and all were determined to stand by the city, with full faith that under the gallant Negley and Palmer it would be successfully held. Our expectations were not disappointed, and on the morning of the 20th of October we saw from our fortifications the victorious legions of Rosecrans approaching the city."

On the very last day of the year 1862 General Rosecrans, who had superseded Buell, met the rebel army under Bragg in front of Murfreesboro, at Stone River. McCook with the divisions of Johnson, Davis, and Sheridan, held the right of the Union line; Thomas with the divisions of Negley and Rosecrans the centre; and Crittenden with the divisions of Palmer, Wood and Van Cleve, the left. Early on the morning of the 31st of December, with massed columns, Bragg attacked the Union right, just at the moment that Rosecrans was about to attack from the Union left. Rosecrans' right wing was crushed and driven before help could reach it. Negley stood next with his noble division. He made a stubborn fight. "Pushing out," says a writer in the *Rebellion Record*, "to the Cedar Forest, where Negley's gallant division was struggling against great odds, trusty Sheridan was met, bringing out his division in superb order. During all this period Negley's two brigades, under valiant old Stanley and brave John F. Miller, were holding their line though fearfully outnumbered. When the right broke, Negley had pushed in ahead of the right wing, and was driving the enemy. His troops sustained one of the fiercest assaults of the day, and the enemy was dreadfully punished." At nightfall the right and centre had been driven back, and many gallant men had perished. But a line more contracted had been taken up, and the courage of the troops was unbroken. On the afternoon of the following day the fighting was renewed on the Union left, upon the opposite side of Stone river,

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HON. JAMES S. NEGLEY,

REPRESENTATIVE FROM PENNSYLVANIA

and the foe was again driving Rosecrans' troops. "The enemy," says the writer above quoted, "as usual had massed his army, and advanced in great strength. Negley's division, supported by that of Davis and St. Clair Morton's pioneer battalion, was immediately sent forward to retrieve the disaster. A sanguinary conflict ensued, perhaps the most bitter of the whole battle. Both sides massed their batteries, and plied them with desperate energy. The infantry of either side displayed great valor; but Negley's unconquerable Eighth division resolved to win. The fury of the conflict now threatened mutual annihilation, but Stanley and Miller charged simultaneously and drove the enemy rapidly before them, capturing a battery, and taking the flag of the Twenty-sixth Tennessee, the color sergeant being killed with the bayonet." By the valor of Rosecrans' army a complete triumph was won, Bragg retreating and leaving the field in the hands of the victors. For valor displayed in this fight, Negley was made Major-General of volunteers. His division was warmly engaged at Chickamauga, and with the army retired to Chattanooga, where it was intrenched. Soon afterwards General Negley took leave of his command, and was called to other fields of duty. In 1869 he was elected to Congress, and was twice reëlected.

JAMES MILLER, son of Henry and Ann (Shaw) Miller, was born on the 15th of April, 1835, in Jefferson county. He entered the service as a Sergeant in the One Hundred and Fifth regiment in September, 1861. In a skirmish near Auburn, Virginia, in October, 1863, he was severely wounded, having in the meantime been promoted to Lieutenant. In the battle of the Wilderness he was again severely wounded in the left elbow. In the battle near Farmville, on the 6th of April, 1865, he had his horse shot under him; but nothing daunted led a daring charge, in which sixteen officers and a hundred men were captured. He was promoted to First Lieutenant, Captain, Major, and Colonel in succession. "His reputation," says an officer of his regiment, "was that of a sober, upright and fearless man. He had the good-will and confidence of the officers and men under him, who were always ready to follow where he led, even to a charge on works apparently impregnable, and in the face of certain death."

Thomas Foster Gallagher, Colonel of the Eleventh Reserve regiment and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born on the 17th of January, 1822, in Westmoreland county. He served in the militia from 1846 to the opening of the Rebellion—having been Captain and Colonel—when he was commissioned Colonel of the Eleventh. He was with McClellan upon the Peninsula, and at the battle of Gaines' Mill was taken prisoner, with the greater part of his regiment. Having been exchanged, he returned in time to lead at Bull Run; and at South Mountain, while in command of a brigade and charging up the steep acclivity, was severely wounded, in consequence of which, in December, 1862, he resigned. In 1863 he was made Colonel of the Fifty-fourth militia, which he led in the exciting chase after John Morgan in Ohio. He has served two terms in the Pennsylvania Legislature. He was married in 1849 to Miss Lizzie Kin McBride.

John Roskell Everhart, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, was born in West Chester in 1828. Both his grandfathers served in the Revolutionary army with Washington, and his father commanded a company in 1812, was afterwards extensively engaged in mercantile pursuits, and was finally lost in the ship Albion, wrecked off the coast of Ireland. He was educated at Princeton College and in the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania. Soon after graduating he went to Paris to further prosecute his studies. Returning, he commenced practice in his native town. At the time of the prevalence of Asiatic cholera in the Chester county almshouse, he volunteered his services, and was very successful in the treatment of the disease. At the opening of the war he was assigned as surgeon of the Ninety-seventh regiment. For three and a half years he remained on duty, proving himself in every position a skilful and faithful officer. During the prevalence of the yellow fever at Hilton Head, South Carolina, in 1862, his treatment and sanitary regulations were efficacious in staying the disease and confining it to the limits of his command. He served as a medical examiner of the Department of the South, under General Hunter, Brigade and Post Surgeon. Returning north with his regiment, he was on duty with the Army of the James until active operations of 1864

Jno. P. Everhart

JOHN P. EVERHART

Surgeon 97th Reg't P V

had closed, when he retired from the service. In the summer of 1872 he went with General Pennypacker to Europe, travelling extensively in Great Britain and upon the continent.

Benjamin Meyers Orwig, Lieutenant of Battery E, First artillery, son of Samuel and Mary (Meyers) Orwig, was born on the 31st of August, 1840, in Union county. He studied his profession in the law department of the University of Pennsylvania, which he left reluctantly to join the battery that an elder brother, Thomas G., was organizing, soon rising to the place of second in command. He preserved his health during his entire army life, having never but once been in hospital as a patient. This battery won distinction on many hard-fought fields, and had the honor of being the first Union artillery to enter the rebel capital at its downfall. He died of a congestive chill on the 28th of October, 1867, at Des Moines, Iowa, where he had taken up his abode.

Robert Patterson, Major-General of volunteers, a native of Ireland, came to Pennsylvania with his family at the age of six and settled in Delaware county. He served as Lieutenant and Captain in the War of 1812, and after its close became attached to the militia, rising to the rank of Major-General in 1824, which office he held for a period of over forty years. He commanded the troops in the State troubles of 1838, and in suppressing the riots of 1844, in Philadelphia. He volunteered for the Mexican War and became Major-General, and second only to General Scott in command of the army of occupation. At Cerro Gordo he was lifted to his saddle from a sick-bed, but bore himself gallantly in the fight. When General Scott was relieved, the chief command fell to him, and he withdrew the army. None seemed so fit, when the Rebellion came, to lead and discipline the new levies, and he was appointed by Governor Curtin over Pennsylvania troops. Not many days after he was given by the General Government the command of the Department of Washington, embracing the disputed territory over which troops must pass to the Capital. When the main avenues were cut off by the mob in Baltimore he seized that by

Annapolis, and for some days being unable to communicate with the national authorities, assumed the responsibility of authorizing twenty-five additional regiments from Pennsylvania. His action was ignored, but subsequent events showed that his judgment was correct. He took possession of Baltimore and reopened all the lines of travel. Having organized a column, he moved against the enemy, who were holding Harper's Ferry and the right bank of the Potomac. When partially across the stream, and in prospect of speedily meeting the foe, his artillery and some of his best troops were taken from him, obliging him to withdraw. He now proposed to fortify Maryland Heights, and move his force to Leesburg, where he could be in striking distance of the mouth of the Valley, and in case of need could reinforce McDowell at Manassas. This sensible plan was rejected and he was directed to keep in front of the enemy in the Valley, and fight if a reasonable prospect of success offered. He fought Stonewall Jackson at Falling Waters and defeated him, advanced as far as Bunker Hill and made vigorous demonstrations in front of Winchester, where a rebel army under Johnston was intrenched, on the day that General Scott had advised him that the battle of Manassas would be fought, and then withdrew to Harper's Ferry. The battle of Manassas was not fought until several days later, and Johnston was left free to unite with Beauregard. Patterson was blamed for not having detained Johnston, and charged with the disaster at Manassas. But the plan of dividing the Union army, and allowing the entire rebel force to come between Patterson and McDowell, was defective, and the conduct of Patterson is now seen to be above reproach. At the conclusion of the campaign he resigned. He has held numerous civil offices of great responsibility, and during a long life, now protracted beyond fourscore years, has been a successful merchant and manufacturer.

PART III.

CIVIL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

CHAPTER I.

EMINENT CIVILIANS.

ANDREW GREGG CURTIN, Governor of the Commonwealth from 1861 to 1866—covering the entire period of the war—known at the front as the Soldiers' Friend, was born at Bellefonte, on the 22d of April, 1817. He was the son of Roland Curtin, a native of Ireland, a man of intelligence and refinement, having been educated in Paris, and one of the earliest settlers of Centre county. His mother was a daughter of Andrew Gregg, for many years a member of both the House and Senate of the United States, Secretary of State of Pennsylvania, and candidate for Governor in 1823. He was educated in the celebrated school of the Rev. Dr. Kirkpatrick at Milton, and in the law school of Dickinson College. In 1839 he was admitted to the bar and commenced practice at Bellefonte in partnership with John Blanchard, subsequently a member of Congress. He took a leading rank as an advocate, and soon distinguished himself in debate. As early as 1840 he entered the political arena, championing General Harrison for the Presidency, and aiding by his youthful and impassioned eloquence to create a sentiment which carried the Farmer of North Bend to the highest place in the gift of the American people. At the next Presidential election he labored with equal zeal for Henry Clay, and in 1848 was placed upon the electoral ticket, giving powerful support to the hero of the Rio Grande. He was again upon the electoral ticket in 1852, and advocated the cause of General Scott.

He was now looked upon as one of the most influential young men of the State and acknowledged as a leader. In the contest for Governor in 1854 he was made Chairman of the State Central

Committee, which had in nomination James Pollock. The ticket was successful and Curtin was selected for Secretary of State, which also embraced the duties of Superintendent of Common Schools. He came to the office at an important and critical era in school legislation and school management. In his report of 1855 he says: "It is undeniable that the common school system had lost the prestige and hopes of its earlier years, and had disappointed the expectations of its friends. Its failing energies and want of adaptation to the great objects of its creation seemed to portend its ultimate decay, unless animated by a thorough reform and an infusion of fresh vitality." To the infusion of the needed vitality he addressed himself with that enthusiasm and energy which were his most marked characteristics. He rightly appreciated the value of public education in a free State. "All the principles," he says in his report of 1857, "that tend to the amelioration of humanity, every step in the progress of civilization, and all institutions founded in benevolence, have come from the intelligence of the common mind. The great principle of universal suffrage, which lies at the foundation of our theory of government, can only be protected from abuse by the education of the masses, and without it they are insensible to its perfection, and can have no just appreciation of the value of its perpetuity."

Important legislation had been secured in the last year of the preceding administration, but for several causes violent opposition had arisen and there was imminent danger of the repeal of its most important feature, that of a county superintendency which secured a due supervision of the qualifications of teachers and the expenditures of money. This he labored zealously to maintain until the fruits of its maturity should be a sufficient guarantee for its preservation, and this he was successful in accomplishing. He ably argued in his report the necessity of having a corps of trained teachers, and sketched a plan for a system of State Normal Schools, which was the basis of the law passed at the succeeding session of the Legislature, now working such excellent results. While laboring thus for the upbuilding of the school system he did not neglect the duties of his office proper, exemplifying the principles of sound statesmanship. He never lost sight of the fundamental condition which he enunci-

ated near the close of his report of 1855: "Our preëminence amongst the nations of the earth does not result from the fertility of our soil, our free form of government, and abundant physical resources. These constitute powerful motive forces, but the great leading power is the universality of education."

At the close of Governor Pollock's administration, Curtin returned to his home at Bellefonte, and resumed the practice of his profession; but was not suffered long to remain in retirement. In 1860 he was nominated and elected Governor of the Commonwealth, by a large majority, though in the face of violent opposition. The canvass was all the more animated from the fact that a presidential election was to occur a month later, and this was held as settling which side should triumph. Pennsylvania has ever been regarded as the keystone of the Federal arch, not only from its location midway between the States of the North and those of the South, but because of its magnitude and power, the observation being current previous to an election, "as goes Pennsylvania so goes the Union." Now more than ever was it looked upon as the battle-ground; for as it should range itself on the one side or the other in the great sectional contest, so would the decision be rendered. Even a lukewarm support of the National cause would have made doubtful the issue.

Of all the public men in the nation no one would have gone farther in the path of honor to have preserved peace and tranquillity than Governor Curtin. He sincerely deprecated war and bloodshed, and when, in response to the resolve of the Virginia Legislature, Congress asked that commissioners be appointed from the several States to devise a plan of pacification, he selected as one of the members of the delegation from Pennsylvania his old friend Governor Pollock, who he knew would labor with a Christian's zeal for an honorable peace. But when he saw all hope of reconciliation shut out, and the madness which ruled the hour triumphant, he met the danger with no timid hand nor trembling front, and hesitated not for a moment to take up the red gauntlet of war, and declare: "No part of the people, no State, nor combination of States, can voluntarily secede from the Union, nor absolve themselves from their obligations to it. To permit a State to withdraw at pleasure from the Union, without

the consent of the rest, is to confess that our Government is a failure. Pennsylvania can never acquiesce in such a conspiracy, nor assent to a doctrine which involves the destruction of the Government."

The exigencies of war precipitated at a time of profound peace, with no preparation for, or even expectancy of its coming, imposed great labors and grave responsibilities upon the Executive. Everything in the nature of war material was wanting and had to be improvised. But never for one moment did he falter. He was especially popular with the young men, and to his call they rallied with a unanimity and an enthusiasm rarely witnessed.

The first levy had scarcely been enrolled before the threats of invasion were freely uttered, and a hostile flag was flaunting almost within hailing distance of the southern border. He keenly felt the dangers to which the State was exposed, and called together the Legislature in extra session to grant authority for raising a corps for home defence. His plan was adopted, and the power to act and the means for its accomplishment were placed at his disposal. The *Pennsylvania Reserve Volunteer Corps* was the result. It consisted of fifteen regiments—thirteen of infantry and one each of cavalry and artillery. But while still in camp and before its drill was perfected, the disaster at Bull Run caused the Government to tremble for its own safety, and to the earnest appeals to have this corps sent to the reinforcement of the shattered army of the Union a prompt response was accorded, and it arrived at a time of dire need, and when few troops from any quarter were ready to be thrown into the breach. Once incorporated in the National army it never returned to the special duty for which it was created, but wherever the Army of the Potomac fought, there was the Reserve corps battling with the sternest. until the very day on which its full term of three years expired.

Call after call for troops came, and the population was drained of the young and hardy and zealous. Still the industries of the State were not suffered to languish, and no abatement of heart or hope was felt. Early in 1863, having indicated his disposition not to be a candidate for reëlection, President Lincoln, recognizing the great service which Governor Curtin had rendered, and being aware that his health was broken by his severe labors

and anxieties, thoughtfully tendered him a foreign mission. But his fidelity to his great trust and his personal popularity caused him to be nominated for a second term, and he was triumphantly reëlected. The spring of 1863, when the disasters of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville were bearing with a fearfully depressing weight, was the most gloomy and hopeless of the whole war. But Governor Curtin accepted the nomination, and bore aloft the standard of the Union with the same courage and enthusiasm as had characterized him in his most sanguine and prosperous hour. His own spirit was infused into the people of the entire Commonwealth, and as at the beginning the loyal States turned with anxious look to the attitude which Pennsylvania should assume and were not disappointed in their hopes, so now were they gladdened by the voice of its millions proclaiming their devotion to the unity of the nation. In closing his annual message of 1863, he said: "It would be unjust to omit referring again to the loyal spirit of our people which has been evinced in every mode since the war commenced. Not only have they sent 277,409 men for the general and special service of the Government, and supported with cheerfulness the burdens of taxation, but our storehouses and depots have literally overflowed with comforts and necessaries spontaneously contributed by them, under the active care of thousands of our women—faithful unto death—for the sick and wounded prisoners, as well as for our armies in the field. Their patriotic benevolence seems to be inexhaustible. To every new call the response becomes more and more liberal. When intelligence was received of the barbarian starvation of our prisoners in Richmond, the garners of the whole State were instantly thrown open, and before any similar movement had been made elsewhere, I was already employed on behalf of our people in efforts to secure the admission through the rebel lines of the abundant supplies provided for the relief of our suffering brethren. . . . We are fighting the great battle of God, of truth, of right, of liberty. The Almighty has no attribute that can favor our savage and degenerate enemies. No people can submit to territorial dismemberment without becoming contemptible in its own eyes, and those of the world. But it is not only against territorial dismemberment that we are struggling, but against

the destruction of the very groundwork of our whole political system. . . . We have during the past year made mighty strides towards such a solution, and to all human appearance we approach its completion. But whatever reverses may happen—whatever blood and treasure may still be required—whatever sacrifices may be necessary—there will remain the inexorable determination of our people to fight out this thing to the end; to preserve and perpetuate this Union. They have sworn that not one star shall be reft from the constellation, nor its clustered brightness be dimmed by treason and savagery, and they will keep their oath."

The sympathy of Governor Curtin for the distresses occasioned by war was unbounded, and prompted him to constant acts of personal kindness and executive amelioration. He knew full well that war, even when conducted according to the most humane and Christian usages, was a source of constant suffering. It was not in his nature to repose when there was aught to be done which could promote the comfort of the humblest private. The midnight hour often found him still hard at work in the Executive chamber, and he cheerfully left his bed at night to face the winter's blast, that some act of executive duty that could speed waiting troops on their way, or a parent hastening to a perishing son, might be performed. He was often at the front, and never neglected an opportunity to visit the soldiers in their camps or bivouac; and where he could not go in person he sent faithful and competent representatives. The hospital and the field were thus constantly under his supervision, and if suffering or want was to be alleviated, there was the hand of the Commonwealth outstretched to administer relief. When the soldier, rendering willing obedience to the mandates of the Government, cheerfully volunteered, Governor Curtin extended a promise in behalf of the State that his family should be protected, and if he fell in battle his children should be provided for. That promise was not forgotten. His messages abound in recommendations for the relief of the needy and those despoiled by the ravages of war; and the statute books through all the years of battle show that his suggestions were promptly heeded.

In the Gettysburg campaign parts of the border overrun by

the two armies were completely ravaged, and many families found themselves reduced from competence to beggary. To ameliorate their condition, and to secure suitable remuneration for their losses, was an object of his care. Nor were his sympathies alone excited by the needs of his own people. When it was announced to him that the loyal inhabitants of East Tennessee were suffering and dying from want, his heart was moved to tenderness, and he embodied the following recommendation in his message of 1863: "The condition of the loyal people of East Tennessee is represented to be most deplorable, and appeals with irresistible force alike to your sympathies and your sense of justice. Their whole country has been laid waste by the contending armies of the Government and the rebels. Four times large armies have passed over that district, destroying or carrying off all that had been gathered for the approaching winter, and now the women and children are left in a state of destitution. Representations made by gentlemen of the highest respectability, from that State, are of the most heart-rending character. Starvation, actual and present, now exists. Can we in the midst of affluent abundance for a moment hesitate as to what our action shall be towards the people whose only crime has been their loyalty to the Government? Even if a portion of our charity should reach the starving families of those in sympathy with the Rebellion, better it should than that those devoted, self-sacrificing people who have so unhesitatingly adhered to the Government be left to suffer. Whenever pestilence and famine distressed any portion of our country, we have always been foremost in relieving it, and the people of Pennsylvania have extended their open-handed benevolence and broad charity to the starving of foreign countries. Shall it be said that the appeals of these people for bread fell upon the heart of Pennsylvania in vain, and that we who have so recently given thanks for our abundance have no relief for them in their extremities?"

But the subject which was nearest his heart, and upon which he was most eloquent and earnest, was that of the care of the orphans of soldiers. Through his appeals and personal influence a system has been adopted in Pennsylvania to which, for efficiency and completeness, no approximation has been made in any other

State of the Union. The orphans are clothed, fed and instructed in Homes where they are under the kindest and best of influences, and are trained to useful employments. Seven thousand three hundred and ninety of these pupils have been the children of the State, and the aggregate expense thus far has reached the sum of $4,322,298.34. The manner in which these schools originated and the system was wrought is of peculiar interest, as it strikingly illustrates of what heart and spirit Governor Curtin is. In accordance with a time-honored custom the chief magistrate had, early in November, 1863, issued his proclamation setting apart a day, and recommending its observance as one of thanksgiving and praise. On the morning of that day there came to the Governor's door two small children, scantily clad and apparently pinched with hunger, begging food. Upon inquiry he found that their father had been killed in the battle of Gettysburg, that their mother had since sickened and died, and that they were friendless and alone in the world. He called a servant and relieved their immediate wants, and as he returned to his cheerful and comfortable apartments he exclaimed, "Great God! can it be that the people of this Commonwealth in the midst of their abundance are this day to feast and revel in profusion, while the children of the soldiers who have yielded up their lives upon the altar of their country, homeless and friendless, are begging bread!"

With a heavy heart he went at the appointed hour to join in the service to Almighty God; but burdened with the feelings which the experience of the morning had awakened, his heart was not in the worship. For several days he was much oppressed, eagerly devising some plan by which he could arouse the feelings and conscience of the Commonwealth in behalf of these unfortunate orphans. Sooner than he anticipated, and in a way he had not discerned, the occasion came. Henry Ward Beecher had just returned from his mission to England, where he had effectively plead the interests of his country, and he had been invited to speak at a public reception which was accorded him in the Academy of Music at Philadelphia, to be held in behalf of the United States Sanitary Commission, and Governor Curtin was invited to preside and introduce the speaker.

When the request was made to his Excellency he exclaimed: "This is my opportunity! Yes, I will come." A brilliant assemblage greeted him as, with the reverend orator, he appeared upon the platform, and in his brief address on taking the chair said: "We meet amid the comforts of home, and the enjoyments of civilized and peaceful life, to aid a great association for the beneficent object of following the soldier of the Republic, sick or dying—of being with him after every battle, to bind his wounds, slake his fevered thirst, and pour into his ears as life ebbs the consolations of religion; and, if no other good can be done, to bear his lifeless remains back to those to whom in life he had been nearest and dearest. . . . I fear that we have not done what we ought for the comparatively uncared for, who have been left at home by the gallant fellows who have gone forward. I assured thousands of them, as I committed to their care the sacred charge of guarding our country's flag and honor, and placed in their hands the national ensign, that those of us who remained at home would guard, protect, and cherish the households they left behind them. I fear that we have not done our whole duty in this particular, that out of our abundance we have failed to render a just share to the surviving relatives of the slain, and to the families of those who, maimed and wounded, have become helpless. Indeed, I am certain that the orphan and widow have not been cared for as the priceless treasure of a life surrendered for the country should have demanded. Coming, as these claimants upon our patriotism and benevolence usually do, from the humbler walks of life, their modest and unpretending wants are hardly recognized amid the clamor and excitement of the times, and the soldier's widow turns with a natural pride from what might be considered the condition of a mendicant or the recipient of charity. My friends, let us no longer fail in the performance of our solemn duty, but let us make the position of these an honorable one, and not one of degradation. Let the widow and her dependent offspring become, in fact and in truth, THE CHILDREN OF THE STATE, and let the mighty people of this great Commonwealth nurture and maintain them. Let this not be a mere spasmodic effort, but let us now at once lay the foundation of a systematic and continuous work,

which will enable the defender of the Constitution to know, as he paces his weary vigil upon the cheerless picket, that living, his family at home is cared for, and that dying, the justice, not the charity of the country has provided for the helpless survivors." In his message delivered soon after he said: "I commend to the prompt attention of the Legislature the subject of the relief of the poor orphans of our soldiers who have given or who shall give their lives to the country during this crisis. In my opinion their maintenance and education should be provided for by the State. Failing of other natural friends of ability to care for them they should be honorably received and fostered as children of the Commonwealth." But the Legislature did not at once feel the force of the Governor's suggestion, and the Act which he had caused to be prepared and offered was defeated. Some time previous, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, in that spirit of independent and manly generosity which has ever characterized it, presented to the Governor $50,000 to be expended in raising and equipping troops, or in such way as the Legislature should direct for the benefit of the soldiers. Seeing his benevolent designs in behalf of the orphans about to fail, the Governor bethought himself of this fund, which had not been disposed of, and near the close of the session secured the passage of a resolution authorizing him to appoint a superintendent and gather the orphans into suitable schools. That resolution of a few lines served to inaugurate the system, and to found a charity before which the most imposing are dwarfed. His end was compassed, and his heart was made glad. Hon. Thomas H. Burrowes, a man who had devoted his life to education and was peculiarly gifted with the power of organizing, was made superintendent. Institutions in convenient parts of the Commonwealth were selected, and intelligent and efficient supervision was provided. The next Legislature seemed as little inclined to make appropriations as the preceding, and again was the cherished purpose in imminent peril. In this extremity the Governor had recourse to a flank movement which for tactical skill and overwhelming success was never excelled by Grant or Sherman in their palmiest hours. He sent out and had the orphans from a few schools summoned to Harrisburg, and on an appointed day the offspring of heroes

sacrificed on their country's altars came and were quartered among the citizens, the Governor himself receiving twenty into his own home. With fife and drums and diminutive banners they marched to the capitol, and in presence of the assembled members they had recitations and sung songs, and one brave little fellow told the story of his father's life, and how he had fallen on the first day at Gettysburg, how his mother had died and he with his young sister was left alone in the world, until by the efforts of the Governor and the representatives of the people they had been provided for in the orphan school, had been furnished with warm clothing and given the care of kind teachers. The recital excited profound emotion; tears rolled down cheeks where tears were strangers, and the breasts of strong, rough men were bowed with tenderness. Addresses were made by the Governor and by members; but they were dull and tame in comparison with the simple story of that boy whose lips would never more be pressed in parental affection. The bill for the support of Soldiers' Orphans was promptly passed, and ample appropriations without further question made, all parties uniting, and ever after persevering in their support of the measure. Thousands were thus gathered and placed under the charge of experienced and kind-hearted educators, and were treated as children of the State. The policy was wise and just; for it not only discharged a debt due the fallen soldier, but it preserved in the paths of honor and usefulness a class of children, who failing of protection and care would have been ready subjects of temptation and vice. The zeal and earnestness which Governor Curtin displayed in this enterprise, and the success which crowned his efforts, will constitute his strongest claim to gratitude and remembrance by future generations.

A consideration of the perishable nature of the records of troops while in the field induced the Governor to recommend the preparation of a more permanent account of every soldier who went out from the Commonwealth to do battle for his country, that the patriotic and faithful might point to with pride and satisfaction. The authority was duly granted, and a compendium from all official and available sources was made and published, filling five large octavo volumes, in which each has at least one line, embracing

the chief items in his record, besides a condensed account of the part taken by the regiment or organization to which he belonged.

The winter of 1864–'65 was spent by Governor Curtin in Cuba, his physicians enjoining it as the only alternative of saving his life, he having been much reduced by sickness and having in the previous year been under the care of an eminent physician in New York. He was prominently named near the close of his gubernatorial office for the United States Senate, and a large number of his political friends in the Legislature were eager to place him there. He was also named for Vice-President on the ticket with General Grant, and soon after the latter had been elevated to the chief office, he appointed Governor Curtin Minister to Russia, a compliment no less graceful than merited. His residence at St. Petersburg was in an eminent degree pleasant to himself and agreeable to the royal family, he being highly esteemed for his high public position, but more especially for his personal worth, his courtly bearing, and his unsurpassed conversational powers. Early in 1872 he resigned his office and returned to this country. Parties were at the time in a state of turmoil and mutation. His old political friend and associate, Mr. Greeley, was a candidate for the Presidency, in opposition to President Grant. It is a striking mark of the hold which Governor Curtin had upon the popular heart that he should have been strongly urged in the convention of the Liberal Republicans, and in that of the Republicans also, for Vice-President in that year. In the struggle which ensued he gave his support to Mr. Greeley.

Allusion has been made above to Governor Curtin's rare conversational power. Those who have been favored with his intimacy know how irresistible is its charm. Never monopolizing the attention of the company with Johnsonian arrogance, he yet never suffers conversation for a moment to lose its interest, and his sallies of wit, his matchless caricature, the display of keen insight into the springs of human nature, his affinity for the lofty and ennobling, his unrivalled power of description and delineation, and withal a mind of never-failing resource, combine to make him a princely companion. His oratorical powers are of a rare order. The political rostrum has been the scene of his most frequent triumph. There were his

earliest attempts to wield that mysterious influence which sways the heart, and there, in the full maturity of his powers, with master hand, touching that potent instrument,

> "In varying cadence soft or strong
> He swept the sounding chords along."

A striking example of Governor Curtin's power in binding personal attachment occurred in his last election as Governor. The soldier, Birney, after having displayed the most exalted heroism and courage at the front, was stricken with a mortal sickness, and was being brought home to die. On arriving in Philadelphia, knowing that it was the day of the gubernatorial election, and filled with the fervor of a stern and uncompromising patriotism, he insisted on being taken to the polls. His friends, knowing his weakened condition, endeavored to dissuade him. But with that determined voice so often heard in the thick of battle he answered: "I must vote, sir; I must vote! Governor Curtin may be defeated for lack of my vote." So weak was he that he had to be lifted from his carriage, and to aggravate his peril his vote was challenged. But not till that vote was accepted and recorded would he turn away.

Governor Curtin is in person kinglike, a head taller than the people, and of a dignified and commanding carriage. His head is broad and massive, and his face indicative of high resolve and kindly emotion. He married Catharine, daughter of William J. Wilson, M. D. The issue of this marriage has been one son and four daughters.

SIMON CAMERON, Secretary of War during the early stages of the Rebellion, was born in Lancaster county, on the 8th of March, 1799. He received a fair English education, and early learned the art of printing, working as a journeyman in Lancaster, Harrisburg, and Washington, and subsequently editing newspapers in Doylestown and Harrisburg. He was largely interested in banking and railroad construction in the central portion of the State, and was for a time Adjutant-General. In 1845, he was elected United States Senator, in which capacity he served until 1849. In 1857 he was reëlected for the full term of six years, and was a participant in the stormy sessions of that

body preceding the opening of hostilities, advocating peace and a fair settlement of questions in dispute with an earnestness and pertinacity which seemed almost at variance with his support of the principles on which the Republican party was built. In the national convention which met at Chicago in 1860, he was presented as a candidate for President, having strong support, and when Mr. Lincoln was nominated, it was generally conceded that Pennsylvania should be accorded the Vice-President, in the expectation that Mr. Cameron would be named; but the delegation being unable to harmonize, Hannibal Hamlin of Maine was selected.

Recognizing Mr. Cameron's great executive ability, President Lincoln designated him as a member of his cabinet, assigning him to the Department of War, which necessitated his resignation as Senator. When once the alternative of a resort to arms was forced upon the Government, Mr. Cameron advocated the prosecution of the contest with relentless vigor. When Mr. Lincoln decided to call seventy-five thousand men, his voice was for a more decided policy. The status of the slave, which was at the foundation of the struggle, early claimed the Secretary's attention, and when General Butler wrote asking instructions, and proposing to treat fugitives as contraband of war, he enunciated the general principles which should govern throughout the entire Union army. "The war," he says, "now prosecuted on the part of the Federal Government is a war for the Union, and for the preservation of all the constitutional rights of the States and the citizens of the States in the Union. . . . In States wholly or partially under insurrectionary control, it is obvious that rights dependent on the execution of the laws temporarily fail. . . . To this general rule rights to services can form no exception. . . . Under these circumstances it seems quite clear that the substantial rights of loyal masters will be best protected by receiving such fugitives as well as fugitives of disloyal masters into the service of the United States, and employing them under such organizations and in such occupations as exigencies may suggest or require." A record was authorized to be kept of such fugitives with a view to compensating loyal masters. But as complications multiplied and dangers thickened, to his keen practical sense it

was evident that, if the Government was ever to conquer a peace, the fugitive should not only be treated as a contraband, but that his services should be actively employed in the national armies. On the 13th of November, 1861, Colonel John Cochrane, in presence of a large concourse of citizens and officials high in the service of the Government, spoke to his regiment, the First United States Chasseurs. His words throughout breathed a determined spirit, and upon the subject of the slave he said: "Suppose the enemy's slaves were arrayed against you, would you, from any squeamishness, refrain from pointing against them the hostile gun, and prostrating them in death? No, that is your object; and if you would seize their property, open their ports, and even destroy their lives, I ask you whether you would not use their slaves? Whether you would not arm their slaves and carry them in battalions against their masters? If necessary to save this Government, I would plunge their whole country, black and white, into one indiscriminate sea of blood, so that we should in the end have a government which should be the vicegerent of God. Let us have no more of this *dilettante* system, but let us work with a will and a purpose that cannot be mistaken. Let us not put it aside from too great a delicacy of motives. Soldiers, you know no such reasoning as this. You have arms in your hands, and those arms are placed there for the purpose of exterminating an enemy unless he submits to law, order, and the Constitution. If he will not submit, explode everything that comes in your way. Set fire to the cotton. Take property wherever you may find it. Take the slave and bestow him upon the non-slaveholder if you please. Do to them as they would do to us. Raise up a party of interest against the absent slaveholders, distract their counsels, and if this should not be sufficient, take the slave by the hand, place a musket in it, and in God's name bid him strike for the liberty of the human race." In response to this sentiment Mr. Cameron said: "The doctrines which he (Colonel Cochrane) has laid down, I approve as if they were my own words. They are my sentiments—sentiments which will not only lead you to victory, but which will in the end reconstruct this our glorious Federal Constitution. It is idle to talk about treating with these rebels upon their own terms. We must meet them as our

enemies, treat them as enemies, and punish them as enemies, until they shall learn to behave themselves. Every means which God has placed in our hands it is our duty to use for the purpose of protecting ourselves."

But Mr. Cameron was not a man to be satisfied with proclaiming his sentiments and allowing them to end in idle vaporing. He was a man rather of few words, and chiefly powerful in deeds. General T. W. Sherman was at about this time sent to have command in the Department of the South. In preparing his instructions the Secretary inserted the following: "As special directions, adapted to special circumstances, cannot be given, much must be referred to your own discretion as commanding general of the expedition. You will, however, in general, avail yourself of the services of any persons, whether fugitives from labor or not, who may offer them to the National Government; you will employ such persons in such services as they may be fitted for, either as ordinary employés, or, if special circumstances seem to require it, in any other capacity, with such organization in squads, companies, or otherwise, as you deem most beneficial to the service. This, however, not to mean a general arming of them for military service." Mr. Greeley, in his "History of the Rebellion," in a note relative to the concluding sentence of the above extract, says: "It is well understood that this was inserted by the President in revising the order." But Mr. Cameron was not content with issuing the instructions. He caused to be prepared a quantity of gay uniforms in which the bright colors suited to please the susceptible and imaginative negroes predominated, and sent them to General Sherman, well knowing that the commander would understand for whom they were intended.

In his annual report, submitted to Congress in December, 1861, as he originally prepared it, the Secretary argued the right to seize and arm the slave as undisputed, but by direction of the Government it was materially modified. In his first draft he had said: "War, even between independent nations, is made to subdue the enemy, and all that belongs to that enemy, by occupying the hostile country, and exercising dominion over all the men and things within its territory. . . . Why should this (slave)

property be exempt from the hazards and consequences of a rebellious war? . . . While the loyal States have all their property and possessions at stake, are the insurgent rebels to carry on warfare against the Government in peace and security to their own property? Reason, and justice, and self-preservation forbid that such be the policy of this Government, but demand, on the contrary, that being forced by traitors and rebels to the extremity of war, all the rights and powers of war should be exercised to bring it to a speedy end. . . . The Government has no power to hold slaves, none to restrain a slave of his liberty, or to exact his service. It has a right, however, to use the voluntary service of slaves liberated by war from their rebel masters, like any other property of the rebels, in whatever mode may be most efficient for the defence of the Government, the prosecution of the war, and the suppression of the Rebellion. It is as clearly a right of the Government to arm slaves when it may become necessary, as it is to take gunpowder from the enemy and use it against them. . . . If it shall be found that the men who have been held by the rebels as slaves are capable of bearing arms and performing efficient military service, it is the right, and may become the duty of this Government to arm and equip them and employ their services against the rebels, under proper regulations, discipline and command. But in whatever manner they may be used by the Government, it is plain that once liberated by the rebellious acts of their masters, they should never again be restored to bondage. By the master's treason and rebellion he forfeits all right to labor and service of his slave; and the slave of the rebellious master, by his service to the Government, becomes justly entitled to freedom and protection." This, at the very outset of the war, was considered bold doctrine, and apparently not entirely in harmony with the declarations of the President in his messages, as to the purposes of the Government, though the course here pointed out was at a later period actually adopted without incurring any imputation of inconsistency, the necessity for preserving the life of the government overriding every other consideration, and might from the first have been adopted had public sentiment been prepared for it. At the suggestion of the Government, however, Mr. Cameron's argument was

so modified as simply to say: "Their labor may be useful to us; withheld from the enemy it lessens his military resources, and withholding them has no tendency to induce the horrors of insurrection, even in the rebel communities. They constitute a military resource, and being such, that they should not be turned over to the enemy is too plain to discuss. Why deprive him of supplies by a blockade, and voluntarily give him men to produce them?" The publication of the original draft subserved the important purpose, at the time, of familiarizing the loyal people of the course which the Government might be compelled to adopt, and at the same time gave the disloyal a strong hint of what they might eventually reasonably expect.

On the 11th of January, 1862, Mr. Cameron resigned his position as Secretary of War, and was immediately tendered by the President and accepted the place of Minister to Russia. He undertook this important mission at a critical period in the national history. Complications with foreign nations were then hourly thickening. Several first-class powers were earnestly discussing the question of recognizing the Southern Confederacy. Napoleon was maturing his schemes for the occupation of Mexico. Southern emissaries were laboring at every European court to gain favor for their newly formed government, and seeking to create a sentiment at variance with that of the United States. In the midst of these portents of evil, to preserve and cement the friendship of so powerful a nation as Russia was of the first moment. To Mr. Cameron was committed this all important duty. How well he executed his high trust the sequel of events proved. As the winter of 1863 drew on apace, and the prospect of ultimate triumph seemed more and more remote—the western nations of Europe supporting the rebels not only with their sympathy but with material aid—there suddenly appeared, one bright morning, in New York harbor a fleet of the most powerful war vessels in the Russian navy, and there they remained during the entire season. No word was spoken as to their destination or purpose, and ostensibly they were seeking a safe haven. But European nations, hostile to the government of the United States, were not slow in reading the import of the act. In tones which echoed across the Atlantic, it uttered the condemnation of

intervention, and proclaimed: "Gentlemen, in this struggle of the American nation, hands off!" It was a call to keep the peace which the nations of Europe chose to respect.

On the 30th of April, 1862, the United States House of Representatives passed a resolution censuring the conduct of Mr. Cameron, while Secretary of War, in investing Alexander Cummings with public money without taking security therefor, and in other ways involving the Government in large outlays. This resolution had no sooner met the eye of President Lincoln than he prepared a message to Congress, in which he stated that at the crisis in April, 1861, when communication with the North had been cut off, and the Government itself was in imminent danger of immediate overthrow, he sent orders to the commandants of the navy yards at Boston, New York, and Philadelphia to purchase each five war vessels for defence, had empowered Governor Morgan and Alexander Cummings of New York to provide for the transportation of troops, no security being required, and had directed the Secretary of the Treasury to advance $2,000,000 to Messrs. Dix, Opdyke, and Blatchford to meet necessary expenditures. "I believe," the President continues, "that by these and other similar measures taken in that crisis, some of which were without any authority of law, the Government was saved from overthrow. . . . Congress will see that I should be wanting equally in candor and justice if I should leave the censure expressed in this resolution to rest exclusively or chiefly upon Mr. Cameron. The same sentiment is unanimously entertained by the heads of departments who participated in the proceedings which the House of Representatives has censured. It is due to Mr. Cameron to say that, although he fully approved the proceedings, they were not moved nor suggested by himself, and that not only the President but all the other heads of departments were at least equally responsible with him for whatever error, wrong, or fault was committed in the premises."

After accomplishing the purposes of his mission to the court of the Czar, Mr. Cameron resigned and returned to his home in Pennsylvania, where he remained until 1867, when he was again elected to the United States Senate, and was reëlected in 1873,

and should he serve out this term he will have been twenty years a member of that body. Upon the retirement of Mr. Sumner from the chairmanship of the Committee of Foreign Affairs, a place of great dignity and responsibility, Mr. Cameron was selected for the position thus made vacant. He has always held a place upon some of the most important committees, in which he has ever been attentive, and swayed a controlling influence. In debate he expresses himself clearly, forcibly and cogently, but with no attempt at display. In a deliberative body and in a popular canvass he is never failing in resource and remarkably successful. Few men have been more so, and much of the antagonism which he has encountered has arisen from this cause. In person he is over six feet in height, broad-shouldered, and though now in his seventy-sixth year is as erect and lithe as a youth of twenty. Mr. Cameron married Miss Margaret Brua, who died in 1873. Both were of Scotch descent. The issue of this marriage was three sons and three daughters.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War during the greater part of the Rebellion, was born in Steubenville, Ohio, on the 19th of December, 1815. His great-grandfather was a Quaker, who settled early in the history of Massachusetts colony on Nantucket Island. His grandfather moved to North Carolina, where he married a Miss Norman from Virginia, and whence he afterwards moved to Steubenville, where Edwin M. was born. He entered Kenyon College, but, on account of the straitened circumstances of the father, only remained a few months, and then went to Columbus, where he was engaged in a bookstore. During his leisure moments he applied himself to the study of law, and was admitted to the bar in 1836. He commenced practice at Cadiz, and was for one term District Attorney for Harrison county; but at its expiration removed to Steubenville. In 1839 he was elected by the Legislature of Ohio, reporter of the Supreme Court, which position he held for three years. In 1842 he defended Mr. McNulty, Clerk of the House of Representatives, charged with defalcation, winning a national reputation by the ability displayed. In 1848 he removed to Pittsburg and entered into a law partnership with Charles Shaler and

Eng^d by A.H.Ritchie.

Edwin M. Stanton

Theodore Umbstratter, at once taking a leading rank, his practice extending beyond the limits of the State. He had some time before been called to the Supreme Court, and here some of his most important and lucrative practice was found. The case of the Wheeling Bridge Company in which he was engaged involved large amounts and attracted wide attention, as did also the defence of Sickles for the killing of Key. In 1858 he was appointed by Attorney-General Black to represent the United States in the celebrated California land cases. He accordingly proceeded thither, and after a protracted and determined contest succeeded in overthrowing the titles under the Mexican grants and established those of the rightful claimants.

With this exception he had held no public office until December, 1860, when, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the transfer of Mr. Black to Secretary of State, he was appointed to a cabinet office under Mr. Buchanan. He advocated a determined and vigorous policy; but Mr. Buchanan's ear was heavy, and he only sought to retire without a conflict. When Mr. Lincoln was installed, Mr. Stanton resumed the practice of his profession, but civil life was now overshadowed by military, and he did not remain long in retirement; for when Mr. Cameron was sent to Russia, Mr. Stanton was nominated to the place left vacant in the cabinet. Some surprise was manifested by the leaders of the Republican party, that he, a pronounced Democrat, fresh from the cabinet of Buchanan, should receive this signal mark of honor, the War Office—in view of the magnitude of military operations to be carried on, the most important in the Government. With so firm a hand and with such relentless vigor did he execute the trust that he was justly styled the American Carnot. An editorial of the New York *Herald*, in an appreciative estimate of his character, says of him at this period: "An honest, earnest, active, firm, resolute, decisive and efficient man was Stanton in the War Office—the man of all men for the part he had to play. It may be said that he was rough, imperious, despotic, cruel, and offensive in many things. Measured, however, by the hatred of the implacable adherents of the Rebellion, in his services to the Union, he stands first in the list of the great champions of the cause." Better than any description or

analysis of his character are incidents which show him to the life. In an article contributed to *Harper's Magazine* by Mr. T. B. Thorpe is the following: "Mr. Stanton, with an amanuensis, made his appearance punctually at eleven o'clock. His approach was heralded by the noise of the rapidly disappearing feet of messengers and idlers, who were by some fascination hanging about the War Office. . . . Instantly a tall gentleman supported by a bundle of papers, fawning and gushing, but with very weak knees and a stereotyped smile, would approach, and with a vulgar salute of presumed familiarity would hurriedly utter, 'Good-morning, Mr. Secretary; fine morning, sir.' Mr. Stanton would give a nervous twitch, as the familiar voice met his ear, and turning abruptly to the speaker would growl between his teeth: 'Sit down, sir; I'll attend to you by-and-by,' and Mr. Senator Mealymouth, with papers about some 'job,' would suddenly disappear. Next in presumed importance, a gentleman with a brand-new suit of military clothing, glistening like an ignited pinwheel, with stars and stripes: 'My card, Mr. Secretary—Major-General Brassbuttons.' Mr. Stanton would turn on the new speaker like a tiger at bay, would examine the caricature of Mars from head to foot, would thunder out: 'Come, sir, what are you doing in Washington? If you are not needed at the front I'll see about mustering you out.' General Brassbuttons would gasp for breath, and his capacious boots, less sensitive than the man, would carry the discomfited officer out of the room. Consternation would now reign in the audience room. Even the widows and wounded soldiers would grow pale. When they beheld such great men as Senators and Generals in good health suddenly squelched out, they naturally asked themselves, 'What is to become of us?' By this time Mr. Stanton literally had his audience in hand; no one was now venturesome enough to obtrude especially himself or wants upon his notice; so at his leisure he would glance around the room, then suddenly stopping to examine a sick or wounded soldier, the poor fellow would attempt to rise from his seat in acknowledgment of the honor, when Mr. Stanton would mildly, musically say, 'Keep your seat, my good man," and the iron Secretary would leave his place, would walk over to the silent but eloquent applicant for relief,

and taking him kindly by the hand, would ask, 'What brings you here?' The story was the same so often told. Soldier in one of the Washington hospitals, suffering from a severe wound; cannot identify himself, as his regiment is on the move, and no descriptive list can be obtained. Can get no pay, draw no clothing; wants a furlough to go home. The hospital regulations keep him with the strictest severity in the narrow whitewashed walls, now worse than a prison. *Order* from Mr. Stanton: 'Advance of two months' pay, transportation home, and thirty days' furlough.' Soldier retires, his face beaming with satisfaction, and realizing keenly, for the first time, that he has a country worth fighting for and men in the Government who care for its defenders."

General Sedgwick, the gallant commander of the Sixth corps, having gone immediately to the front on coming to Washington from the frontier in 1861, had never met Mr. Stanton till late in 1863, when he was summoned to the capital to testify before the Committee on the Conduct of the War. On his arrival as was his duty he went immediately to the War Office to pay his respects to the Secretary. Though entering early, Mr. Stanton studiously ignored his presence until every one in the room had been received. "The two alone," says Thorpe, "Mr. Stanton turned toward his imperturbable visitor, and, looking him full in the face, ejaculated, 'Well, sir?' To which came the reply: 'Mr. Secretary, I am General Sedgwick; I have called to pay my respects to you as the head of this department. I have neglected this duty up to this time, because I have not been here since I came from the frontier in 1861, and,' Sedgwick added, with some emotion, 'I shouldn't have been here now, sir, if I had not been ordered to do so by a committee of Congress.' The Secretary's face instantly changed. The harsh voice that put the equivocal 'Well, sir?' softened into a cheerful greeting. 'Give me your hand, General,' said Mr. Stanton, his face beaming with pleasure. 'I am glad to see you—I would be glad to see more soldiers like you. Come into my private room; I don't see *you* very often.'"

Mr. Stanton saw many dark and wearisome days when disaster followed disaster, and when for a long time the result of the contest hung trembling in the balance. A friend visited him

when upon his dying bed, after the triumph had come, and he was about to yield up his life. It was thus described in Wilkes' *Spirit of the Times:* "The day was tempestuous and gloomy, and the wind howled violently around the angles of the building. After some conversation, we noticed this by saying, that doubtless such dismal noises had the effect of making him feel unusually sad. 'Oh, no,' he answered, 'not at all; on the contrary, I derive a peculiar pleasure *now* in listening to the howling of the winds. There was a time when it would make me dreadfully nervous, and keep me awake for hours in the night. Then there were thousands of our boys afloat on the Atlantic coast; others were on the treacherous bosom of the Gulf; others were exposed on the surface of the Mississippi, and thousands upon thousands lay drenched in camp, or shivering upon picket duty; but'—and here the speaker's eyes exhibited reviving light, and his voice strengthened into joyful volume—'but the boys are all home now; all home now; out of the reach of the storm!' It is impossible to describe the exquisite tenderness with which this was said, or to explain the emotion which we felt when, as he concluded, we saw a tear break from each lid and quietly roll down his cheeks."

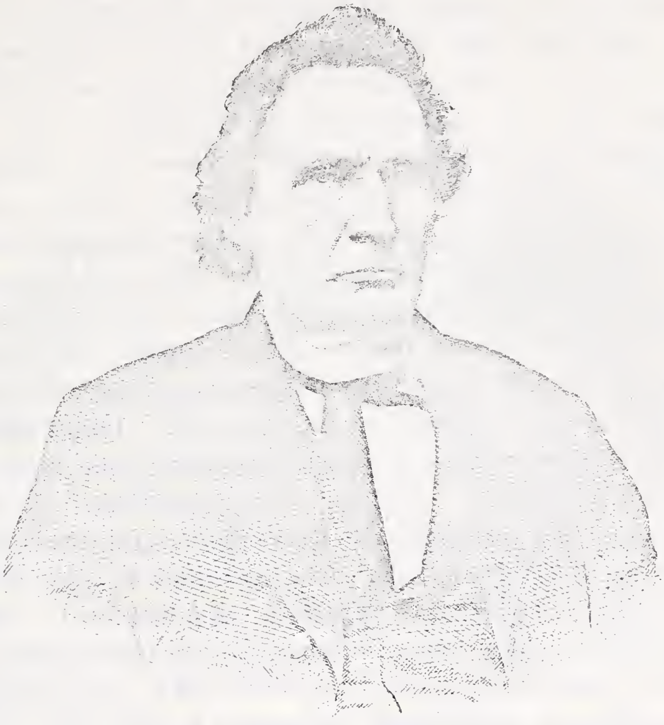
Mr. Stanton was retained in the War Office under President Johnson, and for a time the immense business of bringing home the armies and returning them to the pursuits of peace went smoothly on. But when the subject of reconstruction of the revolted States came to be settled, the President enunciated views which were at variance with those entertained by Mr. Stanton, and the party which had placed him in power. The Tenure of Office Act rendered it possible for him to remain in office in spite of the will of the President. The Republican party, being in the ascendency and responsible for the government of the country, was desirous of shaping its own policy. At the urgent entreaty of the leaders of that party he was induced to hold the position after his successor had been named by the President, barricading and making his office a citadel. When the impeachment of the President failed—regarding that as decisive of his party's authority—he quietly retired. The great strain upon his nerves had left his system weakened and shattered; but

he resumed the practice of his profession with the zeal of youth, appearing in several important cases before the Supreme Court. His labors, however, were of short duration, and on the 22d of December, 1865, after a short illness, the great Secretary quietly breathed his last. A short time before his death he was nominated and confirmed an associate Justice of the Supreme Court, but he lived not to take his seat in that grave place of honor and renown. The writer above quoted from the *Herald*, in closing his summing, says: "Eminently distinguished in the character of Carnot, he has left the additional fame of a lawyer fully qualified for the high position to which he was but the other day appointed and confirmed, as a Judge of the Supreme Court. His name will live, and his memory will be revered, while the enduring principles of the Union, liberty, equal rights and law survive in the minds of men. His friends, in view of his services as a public man, are millions in number, while the enemies he leaves behind him with a few exceptions are the unhappy mourners over the 'lost cause.'"

THADDEUS STEVENS, "The Great Commoner," was born in Peacham, Caledonia county, Vermont, on the 4th of April, 1793. He was a sickly child and club-footed, and his parents being extremely poor he had small prospect of eminence. His father appears to have been what is commonly termed a "good-for-nothing," but his mother having strong native sense and great tenderness for her unfortunate boy labored assiduously to gratify his desire to learn, in providing decent clothing and keeping him in the rural district school which for a few months in each year was in operation. An old lady who was a schoolmate in this humble situation says: "I remember him as it was yesterday. Folks never supposed they would ever be able to raise him; but they did. He was still and quiet like, different from the rest of the boys, and they'd laugh at him, boy-like, and mimic his limping walk. They didn't mean any harm; but Thaddeus was a sensitive little fellow, and it rankled him. I've always thought that's the reason, perhaps, he has never been back to the old homestead." By close application he prepared for college, eking out the necessary means by teaching school in the intervals of

study, and graduated at Dartmouth in 1814. Soon after he removed to York, Pennsylvania, which State became his permanent home, where he taught school and studied law. Known only as a school teacher, when at the end of two years he was about to seek admission to the bar, the members of the profession actuated by pride and prejudice refused to recognize Stevens as a law student, and actually passed a resolution providing that no person who pursued any other avocation than that of the regular study of the law should be eligible to membership. Stevens was not a man to be foiled in a way like this, and changing his residence for a month or two to a neighboring county of Maryland he was admitted, when returning to Pennsylvania he had the satisfaction of coming to the bar in spite of the narrow-minded policy by which he had been met, and soon rose to the front rank as a practitioner. He eschewed politics for a time; but in the exciting campaigns following the advent of John Quincy Adams to the Presidency he could not remain a quiet spectator, espousing the cause of Adams and subsequently of the Whigs. In 1833 he was elected to the Legislature, and was returned in '34, '35, '37 and '41.

It was during his membership of this body that Mr. Stevens made his noted speeches on the Common School System and the act for establishing a School of Art. From 1809 to 1834 a system of educating the poor gratis had been in operation in the State, a system which had become odious, as it could only benefit those abject enough to have themselves recorded as paupers. After long efforts a bill was drawn in that year, during the administration of Governor Wolf, providing for the establishing of a complete system. "It was believed," said Mr. Stevens, in a conference upon this subject with the writer, "that the best way to pass it was not to have any public discussion, but to canvass the members individually. So successful was it that it passed the House of Representatives with but one vote against—Mr. Grimm's, of Lehigh. When the law was published and sent out for execution, it caused an excitement throughout the State which I have never known equalled in any political contest. The members were denounced as usurpers, and the people were warned that their liberties and rights were in danger. Very few of the old



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Thaddeus Stevens

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members were returned at the next election except such as recanted and promised to vote for the repeal. At the meeting of the Legislature petitions for the repeal poured in until the signatures amounted to about fifty thousand. Very few remonstrances could be got up, though considerable effort was made. The Democratic party held a caucus and advised Governor Wolf to yield to the storm and not oppose the repeal, as it would not be possible to reëlect him if he vetoed the bill, which was sure to pass. This was the condition of things when I went to Philadelphia on a committee of investigation and was absent, I think, about two weeks. When I returned, my colleague, Mr. McSherry, a most estimable man and a great friend of the law, called and informed me that a bill had passed the Senate repealing the school law, with but eight dissenting votes; that a vote of reference, which was made a test vote, showed that there was a majority in the House for the repeal of over thirty; that the friends of the law had consulted and agreed that it was useless to oppose the repeal. He said that he thought that *we* were bound to vote for it, as he had ascertained that three-fourths of our constituents had petitioned for the repeal. I inquired and learned that the Governor, a fast friend of education, had answered the committee that he would veto the bill if he did not get a vote in the State. I informed my colleague that whilst I would not ask him to vote against his judgment, I would make an effort to save the original law. The Senate bill to repeal it came up on April 10th and 11th, and I moved an amendment to strike out the whole of the bill but the enacting clause, and insert a supplement to the Act to Establish a General System of Education by Common Schools."

Upon this motion Mr. Stevens made his noted speech. Great expectation had been aroused, and most of the members of the State Government and the Senate were present. He was then in the prime of manhood and in the full strength of his great intellect, and its effect was electrical. Mr. M. B. Lowry, who was then a member of that body, describes the attitude and bearing of Mr. Stevens as he appeared in the fervor of debate as that of a descended god. The vote was taken immediately after its close, and, says Mr. Stevens, "I was both surprised and grati-

fied to find, I think, for I speak from memory, about fourteen majority for it, and on the vote to agree to the bill as amended it carried by over thirty. It was sent to the Senate and at once concurred in." It is not often that a speech in a deliberative body influences many votes; but this undoubtedly had the effect to sway both branches of the Legislature from strong opposition backed by an excited and almost unanimous population, to the support of his bill. He was throughout severe but lofty in his sentiment. In speaking of the old law for educating the poor gratis, he said: "Sir, hereditary distinctions of rank are sufficiently odious; but that which is founded on poverty is infinitely more so. Such a law should be entitled 'An act for branding and marking the poor, so that they may be known from the rich and proud.'" In the progress of his argument upon the great boon in the Common School he said: "Sir, when I reflect how apt hereditary wealth, hereditary influence, and perhaps, as a consequence, hereditary pride are to close the avenues and steel the heart against the wants and rights of the poor, I am induced to thank my Creator for having from early life bestowed upon me the blessing of poverty. Sir, it *is* a blessing; for if there be any human sensation more ethereal and divine than all others, it is that which feelingly sympathizes with misfortune. . . . What renders the name of Socrates immortal but his love of the human family, exhibited under all circumstances and in contempt of every danger?"

"Pennsylvania's sons," he continues, "possess as high native talents as any other nation of ancient or modern time! Many of the poorest of her children possess as bright intellectual gems, if they were as highly polished, as did the proudest scholars of Greece or Rome. But too long, too disgracefully long, has coward, trembling, procrastinating legislation permitted them to lie buried in 'dark unfathomed caves.'" But the passage of this speech which made the greatest impression, and which is even now recalled with a feeling of delight, was that in which he referred to Governor Wolf. The Governor was opposed to him in politics, and sharp passages in public matters had passed between them. But upon the subject of education they were at one, and upon this he said: "I have seen the present

chief magistrate of this Commonwealth violently assailed as the projector and father of this law. I am not the eulogist of that gentleman; he has been guilty of many political sins, but he deserves the undying gratitude of the people for the steady, untiring zeal which he has manifested in favor of common schools. I will not say that his exertions in that cause have covered all, but they have atoned for many of his errors. I trust that the people of this State will never be called on to choose between a supporter and an opposer of free schools. But if it should come to that—if that should be made the turning point on which we are to cast our suffrages—if the opponent of education were my most intimate personal and political friend, and the free school candidate my most obnoxious enemy—I should deem it my duty as a patriot, at this moment of our intellectual crisis, to forget all other considerations, and I should place myself unhesitatingly and cordially in the ranks of HIM WHOSE BANNERS STREAM IN LIGHT."

In 1836 he was a member of the convention to revise the State constitution, and took an active part. Previous to this the constitution recognized the right of suffrage without distinction of color; but a majority favored restricting it to white male citizens above a certain age. This he opposed with great vigor, and when the labors were concluded he refused to sign the instrument. In 1838 he was appointed Canal Commissioner, then one of the most important offices in the Government on account of the vast expenditures being made for internal improvements. At the succeeding election for Governor a fierce struggle ensued for the supremacy, and parties being pretty evenly balanced, both candidates claimed to be elected. The military were called out, the President was applied to for aid, and from the fact that a Government storekeeper in Philadelphia sent to Harrisburg an immense amount of buck-shot, it was called the BUCK-SHOT WAR, though it ended in compromise without bloodshed. Mr. Stevens championed Governor Ritner's cause, which was the losing one.

In 1842 he removed to Lancaster, where he pursued his profession, and engaged largely in the manufacture of iron. In 1848 he was elected to Congress and was reëlected in 1850, serving through that exciting period when the admission of California,

the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and the Kansas-Nebraska embroglio were debated by the giants of the American forum. In 1858 he was again elected, and remained a member till the day of his death. He was among the earliest to declare the abolition of slavery the only alternative of the Government, and presented the Indemnity Act, the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution, and advocated the arming and disciplining one hundred and fifty thousand colored soldiers. In the Thirty-ninth Congress he was chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, and a member of the Committee on Reconstruction, giving himself unreservedly to the preparation and advocacy of all those measures adopted to settle the affairs of the distracted country. He assisted in drafting the articles of impeachment against President Johnson, and was chairman of the committee of seven who managed the case on the part of the House, preparing an argument justly regarded as a masterpiece for cogency and power.

One of the most striking characteristics of Mr. Stevens' oratory was his allusions to the Bible and to the classics of antiquity. In answer to the argument that the negro was a different order of being from the white man he said: "I have listened to the golden-mouthed gentleman from New York, Mr. Brooks, in his attempt to prove the Bible a lie. That book says God created of one blood all the nations of the earth. The gentleman, however, contends that there were several different varieties, and that all nations were not created of one blood. The question at issue between the gentleman from New York and the Author of that sacred volume I shall not attempt to decide—it is too high for me." When Mr. Johnson, then President, on one occasion, while the Fourteenth Amendment was under consideration, came into the capitol and told a member that the amendment was not needed, and then had the conversation published, Mr. Stevens said, in alluding to it, "This authorized utterance was made in such a way that centuries ago, had it been made to Parliament by a British king, it would have cost him his head. But, sir, we pass that by: we are tolerant of usurpation in this tolerant Government of ours."

Mr. Stevens' mind held out in all its early strength and vigor long after his poor feeble body was exhausted. One of his last

speeches is thus described by an eye-witness: "He spoke for about ten minutes, at first with noticeable difficulty. Nearly the entire house gathered into the aisles and areas within twenty-five feet of him. Of the first half of his remarks not a word was heard in the galleries. Then like a candle dying in its socket he flamed up with an energy that carried his utterances to the listener in the remotest corner of the chamber. It was a wonderful exhibition of will and determination. It could not last. The physical forces of the old body have gone away, and three or four minutes completely exhausted it and dropped Mr. Stevens back into his chair paler and more emaciated, seemingly, than ever before." He conversed freely about his approaching end and seemed to welcome it. He refused to be buried in the beautiful cemetery at Lancaster, because its managers would not allow people of color to be interred in it. He desired only a simple tablet laid over his grave, and remarked in relation to it, "I suppose, like the rest of the fools, we shall have to get something stuck up in the air; let it be plain." He died at midnight of Tuesday, August 11th, 1868.

CHAPTER II.

OLD JOHN BURNS, the Civilian Hero of Gettysburg, without official title, but with renown which shall be lasting when brass and marble moulder, was born at Burlington, New Jersey, on the 5th of September, 1793. His father, Joseph Burns, was a Scotchman from the banks of the Dee, and a relative of the poet; his mother, Polly Dobson, of English descent. Fearless by nature, provocation served but to whet the edge of his resolve, and when, after long-suffering outrage and wrong, the United States declared war against Great Britain in 1812, young Burns was among the first in the ranks. The recollections of those eighteen months of service were never effaced nor dimmed, and when, a short time before his death—then at the verge of eighty—the subject was broached, the fire of his eye and the compression of his lips, as he recounted their eventful course, revealed his fearless and heroic nature. He was of the company of Captain Barton, of the Tenth regiment, and marched to New York, thence to Albany by boat, proceeded to Greenbush where he joined the army of General Scott, with it moved to Sackett's Harbor, crossed to Canada, and was at Plattsburg and Queenstown. In the battle of Lundy's Lane, when the conflict was at its height, and the event still doubtful, General Brown, who commanded the American force, came dashing up to Major Miller, who was leading Burns' regiment, his horse foaming with excitement, and, pointing to a powerful six gun battery of the enemy posted upon an eminence and doing fearful execution, exclaimed: "Major Miller, can you take that battery?" Miller was a man of few words, and he simply responded, "I can try." "We all knew what that meant," says Burns; "for while one of his men

John L Burns

should live we knew that Miller would never rest till that battery was his." The order to fix bayonets and charge was promptly given, and Miller, placing himself at the head of the column, led on. Darkness overshadowed all—as the battle was fought from sundown to midnight—except as the blaze of the guns lit up the field. The slaughter was fearful; but that coveted eminence was scaled, the guns captured, and turned on the foe. That heroic exploit was the turning point in the battle, and at midnight the British retired, leaving the Americans masters of the field. Tears would fill the eyes of Burns, and his brawny figure heave with emotion, as he told the words of his brave old leader, and described the fiery ardor of his General.

Burns remained upon the frontier through two winters, and until peace was declared. He enlisted with the first for the war with Mexico, and after drilling and patiently awaiting orders, was in the end sorely disappointed to receive notice that his company could not be accepted. He was a member of the militia in Newtown, commanded by Weanausel, John and Jonathan Wynkoop. When the Hon. Edward McPherson, then member of Congress from the Gettysburg district, and since Clerk of the House, formed his company for three months' service, Burns shouldered his musket and putting himself in the ranks marched to the camp at West Chester; but when it came to be mustered into the service of the United States, he was rejected on account of his age and sent home. The quiet little town of Gettysburg was too small for a man like Burns, and he travelled on foot to Hagerstown, joining the wagon train. Near the close of May, he was sent to Frederick with a fresh supply of animals, and soon after, his fidelity being appreciated, he was made police officer of the wagon camp. He was at the battle of Falling Waters; and when the booming of the cannon and the rattle of musketry were borne to his ears, he gave his whip to another, exclaiming, "They may want me over there," and started for the field; but before he reached it Jackson had been routed. He remained in the column of Banks after the departure of Patterson, until winter set in, a period of seven months, when he was again sent home.

His fellow-townsmen, reverencing his patriotic impulses, and

thinking that by giving him employment in which he should feel responsibility he might be kept from the field, at the borough election in the spring of 1862, chose him constable. This had the desired effect, and until the invasion of the State he devoted himself diligently to his official duties. At one period of his life Burns had been given to dissipation; but in later years he was not only a disciple of temperance, but of strict total abstinence, and never was a man more earnest and consistent in his professions. The unlawful sale of alcoholic liquors found in him an uncompromising foe.

On Sunday, June the 21st, preceding the great battle, Captain John Scott, with fourteen men, among whom was Burns, went out fourteen miles into the mountains, on the Chambersburg road, for the purpose of bushwhacking the enemy; but met Union scouts and were turned back. On Friday, the 26th, Early came with his division to Gettysburg, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, and Burns, perhaps showing himself a little too officious, was taken prisoner and held in custody until Sunday, when the rebel leader departed on his way to York. The fiery spirit of Burns could illy brook this vile durance and insult to his authority as a civil officer, and we may imagine him ready to answer in the language of the resolute constable in a village of the old Bay State, when a bully threatened to shake him, "You may shake; but remember, if you shake me you shake the whole State of Massachusetts." Towards evening of that same Sunday, Burns caught a rebel chaplain, George Gwin, riding with messages from Ewell to Early, and a trooper, and locked them up in the Gettysburg jail. On the following day he seized one of White's guerillas, who gave the name of Talbut, and him, also, he held fast in jail. Buford with his cavalry came on Tuesday, and after resting an hour in the streets, moved out to McPherson's farm and encamped. The appearance of the old flag and the veterans of Buford brought joy to the old man's heart. Hitherto he had been single-handed in facing the whole rebel army. He hailed with satisfaction the van of the Army of the Potomac, coming to his support. On the following morning came Reynolds leading the First corps. Burns was on the alert; yet he was a man who never meddled with any business except his own and kept

aloof from the General's cavalcade; but when hailed by Reynolds on his return from his interview with Buford, and asked to point out a near way to get through the outskirts of the town to meet the head of his column, Burns joyfully performed the office. When the leading division came on, and the pioneers, obedient to the order of Reynolds, were levelling the fences through the fields to open a way to Seminary Ridge, Burns was at hand, and the flashing of their bright axes in the morning sunlight made an indelible impression upon him. Burns could never restrain his enthusiasm in describing this scene; but would spring to his feet and swing his arms as though handling one of those shining implements and laying low the fences before him.

Going back towards his own home he met two wounded soldiers of Buford's command returning to town. "Ah, my lads," says Burns, "your guns are needed over yonder; but you are bleeding, and are too weak to carry them; give one of them to me." This the soldier addressed resolutely refused. The other, more accurately discerning the old man's spirit, said to his companion, "Give it to him. You can't use it." "What do you want to do with it?" asked the soldier. "Shoot the d——d rebels," was the old man's curt reply. It was given, and filling his pockets with cartridges, he hurried forward and came upon the Union line where Stone's brigade was hotly engaged. He was first accosted by Major Chamberlain of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Pennsylvania, with, "Old man, where are you going?" "I want a chance," said Burns. "A chance for what?" "To shoot," replied the old man, his eye fired with excitement and his whole frame swayed with emotion. Chamberlain referred him to Colonel Wister. To the question if he could be allowed to fight, Wister replied, "Yes, and I wish there were many more like you. But you have no ammunition." "Yes, I have," said Burns, slapping his pockets. "Do you know how to shoot?" "Give me a chance," cried Burns, "and I will show you whether I can shoot or not." "You may have a chance," said the Colonel, "but this open ground is no place for an old man like you. Go over to the woods with the Iron Brigade, where you can have some shelter." He went as directed, and joining the Seventh Wisconsin, Lieutenant Colonel Callis, opened upon the rebels. But the wood did

not suit him. He wanted a fair unobstructed view, and went to a fence in the open ground. Among his acquaintances he had always been known as a dead shot. He was now in no haste to create smoke; but awaiting his opportunity, he fired only when he saw something that he could hit. He watched especially for men mounted, and many a saddle was emptied. His unerring aim attracted the attention of the soldiers and officers of the Seventh, and Colonel Callis sent him a fine silver-mounted rifle that had been captured from the enemy in the battle of Antietam. Away across Willoughby Run was seen an officer riding a beautiful gray horse. He came on, leading his men with the utmost gallantry. He was pointed out to Burns, and that beautiful charger was soon seen galloping riderless over the field, and the old hero was saluted by three cheers from the soldiers who were watching him. At one o'clock there was a lull in the battle and he lay down upon the grass to rest. On looking about he was startled by seeing a hand lying on the ground that had been torn from the body by some terrible missile; but the body whose pulsations had warmed it was nowhere to be seen. When the battle was renewed he went again earnestly to work. The enemy, strong and well supported, pushed forward fearlessly, while the Union force had but one thin line, and that now fearfully decimated. Burns took little care of his person, and he was finally struck in the side by two musket shots that eventually produced a rupture; but still he would not yield. Again he was struck, now on the buckle of his belt, the shock bending him nearly double, and for a few moments he could not speak; but he recovered himself, and might then have retired with honor and safety, the brigade with which he had been fighting having already gone. But now the enemy were coming nearer, and his chances for shooting were rapidly improving, and he stood at his post firing away until the rebel line was close upon him, when he received a severe wound in the arm, an artery being severed, from which the hemorrhage came near proving fatal, and another in his leg, the limb being completely paralyzed, and he could do no more—neither retire nor even stand. His first thought was to divest himself of every appearance of a combatant, well knowing that he could not hope for mercy with the evidences of having participated in the fight

found upon him. He accordingly threw away his gun, and the four cartridges which still remained in his pocket he buried, digging for the purpose with his pocket-knife. Weakened by the loss of blood he soon became oblivious, and when the final charge of the enemy was made he was insensible, and was passed for dead. At about six o'clock in the evening a sergeant and six men engaged in gathering the wounded, attracted by the strange sight of an old gray-headed man in his ordinary dress, bleeding from numerous ghastly wounds, approached and stood spell-bound before him. After a moment's silence they turned him upon his side, and seeing that he was still alive, inquired, "How came you here?" "My wife," answered Burns, "was taken suddenly sick this morning, and I started off from the town to cross this field in search of a girl who lives out beyond here to come and take care of her and was caught between the two lines, and as you see am badly wounded." "I believe he is an old liar," said the sergeant; "but he will never harm us any more," and passed on, leaving him in his misery. He then dragged himself along on the grass to where two dead rebels and a Union man with thigh all crushed by a cannon shot were lying. Not long after burying parties came and covered his three dead companions with earth where they lay, to whom he repeated the story of hunting a girl; but they were alike incredulous. He finally fell asleep and rested till eleven, when he was awakened by the tramping of a sergeant posting his guards. It had been raining and he was chilled. He called to the guard for a drink of water, which was given him, and a blanket in which he wrapped himself.

At dawn he heard the cocks crowing, and saw a guard not far off, towards whom he began to roll and pull himself along. An officer approached and told him to get to a hospital. By great exertions and with excruciating pain—for his clothing was stiff and rasped the lips of the undressed wounds—he reached a little log-house and pulled himself upon the cellar door, when his strength failed him and he fainted, and it was some time before he recovered. He was taken up and carried into the loft of the house, which was full of wounded. Seeing his exhausted condition he was offered some blackberry wine by the good woman, but he stub-

bornly refused it from a rigid sense of his duty in view of his pledge to total abstinence. He sent a message to an old friend who lived near to come and take him back to the town; but before he arrived, a neighbor, Anthony Sullivan, was returning with his family, and laying Burns gently in the wagon carried him to his own home, arriving at about two o'clock on the afternoon of the 2d of July. The report had spread that he was killed, he having been last seen badly wounded, and it was with a thrill of joy and relief to a heart burdened with anxiety and grief that he was met at the cottage door by his wife. But his home was now a hospital crowded with mutilated soldiers. A place was made for him in an upper room, and his wounds were dressed by the surgeon in charge, a Major of the Confederate army from North Carolina. As General Ewell was passing his window the doctor asked Burns if he had ever seen the General, and kindly raised him up to look out. Burns gazed an instant, and then, as though not impressed with the General's appearance, exclaimed: "Humph! the old booger has only one leg, and has to be strapped on his horse." On Friday a Captain and a Lieutenant visited the house and approaching him inquired, "Well, old man, how did you come wounded?" Again he had recourse to the story of the sick wife. "But who shot you? your own men or ours?" "I can't tell that," said Burns, "I could get no farther than the Union line, and when I was wounded I sat down and could not get back until brought in by my neighbor." But this did not satisfy his questioner, who, as appears, had been enlightened respecting Burns' case by some of the townspeople, and gruffly responded, "Look here, old man, didn't you take a gun from a soldier out on the street here, Wednesday morning?" "Yes, I did." "Well, what did you say when you took it?" "Why, I said a heap of things. Folks say a heap of things in these times." "Didn't you say that you was going out to shoot some of the d——d rebels?" Burns was helpless, and in the power of his enemies, but his spirit was undaunted, and he promptly and resolutely responded, "Yes, I did say just that thing." His questioners had but one argument remaining. They silently left the house, and procured two riflemen, who, going into a chamber on the opposite side of the street, took deliberate

aim at the old man as he lay helpless upon his couch. The missiles penetrated the bed under him, just missing his body. Realizing that their purpose was to kill him he rolled upon the floor and crawled into the next room. Supposing that he was under the bed they fired several shots, and hearing nothing concluded they had effected their design. But now the last charge had been delivered and the day had gone hopelessly against the foe. At three o'clock on Saturday morning guards came and aroused all—quietly removing the wounded—the trains being already in full retreat.

The story of Old John Burns, his courage in the battle, his almost miraculous escape from death by wounds and the assassin's bullets, soon spread through the whole land, and he was hailed as the HERO OF GETTYSBURG. Not the Generals who had conducted the battle were regarded with greater interest, nor was there a stronger desire felt to behold them. He was brought upon the platform at great public gatherings in Philadelphia, and other large cities, and he was made to pass in triumph like the heroes of old. On one occasion in Philadelphia as he was being conducted through the crowd, an aged woman rushed forward, and grasping his coat, exclaimed: "Troth, mon, if I caan't shake you by the hand I'll shake your old coat." None felt a greater interest in the veteran than Mr. Lincoln, and no sooner had he arrived in Gettysburg on the day of the consecration of the National Cemetery, than he inquired for Burns and expressed a desire to see him. Citizens immediately went to bring him. They found him at his home, and when told that Mr. Lincoln had sent for him, he was apparently incredulous as to the regularity of the call, and replied, "If anybody wants to see me let him come here." But he was finally convinced and was taken along. After a pleasant interview, in which the President showed him very marked attention, the whole company started for the church, where there was to be a public reception. As the procession was ready to move, Mr. Lincoln sought Mr. Burns and walked with him arm in arm through the streets. Burns visited Washington, and was received by the President, the Secretary of War, and other officials of the Government with special honor; Congress and the Legislature of Pennsylvania voted him pen-

sions, and the Senate of the latter made him one of its officers, a position which he held for several years. He was mentioned with admiration by the press of other countries, and poetry has woven for him an enduring chaplet.

As age came upon him, and the furrows deepened on his face, his body indeed gave token of yielding; but the spirit was still fresh. He delighted in the society of children, and danced gayly with them as he hummed the air which in the days long ago had guided the feet of the maiden whom he led in sportive measure. Nor could age temper his love of martial glory. He was never quite satisfied with the fight at Gettysburg, especially on that first day, when the Union forces were obliged to yield their position. He never mentioned the subject without expressing the wish that the rebels would come once more, believing that if the battle was to be fought over again he could do better. He manifested great reluctance to speak of his wounds, and only after repeated importunities could he be induced to show his scars, which disclose how horrible must have been his mutilation. After the death of his wife, which occurred in 1868, he was very lonely, had no regular home, and was much cast about. While in Harrisburg, in the winter of 1870, he had a paralytic stroke, and was carried to his lodgings. An Irishman, a stranger, was employed to take care of him. During the night Burns got the impression—whether well or ill founded—that the Irishman was trying to rob him. He attempted to draw up his right hand, but that would not obey the impulse. The left, however, was still free, with which he hit the fellow such a powerful blow over the eyes as to send him sprawling upon the floor.

With all his heroism, Burns was not without a spark of superstition. It may have been a relic of family or national tradition, or a constitutional trace of morbid religious sentiment, with which he was thoroughly imbued. He believed in apparitions. He was on one occasion passing through the woods, where in the battle he had fought. It was summer, and the foliage was upon the forest as then. He was alone, no human being within call, when suddenly there appeared before him a Confederate soldier, dressed in gray, with slouched hat, gun and accoutrements,

> A figure
> Armed at point, exactly, cap-à-pie.

"He was," says Burns, "a man of immense proportions and the very image of the one whom I had seen there on the day of the battle, at the very spot, and in the exact attitude." "Did you speak to it?" we asked. "No, sir, I did not. It beckoned me to come towards him, but I turned and left the ground as rapidly as I could, and have never been on that field since. I could face them alive and respond to their challenge, but when the dead men come back, I am not in for that style of warfare." "But, Mr. Burns, you do not really believe that it was a ghost, do you?" Shaking his head as if still in awe of the apparition, and with solemn and mysterious mien, he exclaimed, "Ah, ha! You tell if you can."

Burns was a man of strict fidelity, one in whom unlimited trust could be placed, who looked with utter abhorrence upon corruption in political as in private life. He was full of the milk of human kindness, of tenderness and compassion, quickly moved to tears at the recital of suffering and distress. He was not only strictly devoted to his professions of temperance, and his pledges as a Good Templar, but was a devout Christian—an honest man. He died on the 4th of February, 1872, and was buried in Evergreen Cemetery, near the resting-place of the dead in that great battle in which he acted so heroic a part. Time may bring other men to stand in future emergencies; but none will come with a truer heart than that which beat in the bosom of John L. Burns, the HERO OF GETTYSBURG.

Our artist has admirably produced the rugged features of the old hero, and Bret Harte, in his characteristic way, has thus vividly portrayed him in song:

Have you heard the story that gossips tell
Of Burns of Gettysburg?—No? Ah, well!
Brief is the glory that hero earns,
Briefer the story of poor John Burns:
He was the fellow who won renown,—
The only man who didn't back down
When the rebels rode through his native town;
But held his own in the fight next day. . . .

I might tell how, but the day before,
John Burns stood at his cottage door,
  Looking down the village street,
Where in the shade of his peaceful vine,
He heard the low of his gathered kine,
  And felt their breath with incense sweet;

Or, I might say, when the sunset burned
The old farm gable, he thought it turned
The milk, that fell in a babbling flood
Into the milk-pail, red as blood:
Or how he fancied the hum of bees
Were bullets buzzing among the trees.
But all such fanciful thoughts as these
Were strange to a practical man like Burns,
Who minded only his own concerns,
Troubled no more by fancies fine
Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed kine,—
Quite old-fashioned and matter of fact,
Slow to argue, but quick to act.
That was the reason, as some folks say,
He fought so well on that terrible day. . . .

Just where the tide of battle turns,
Erect and lonely stood Old John Burns.—
  How do you think the man was dressed?
He wore an ancient long buff vest,
Yellow as saffron,—but his best;
  And, buttoned over his manly breast
Was a bright blue coat, with a rolling collar,
And large gilt buttons,—size of a dollar,—
With tails that country-folk called "swaller."
He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat,
White as the locks on which it sat.
Never had such a sight been seen
For forty years on the village green,
Since Old John Burns was a country beau,
And went to the "quilting" long ago.
Close at his elbows all that day,
  Veterans of the Peninsula,
Sunburnt and bearded, charged away;
And striplings downy of lip and chin,—
Clerks that the Home Guard mustered in,—
Glanced, as they passed, at the hat he wore,
Then at the rifle his right hand bore;
And hailed him from out their youthful lore
With scraps of a slangy *répertoire;*
"How are you, White Hat?" "Put her through!"
"Your head's level," and "Bully for you!"
Called him "Daddy," begged he'd disclose
The name of the tailor who made his clothes,
And what was the value he set on those;
While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff,
Stood there picking the rebels off,—
With his long brown rifle, and bell-crowned hat,
And the swallow-tails they were laughing at.

'Twas but a moment, for that respect
Which clothes all courage their voices checked;
And something the wildest could understand
Spake in the old man's strong right hand;

And his corded throat, and lurking frown
Of his eye-brows under his old bell-crown;
Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe
Through the ranks in whispers, and some men saw,
In the antique vestments and long white hair,
The Past of the Nation in battle there;
  And some of the soldiers since declare
That the gleam of his old white hat afar,
Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre,
  That day was their oriflamme of war.

So raged the battle. You know the rest;
How the rebels, beaten and backward pressed,
Broke at the final charge, and ran:
At which John Burns—a practical man—
Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,
And then went back to his bees and cows.

That is the story of Old John Burns;
This is the moral the reader learns:
In fighting the battle, the question's whether
You'll show a hat that's white, or a feather.

FRANCIS JORDAN, son of John and Jane Jordan, was born on the 5th of February, 1820, in Bedford county. His father was of English and his mother of Irish parentage, both highly esteemed for their intelligence and Christian virtues. In his nineteenth year a maternal uncle—a wealthy Mississippi planter—took charge of his education and placed him in Augusta College, Kentucky, where he remained two years, and subsequently in Franklin and Marshall College, Pennsylvania, where he finished his collegiate course. Returning to his native place, he commenced the study of law, teaching, meanwhile, to defray his expenses, and was admitted to practice. He had not been long at the bar before he was appointed, by the Attorney-General, District Attorney of Bedford county, and subsequently, when the office was made elective, was chosen to that position. At the outset his official conduct was able, his indictments being so accurately drawn that not one of them was quashed for informality. In 1850, he entered into partnership with Alexander King, subsequently President Judge, which continued until the opening of the Rebellion.

In 1855 he commenced his public political career, having been elected to the State Senate for a term of three years. A leading question of that period was the sale of the public works,

and he was the champion of the bill authorizing it. He was chairman of the committee charged with drawing a bill for the readjustment of legislative districts, under a new apportionment, and was successful in carrying through the act, which was substantially just to both political parties. These measures were chiefly instrumental in wresting the control of the State from the party which for a long period had been dominant. In a body which contained some of the best legal talent of the Commonwealth he was made chairman of the Judiciary Committee. At the close of his term he declined a reëlection, and was not long after appointed one of a commission of three to revise the Civil Code, which duty was postponed on account of the opening of hostilities, and finally passed to other hands.

A pressing exigency called for a sudden concentration of troops upon the central border, and at Cumberland, Maryland, in the fall of 1861. A portion of the noted Reserve corps was sent, and at the request of the Governor, Mr. Jordan accompanied the column as Assistant Quartermaster. Unexpectedly called, and but indifferently organized, the duties of this officer were troublesome and onerous. While thus employed, without solicitation or even knowledge he was appointed by the President a Paymaster in the army and was promptly confirmed. Recognizing the right of the Government to his services, he promptly dissolved his law partnership, resigned his civil trusts, and entered upon his new duties. In the two and a half years succeeding, he served in Virginia, Maryland, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana, during the last four months of this period being chief paymaster in the Army of the Mississippi, and disbursing during his entire term over $4,000,000, under a bond of only $20,000, rendering a satisfactory account of all his transactions.

In the fall of 1863, being at home on a short leave of absence, he was tendered by Governor Curtin the position of military agent of the State at Washington. The duties required legal and military knowledge, capacity for, and willingness to work, and a character for integrity beyond the reach of suspicion. The earnestness with which the Governor urged the acceptance induced Colonel Jordan to resign the office of paymaster for that

purpose. In his annual messages of 1864–'65–'66, the Governor said: "A reference to the reports of Colonel Jordan of Washington, and Colonel Chamberlain, agent for the Southwest, will show the magnitude and usefulness of this branch of the service." "The report of the State agent at Washington shows that under his management the claims of our soldiers are promptly examined and paid." "This agency has proved very useful in all respects, and especially to our volunteers and their families. There have passed through the agency during the past year 4690 claims, and $311,703 have been collected from the Government free of charge." The aggregate of the sums paid to soldiers or their families exceeded a half million dollars, and so great was the confidence reposed in the agent that no bond whatever was required. The Legislature, recognizing his service, passed an act conferring upon him the rank and pay of a Colonel of infantry.

In 1866, the Republican State Central Committee elected Colonel Jordan its chairman. The canvass was conducted with great ability and discretion, and resulted in the election of General Geary, who, having been thus brought into intimate relations with, and observing the eminent qualifications of Colonel Jordan, made him Secretary of the Commonwealth. This office he held throughout the two terms of Governor Geary's administration, a period of six years, discharging its duties with marked ability.

During the latter part of Colonel Jordan's second term the subject of a revision of the State Constitution was generally agitated and discussed in the columns of the press, and among leading citizens. The respect entertained for the character and legal acquirements of the Secretary induced a number of prominent citizens of Philadelphia, irrespective of party, to address him a letter asking his views. In response he wrote and published a paper, on the 18th of September, 1871, advocating a revision, and detailing his reasons. This was well received and had a strong influence in carrying the State in its favor. After the convention had been called, the Social Science Association of Philadelphia invited him to deliver an address upon the needed amendments. This he did on the 19th of February, 1872, and repeated his discourse in Pittsburg shortly after. The Secretary

ably advocated thirteen amendments, covering the most vital defects of the old instrument. It is sufficient to say of the soundness of view displayed, that the convention, composed of the best ability of the State, adopted twelve of the thirteen changes advocated. Both the letter and address were published and widely disseminated, operating powerfully upon the popular mind and paving the way for the ultimate adoption of the amended constitution. These papers served to establish the reputation of Colonel Jordan as a sound lawyer, and elicited strong commendation from intelligent men both within and without the Commonwealth. That noted jurist, Jeremiah S. Black, who was a member of the Convention, on one occasion said of it: "Mr. Jordan's speech and letter, which will be found in the Convention Manual, is the best, bravest, and most effective blow that legislative corruption has received at the hands of any man in this Commonwealth; and I think has done more service to the cause of good government. His analysis of the Statute Book of Pennsylvania, and his exposure of its absurdities, are masterly in the best sense. His means of knowledge being undisputed and his veracity undoubted, what he says upon the subject may be taken as of the highest authority." Charles J. Faulkner of Martinsburg, who was then a member of the Constitutional Convention of West Virginia, wrote on the 28th of December, 1871: "I had the honor of receiving to-day your interesting and able letter upon constitutional reform in your State. I have read it with great profit and instruction and consider your argument on the evils of special legislation overwhelming."

The subject of a successor to Governor Geary early engrossed public attention, and Colonel Jordan was prominently presented. In one of the most influential counties of the State his name was submitted on the Crawford county system, whereby every voter indicates his preference on his ticket. Five candidates were presented and the result was a majority for Colonel Jordan over all others combined. In the nominating convention, however, his name was withdrawn before a vote was taken, in the hope of thereby harmonizing conflicting interests. The same convention selected a candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court, and although he was not before the convention

for the office, such was the appreciation of his character, and desire to have his name upon the ticket, that on the last ballot his vote was the next to that of the successful candidate. In January, 1873, Colonel Jordan returned to private life, having adopted the city of Harrisburg as his residence, and in partnership with his brother-in-law, Lewis W. Hall, resumed the practice of his profession. Few men in the Commonwealth are more esteemed for talent, professional attainment, moral virtues, administrative skill, and official integrity, and he may with pride be referred to as a guide for the young who aspire to a career of honor regulated by strict rectitude.

GEORGE HAY STUART, Chairman of the United States Christian Commission, and one of its most active and efficient members, was born on the 2d of April, 1816, at Rosehall, County Down, Ireland. After receiving a good business education he came to this country in 1831, whither members of his family had preceded him, and settled in Philadelphia. He not long after became a member of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church, and in 1842 was ordained a ruling elder, which office he still holds. Few were more zealous or consistent, and none more liberal in advancing the interests of Christianity. For twenty-five years he was Superintendent of the Sabbath School of his church, Treasurer of the Theological School, and an earnest advocate and worker in various missionary societies. During the years of famine in Ireland, he aided powerfully in sending succor. He presided in the Presbyterian National Convention which sat in Philadelphia in 1867, in which the preliminary arrangements were made for uniting the broken and disjointed elements of that sect. From the first he was an active member of the Young Men's Christian Association, and was President of the conventions which met in 1861 and 1863. The Bible and Tract Societies, and the Sunday School Union, are all greatly indebted to him for personal efforts for their efficiency and material aid. In the year 1868, the General Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church suspended him from his position as ruling elder and member in his church, for singing hymns and communing with Christians of other evangelical denominations. The action was taken

in his absence on account of severe illness. It was repudiated by the church of which he was a member, and the regulation which incited to the determination of the Synod has called forth severe denunciation.

Mr. Stuart early won a high reputation in mercantile circles by the vigorous and successful management of his business, no less than by his probity and honor. He was associated with four brothers, John, James, Joseph* and David, and in addition to their chief establishment in Philadelphia they had other houses in New York, Manchester, and Liverpool. Success in business pursuits has given him the means to be eminently useful in every humane and Christian enterprise which he could conveniently and consistently reach. The rallying of men to the National standard in the spring of 1861 could not fail to excite the interest of a man so endowed as Mr. Stuart, and the thunders of the First Bull Run battle had scarcely died away when he began to meditate measures for reaching the soldier in camp, on the battle-field, in the hospital, and at the lonely picket post. On the 28th of October, 1861, the Executive Committee of the Young Men's Christian Associations of which he was chairman issued a call for a general meeting of delegates in extra session to devise means for reaching the soldier with Christian and brotherly influence and care. The meeting was held in New York on the 14th of November, and resulted in the constitution of the United States Christian Commission, as follows: Rollin H. Neale and Charles Demond, Boston; John D. Hill, Buffalo; John V. Farwell, Chicago; M. L. R. P. Thompson and H. Thane Miller, Cincinnati; S. H. Tyng, Benjamin F. Manierre, and Edmund S. Janes, New York; George H. Stuart and John P. Crozier, Philadelphia; and Mitchell H. Miller, Washington. At the first meeting of this Commission Mr. Stuart was made Chairman, a position which he held to the close of its operations at the end of the war, and never was trust more faithfully performed or more signally successful. He was a moving spirit, and his great efficiency, sound judgment, and more than all his indomitable energy were everywhere recognized.

When it became known that inhuman barbarities were prac-

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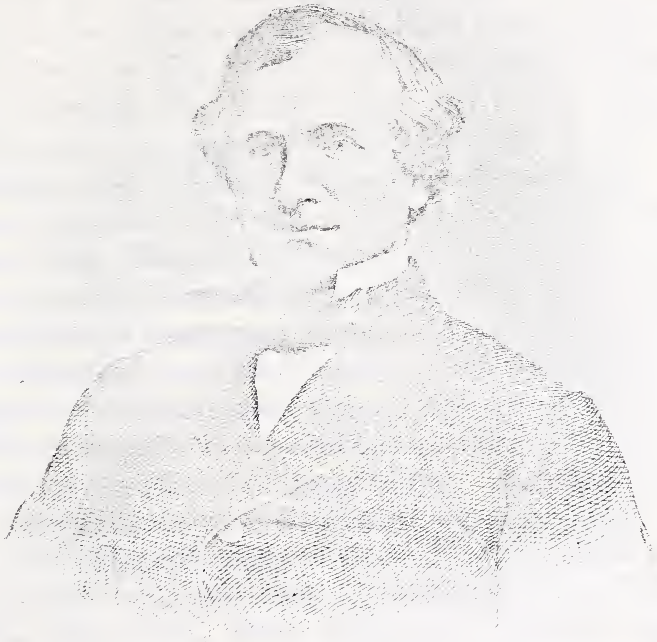
* Died November 18th, 1874.


J. Whitechurch Sc.

Yours in Christian bonds

Geo. H Stuart

tised upon Union prisoners confined at Andersonville and other rebel prisons, Mr. Stuart made vigorous exertions to have men, to whose honor and integrity the rebel authorities could take no exception, appointed to go among the prisoners to distribute comforts and labor to ameliorate their condition, offering the like privilege to the rebels. The Government promptly adopted the proposition, and sent forward the agents with the requisite official certificates and means of access; but it was rejected, and the agents turned back by the Richmond authorities.

In 1866 Mr. Stuart was in Europe, and at the anniversary meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, held at Exeter Hall on the 2d of May, the Earl of Shaftesbury, President of the society, presiding, Mr. Stuart spoke, and in the course of his remarks gave a summary of the operations of the Christian Commission, and incidents illustrating its workings. "When the war commenced," he said, "we had an army of 16,000 men, scattered from Maine to California, but in the course of the war there were called into the field 2,000,000 of men—young men from schools and seminaries, young men unused to the hardships of the battle-field; and the Christian people of the land felt that we ought not only to follow these young men with our prayers, but that we ought above all to furnish them with the bread of life, through the Gospel of Jesus Christ. During the four years of the struggle there were distributed, among the army and navy alone, over 2,000,000 copies of God's Word, in whole or in part. The principal agency for that distribution was the United States Christian Commission, which distributed 1,466,748 copies, all of which were received gratuitously from the American Bible Society, with the exception of 15,000 copies forwarded to us from your own depository; and I am here to-day to return to you our grateful thanks for that contribution." Mr. Stuart here exhibited a £5 note of the Bank of England, sent by a poor woman living in Derbyshire, to President Lincoln, "with which to buy Bibles for the poor wounded soldiers of the North." "Fifty or a hundred guineas," said Mr. Stuart, "would not buy it (holding it up), for it has incited to many gifts, and brought 'much money' to our treasury; and if you have any difficulty, my lord, with regard to your building fund, it might perhaps be well for you to borrow it."

"The United States Christian Commission was simply the Church of Christ, in all her branches, in an organized form, going forth in time of war, as our blessed Master went through the streets of Jerusalem and along the shores of Galilee. Some might ask, Where did these men get their commission to go forth to the army, carrying bread for the body in one hand, and the Bread of Life in the other? I believe they got it from the example of our Saviour Himself. We sent forth the Bible and other books, by the hands of men of burning zeal, not mere perfunctory agents. There were ministers who came to us and offered themselves for the work; but we said: 'No; you have not succeeded at home, and you are not likely to succeed in the army.' We wanted only men who were willing to put off the black coat and the white cravat, and would put on the army attire, and if need be, would undertake to make with their own hands gruel for the soldiers. I will tell you what happened on one occasion. A reverend Doctor of Divinity was engaged in making gruel for the soldiers, and was putting into the gruel something that would make it more palatable. Some of the soldiers were busily watching his movements, and one of them exclaimed: 'Go it, Doctor; put some more of that stuff in, and it will be the real Calvinistic gruel!' In another case, a man saw a reverend Doctor engaged in washing bloody shirts in a brook, and he called out to him: 'Doctor, what are you doing?' The Doctor replied: 'The shirts supplied to the army are exhausted and also those of our own Commission. The wounded are suffering from their stiffened and clotted shirts, and I thought I might undertake to wash a few of them in the brook. Do you think I am wrong?' 'Wrong!' said the other, 'oh, no. I never saw you walking so closely in the footsteps of your Divine Master before.' These men have not only ministered to the bodily wants of the soldiers, but to their moral and chiefly to their spiritual necessities. They circulated upwards of 8,000,000 of copies of knapsack books, including such works as Newman Hall's 'Come to Jesus,' and Mr. Reid's 'Blood of Jesus.' The history of these books will never be written. They came back to the families of the soldiers in America, many of them stained with their former owners' blood. They have become heir-looms of those families, and they

will never be parted with. Besides these there were 18,000,000 copies of our best religious newspapers issued to the army, fresh as they appeared from the press. The total receipts of the Commission were $6,250,000. The books were distributed by about 5000 unpaid agents. How did we get these agents? They got nothing for their labors. We would not employ agents who wanted pay for their work, except a few permanent ones to superintend. . . . But these men got pay—pay far richer than was ever coined in any mint: it was the 'God bless you' of the dying soldier."

Mr. Stuart declared that in all his labors in distributing the Scriptures he never found but one man who refused to take a copy, and that was a German from Philadelphia. To the representations that it was Cromwell's Bible, the one which old Ironsides read and from which they received such inspiration, he still turned a deaf ear, as he did to his being a fellow-townsman. Mr. Stuart knows no such word as fail. He tried a flank movement. He told the soldier that on the following Sunday he would speak to a large audience in Philadelphia. "'Well,' he inquired, 'and what will you say?' 'I shall tell that I have been engaged so long a time in distributing Bibles among our soldiers; that I never met with but one refusal, and that he was a soldier from our own city.' 'Well, and what more will you say?' 'Why, I shall tell them that I began to distribute Bibles this morning, at the White House,' a place somewhat like your Buckingham Palace, only not so fine. 'And who was the first man to whom I offered a copy? Why, it was to President Abraham Lincoln. When I went to see the President he was writing, and when I handed him a copy of Cromwell's Bible he stood up—and you know he was a very tall man and took a long time to straighten. He received the Bible and made me a low bow, and thanked me; and now I shall have to go back and tell him that one of his soldiers, who was fighting his battles, refused to take the book which he had accepted so gladly.' The German softened at once. He said: 'Did the President take the book?—well, then, I guess I may take one too.'"

An agent of the Commission in Tennessee came upon four soldiers playing cards. He proposed to buy the cards with a

copy of the Scriptures for each, which they accepted. They desired his autograph in their books; but when he in turn asked for theirs they refused to indorse the cards, disclaiming an approval of the game, but resorting to it for lack of anything to read, by which their leisure hours could be filled. "At the bloody battle of Stone River," Mr. Stuart continued, "during a lull of the fight, the cries of a wounded soldier were heard asking for assistance; but soon his voice was drowned in the renewed roar of the artillery. When the conflict was over, there came the ghastly work of sorting the dead from the living. When the men who were despatched for this service reached the spot from whence these cries proceeded, they found a lad of nineteen, dead, and leaning against the stump of a tree. His eyes were open, though fixed in death; a celestial smile was on his countenance; his well-worn Bible was open, with his finger, cold and stiff, pointing to that passage which has cheered the heart of many a dying Christian: 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.' Oh, mother, wife, sister! if that had been your son, husband or brother, who had died under such circumstances, what would you not give for the possession of that blessed copy of the Word of God?"

It has often been a matter of wonder whence came the boundless resources placed at the disposal of the Commission. In answering this, in response to the inquiry of a friend, Mr. Stuart said: "We relied on the voluntary contributions of the people—and how nobly they responded! After the battle of Gettysburg, when tens of thousands of wounded and dying men were thrown upon our hands, I telegraphed in all directions. To Boston I telegraphed: 'Can I draw on you for $10,000 at sight?' It was stuck up in the exchange. The merchants at once formed in line to put down their subscriptions, and the answer came: 'Draw for $60,000.' And the little children helped us too. They made tens of thousands of little housewives, comfort-bags, as the soldiers called them, with buttons, needles and thread, comb, cake of soap, and, above all, a little tract or Testament, and sent them on through the Commission to the needy soldiers, and they did them a world of good."

When delegations from the Commission visited Mr. Lincoln he always seemed gratified to have a few moments spent in prayer. After Mr. Johnson came to be inaugurated, misgivings were felt about proposing it. But Mr. Stuart never failed in resource, and on the very first visit to the President, as they were leaving, Mr. Stuart said: "Mr. Johnson, you have been called to the head of the nation at a very critical time." "Yes, yes," he said. "After a man who was the idol of the people." "Yes." "No man has been raised to a position where he stands more in need of divine help." "It is true." "Dr. —— will perhaps ask the Divine blessing and guidance for you before we go." The President made no objection and they all united in prayer.

In all of the above Mr. Stuart has spoken for himself, and from the spirit with which his words are filled, it is not difficult to infer what manner of man he is. To him congenial work is rest. He has been a great sufferer from asthma, by which he has been prevented from reclining in bed for weeks together. Aside from this he is strong and well preserved, having ever practised strict temperance. He was married on the 11th of May, 1837, to Miss Martha K. Dennison. The issue has been nine children, only five of whom survive. He is nearly six feet in height, broad-shouldered, and is possessed of an exceedingly kind and benignant countenance. He has been offered a place in President Grant's cabinet, but has steadily declined. When the Commission was formed for securing the amelioration of the Indians, he was named as a member and has labored earnestly in carrying out its beneficent designs.

MRS. JOHN HARRIS, of Philadelphia, who was with the wounded at the front during nearly the whole war, and moved by her pen in a remarkable degree the people of the North to deeds of charity, has won by her devotion and zeal the love and affection of the mutilated and perishing of both armies, and the lasting gratitude of the whole American people. "If," says Frank Moore, in his *Women of the War*, "there were any such vain decorations of human approbation as a crown, or a wreath, or a star, for her who in the late war has done the

most and labored the longest, who visited the greatest number of hospitals, prayed with the greatest number of suffering and dying soldiers, penetrated nearest to the front, and underwent the greatest amount of fatigue and exposure—that crown, or that star, would be rightfully given to Mrs. John Harris, of Philadelphia."

On Sunday, the 21st of April, 1861, a notice was read in the several churches of Philadelphia calling a general meeting to perfect plans for establishing a hospital for the reception of the sick and wounded soldiers, and prepare bedding, bandages, and lint. That notice was drawn by the hand of Mrs. Harris. It called out an immediate and hearty response. Dr. Taylor, of the Third Reformed Dutch Church, says: "I shall never forget the impression made upon the audience by the simple reading of this notice. Pastor and people burst into tears together. It was absolutely overpowering. No blood had yet been shed. After the service some even doubted whether there would be any fighting. I was told by two or three persons that it was a premature notice, and calculated to produce needless alarm and anxiety among the people. But it was the first foreshadowing in our church of the actual preparation at home for the awful carnage that attended the great Rebellion. Out of this and other movements among the churches of Philadelphia grew the Ladies' Aid Societies of the city—noble heralds and aids of the Christian and Sanitary Commissions."

The smoke had scarcely cleared away from the first battle-ground of the war when Mrs. Harris started for Washington, where during the weeks which followed she was unceasingly employed in ministering at the bedside of the suffering, whispering words of consolation to the dying, and receiving their last messages of affection. From the first she adopted the habit of writing regularly and fully to the officers of the society which she represented, and their reports abound in extracts from her correspondence. "Visiting the military hospitals of Washington, Georgetown, and Alexandria, two days after the Battle of Bull Run (Tuesday, July 23d), the value of our holy religion and its power to soothe were felt as never before. In the different hospitals about 500 wounded youth, with every variety and degree of injury, were

found. Passing from cot to cot with almost bursting heart, 'Words of Jesus' were whispered into the ears of many of the sufferers. As the poor fellows caught the sound they looked up with cheerful countenances, and even glad surprise. . . . I was about to pass on when the position of his arm arrested me. 'You are wounded in the arm?' 'Yes.' 'I hope not seriously.' 'Yes; it was amputated at the elbow before I left the field.' Wholly unprepared for such an announcement my feelings overpowered me. He soothingly said: 'It is only my left arm. That is not much to give to my country. It might have been my life.' Another, a lovely youth, whose bright, restless eye and flushed cheek told of suffering, grasped my hand and gently pulled me towards him, as I knelt beside him, and said: 'My dear boy, what can I do for you? Shall I talk to you of Jesus?' 'Oh, yes,' he said, 'I am used to that. I have loved Him, but not near enough, for two years; and now He is going to take me home.' 'You are very young. Have you a mother?' 'Oh, yes!' Tears filled his eyes. 'It must have been a great trial to give you to your country.' 'Yes, it was. When I first mentioned it she would not hear me, but we both prayed over it, and at last she consented, saying, "My country deserves this sacrifice. I gave you to God, at your birth, and this is his cause."' As I fanned the dear boy, brushing back the hair from his beautiful forehead, he fell into a sleep. When I withdrew my hand he started and exclaimed: 'Oh! I dreamed that that was Annie's hand. Won't you put it on my head again?' 'Who is Annie?' 'My twin-sister. We were seventeen since I left home.' This dear youth is now with the Saviour. He died from his wounds the next day."

After the first battle of Bull Run there was little fighting in the Army of the Potomac until it reached the Peninsula in the spring of 1862. But the change from civil life to the camp brought many to the sick couch, and before the army moved Mrs. Harris had visited over a hundred hospitals and distributed the contributions of the Aid Societies, speaking words of comfort and Christian consolation and directing the minds of the dying. The malarial airs about Yorktown brought down men faster than the bullets of the enemy, and the hospitals were crowded. Soon after the battle of Williamsburg she wrote: "No language can give

the faintest idea of the scenes of suffering and deadly anguish through which we are passing. . . . Could you have visited with me, on Saturday, the largest ward of the Hygeia Hospital, your whole being would have thrilled with anguish. Friend and foe are crowded together without distinction—all suffering. The first one approached had been wounded in the thigh and arm. The leg had been amputated, and an extraction made of the broken bones in the arm. Surgeons had been probing the diseased portions, not heeding the shrieks of the sufferer, whom I found covered with cold sweat, and nearing the dark valley; indeed, the mists of the valley were settling over him. When the gracious words, 'Come unto me, all ye that are weary and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' were spoken, the suffering one looked up, and exclaimed: 'Rest, rest! Oh, where, where?' 'In the bosom of Jesus, if you will but lay your sins on him, and your suffering, throbbing heart close to his, you will be filled with rest in all the fulness of its meaning.' He tried to stay his faith on 'the Rock,' but very soon the unseen closed him in, and left us vainly endeavoring to follow the departing soul." In the same ward was a boy only nineteen, mortally wounded. "He begged me," she says, "to write to his mother 'a very long letter, sending a lock of my hair; but you needn't take the hair now; say everything to comfort her; but,' he added, 'I want her to know how her poor boy suffers; yes, I do that; she would feel so for me.' He lingered till Monday; and, after a painful operation, sank away most unexpectedly, and when I got there was in the dead-house. So I went into that dismal place, full of corpses, and cut a lock from the dead boy's head, and enclosed it to the mother, adding some words of comfort for the sorrow-stricken. He had received a religious training and told me to tell his mother he would meet her in heaven."

After the battle of Fair Oaks the wounded were sent in ships to the hospitals below. From the Louisiana she writes: "The whole day had been spent in operating. In one pile lay seventeen arms, hands, feet and legs. A large proportion of the wounded had undergone mutilation in some important member. Many must die. Four lay with their faces covered, dying or dead. Many had not had their wounds dressed since the

battle, and were in a sad state already. One brave fellow from Maine had lost both legs, but bore up with wonderful firmness. Upon my saying to him, 'You have suffered much for your country; we cannot thank you enough,' he replied: 'Oh, well, you hadn't ought to thank me. I went of my own accord, in a glorious cause.' . . . When I left the boat, at eleven o'clock at night, I was obliged to wash all my skirts, they having been draggled in the mingled blood of Federal and Confederate soldiers, which covered many portions of the floor. I was obliged to kneel between them to wash their faces. This is war."

When a conflict was imminent she was with the moving column, and was brought, not unfrequently, under fire. From the Antietam field she wrote: "Night was closing in upon us—the rain falling fast; the sharpshooters were threatening all who ventured near our wounded and dying on the battle-ground; a line of battle in view, artillery in motion, litters and ambulances going in all directions; wounded picking their way, now lying down to rest, some before they were out of the range of the enemy's guns, not a few of whom received their severest wounds in these places of imagined safety; add to this, marching and counter-marching of troops; bearers of despatches hurrying to and fro; eager, anxious inquirers after the killed and wounded; and the groans of the poor sufferers under the surgeons' hands,—and you may form some faint idea of our position on that eventful evening. Reaching a hospital hut but a few removes from the corn-field in which the deadliest of the strife was waged, I found the ground literally covered with the dead and wounded—barns, hayricks, outhouses of every description, all full. Here and there a knot of men, with a dim light near, told of amputations; whilst the shrieks and groans of the poor fellows, lying all around, made our hearts almost to stand still. . . . We were called to pray with a dying Christian; and I feel the grasp of his hand yet, as we knelt, in the rain, in the dark night, with only the glimmering lights around the operating tables, and looked up to the Father of our Lord and Saviour for his mercy and grace to fall upon the dying man, and all his comrades clustering round us needing dying grace. Then we sang, 'There is rest for the weary,' Miss G.'s loud clear voice leading. The sounds stopped

the shrieks and groans of the brave men. They listened. They all seemed comforted. It was then midnight, or near it. Before the next sun threw its rays in upon these twelve hundred wounded soldiers, the darkness of death had settled upon eleven—sons, husbands and fathers—whose hearts had throbbed healthfully with loving thoughts of home and country but a few hours before. We had slept a few hours on the straw upon which our soldiers had lain and upon which their life-blood had been poured out. We prepared tea, bread and butter, milk-punch and egg-nog; furnished rags, lint and bandages as needed, and then came on to French's division hospital, where were one thousand of our wounded, and a number of Confederates. The first night we slept in our ambulance; no room in the small house, the only dwelling near, could be procured. The next day was the Sabbath. The sun shone brightly; the bees and the birds were joyous and busy; a beautiful landscape spread out before us, and we knew the Lord of the Sabbath looked down upon us. But with all these above and around, we could see only our suffering, uncomplaining soldiers, mutilated, bleeding, dying. Almost every hour I witnessed the going out of some young life."

Her picture of the field as it presented itself to her after the battle was over is vivid, and has the merit of truthfulness, the narrative being written from amid the scenes described: "Stretched out in every direction, as far as the eye could reach, were the dead and dying. Much the larger proportion must have died instantly—their positions, some with ramrod in hand to load, others with gun in hand as if about to aim, others still having just discharged their murderous fire. Some were struck in the act of eating. One poor fellow still held a potato in his grasp. Another clutched a piece of tobacco; others held their canteens as if to drink; one grasped a letter. Two were strangely poised upon a fence, having been killed in the act of leaping it. How my heart sickens at the recollection of the appearance of these men who had left their homes in all the pride of manly beauty."

A kind of nourishment which she compounded of corn-meal, ground ginger, wine, and crackers, for the pickets as they came in from their vigils where they had buffeted the storm in wintry

nights, was remarkably popular. She called it *hot ginger panada*, and without doubt it saved many a soldier from painful sickness and even death. After Chancellorsville, in May, 1863, she says, writing on the 18th: "We filled two ambulances with bread and butter, prepared stewed fruit, egg-nog, lemons, oranges, cheese, shirts, drawers, stockings, and handkerchiefs, and went out to meet a train of ambulances bearing the wounded from United States Ford." The wounded had been left in the enemy's hands and were now being brought in. Their wounds had reached that stage when the slightest motion is agony. The ways were rough, and the jars and jolts brought excruciating torment. "No pen," she says, "can describe the scene. Amputations and dressings had been hurriedly gone over, and then much neglected; for the rebel surgeons had more than enough to occupy them in the care of their own wounded. By day and by night I see their poor mutilated limbs red with inflammation, bones protruding, worms rioting, as they were held over the sides of the ambulance to catch the cooling breeze. . . . For six mornings we have prepared five gallons of custard, using six dozen eggs, and about eight gallons of puddings."

With a supply of chloroform and stimulants she left Baltimore on the 4th of July for Gettysburg, ministering to the wounded as they came in car-loads from the front. From the field she wrote: "Am full of work and sorrow. The appearance of things here beggars all description. Our dead lie unburied, and our wounded neglected. Numbers have been drowned by the sudden rise in the waters of the creek bottoms, and thousands of them are still naked and starving. God pity us!—pity us!" Seeing sufficient aid hourly arriving to care for the wounded here, she pushed on with supplies after the army, which was in expectation of fighting another great battle, continuing with the moving columns.

Early in October the Aid Society in Philadelphia decided to send her to the armies in Tennessee. At Nashville she met numbers of the Union refugees, who had come in from the mountains to escape the iron grasp of rebel rule, whose unfortunate condition challenged pity. "It is a very dark picture," she says, "made up of miserable-looking women and old men, with naked children of all ages. Many came here to die, no provision being

made for them, other than the food and shelter afforded by Government. After herding together indiscriminately in some dirty wareroom, or unfinished, unfurnished tenement, in ill-ventilated apartments, they become an easy prey to that foe of all ill-clad and ill-fed—typhus fever. It comes in the form of a chill followed by fever, and this is succeeded by jabbering idiocy, with no great suffering, except to sympathizers. The mind is filled with old home-scenes; ghastly smiles, more saddening by far than tears, play over wan and haggard faces; the patient sinks, in a few days fills a Government coffin, and is carried to a nameless grave."

The labors of Mrs. Harris were directed to collecting supplies and money from the States to the northward, returning to Louisville for this purpose, and then going forward to Chattanooga, where the Union armies were assembled. Referring to the BATTLE ABOVE THE CLOUDS, at Lookout Mountain, she says: "As I write, an ambulance passes, bearing the remains of four heroes of the late battles; all of them full of hope when I came here, and though wounded, talking only of victory; one telling how vexed he felt when the bullet struck him, half way up the hill; another rejoicing that he got to the top; another that he grasped the flag, and held it aloft nearly at the top—is sure the old 'Stars and Stripes' saw the top if he didn't. And so they talked for days, only of their country's triumph. But a change passed over them. Gangrene was commencing its ravages, and they were carried from their comrades and put in tents lest the poison might be communicated to their wounded fellow-sufferers. There, in the 'gangrene ward,' the glory of battle and victory faded away, as the fatal disease bore them nearer and nearer to the great eternity that shuts out all sounds of war. Then the fearful misgivings that took the place of the hopes of earthly glory were deeply engraven on their poor wan faces, and began to be whispered in the ears of Christian sympathy."

But she who was abounding in sympathy and love for suffering humanity, whether friend or foe, the mutilated from the field or the wanderer from his home, and who was willing to wear her own life out that she might raise others to health, herself at length fell a victim to disease. For many days life hung trem-

bling in the balance; but she was mercifully restored, and characteristically wrote: "I feel almost ashamed to consume your time with any account of it, the suffering all around me is of such an intense character." She resumed her labors, when recovered, in the great hospitals about Chattanooga, and during the early part of 1864 was never more active, and writes: "My experiences since I reached Chattanooga have been the most painful of the three past eventful years. In looking back, amazement seizes me, and the attempt to rehearse them seems futile. War, famine, and pestilence have made up the warp and woof of our soldier life."

Thus to the end of the war was she devoted to the care of the suffering and disconsolate, reviving their drooping spirits not only by relieving their physical wants, but in breaking to them the bread of life, and preparing them for entrance to the spirit world. By the blessing of God hundreds of lives were saved by her tender and assiduous care, and many more were comforted and consoled in their dying hour. For her angelic ministrations she has won the lasting gratitude of the whole American people. After the close of hostilities Mrs. Harris returned to that quiet, unobtrusive way of life which she had quitted on going to the field, and shrinking from notoriety appears only solicitous for the plaudit of the Master, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Mrs. Hannah Moore, a martyr to her zeal and industry in behalf of sick and wounded soldiers, was born in the State of New York, on the 16th of April, 1816. She first visited Meadville, Pennsylvania, in 1848, and a few years afterwards took up her abode there permanently. Of a delicate and sensitive organization, her feelings were always easily touched by scenes of suffering, and she was quick to respond to calls of charity and mercy. When war, with its train of wretchedness and misery came, in 1861, Mrs. Moore was not slow to discern the need of systematic effort in laboring to stimulate benevolence, in collecting stores, and in providing measures for their distribution. Without the incitement of the spectacle of pain and sorrow to move her, she devoted herself unceasingly, as President

of the Meadville Relief Association, in arousing the active interest of those throughout the entire county who might otherwise have been lukewarm or indifferent, in conducting the daily duties of her office, receiving material in every variety of form and condition, preparing and packing for transportation, and conducting a correspondence with other societies and with agents at distant points. Her friend, Miss E. G. Huidekoper, says of her: "Thoroughness was one of Mrs. Moore's characteristics. Whatever she undertook, she endeavored to do in the best way, at whatever cost of toil and energy to herself. Her labors were not confined to the Relief Rooms. Almost the whole of her strength and time were devoted to the work before going to the Rooms, and after her return, frequently till late at night, though very weary with the duties at the society meeting. She wrote many letters to neighboring societies and to individuals whom she thought would contribute, encouraging them to continue their donations, or giving needed information, and promptly acknowledging contributions."

During the year 1863 there were shipped from the Rooms eighty-six boxes, twenty-one barrels, and sixteen firkins, to the following points: Fortress Monroe, Frederick, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, Gettysburg, and Cleveland. The material usually came in crude form, and everything needed to be assorted and prepared for transportation. All this received her constant personal supervision. There were made up at the Rooms of the Central Society in Meadville, 3536 yards of cotton, and 600 yards of flannel. The parties to whom these packages were addressed are unanimous in their acknowledgment of their great value and excellent condition. In a letter from the Central Office for Northern Ohio, at Cleveland, the Manager says: "As always, they were extremely valuable. You have accomplished wonders in your society, and especially have you in your own person." Again on the 18th and 20th of July, 1863, Miss Mahan writes: "We have received from your society, twelve boxes and one keg of hospital stores. I will not attempt to repeat, what Miss Brayton has so often expressed to you, our cordial, hearty admiration of your noble society." Again, on the 31st, the same hand acknowledges the receipt, "July 22d, of one keg, July 24th, of

six boxes and one keg, and July 28th, of five boxes (Nos. 70 to 82, inclusive). For them all you have our renewed thanks. Your first shipment of last week of twelve boxes and one keg was sent on the 24th to Louisville, for Vicksburg and Port Hudson. The remainder will be forwarded next week to Nashville." We thus see how the patient labors of this devoted woman, far removed from danger or the excitement of arriving and departing troops, resulted in scattering comforts and relief at the great centres of conflict at a time when urgently needed. From Frederick, Maryland, on the 27th of August, Miss Bantz writes: "The boxes were received, after some delay, in good condition; for which please accept our thanks, as also for the kind interest you manifest toward us. If all in charge had their hearts in the work, it would add greatly to the comfort of our brave boys, who have so nobly left their homes and loved ones for the cause."

From St. Louis, the Rev. W. G. Eliot, D. D., writes: "We acknowledge with much pleasure the receipt of two admirably well-filled boxes, which arrived yesterday in excellent order. As there are now nearly 2000 in hospital here, and 500 more expected from the interior camps, or with the returning army, your kindness will not have been in vain."

Mr. Joseph Shippen, an agent of the Sanitary Commission, who was employed on the Gettysburg field soon after the close of the battle, writes on the 30th of July: "A pleasing feature of the hospital was that our men bore so heroically, almost jubilantly, their sufferings. A soldier would tell you first what regiment he belonged to, and where he was hit, and then, 'Oh, but didn't we make them skedaddle! They thought they were going to fight nothing but militia, and found here the old Army of the Potomac.' Whatever the individual loss, whether one leg or two, every man rejoiced in the battle gained. A second redeeming feature was the grand manifestation of the patriotism, humanity, and Christianity of our land through the voluntary relief afforded to the sufferers. Surrounded by a pile of boxes, on one of which she was seated, a lady with an intelligent face, in very plain attire, was pointed out to me as Miss Dix. Mrs. Harris of Philadelphia was also on the ground with stores. The Baltimore firemen had a depot from which were distributed many

supplies to our wounded. The Adams' Express Company also had stores which were devoted to the same good object. The Christian Commission was largely represented by some two hundred delegates, for the most part preachers and divinity students from all parts of the country. On this emergency the same promptness and liberality was shown by the Sanitary Commission that has marked its course on all the great battle-fields of the war. With Meade's advancing columns several army wagon-loads of supplies were pushed forward and afforded great relief on the second and third days of the fight. While the cannon were dealing out death and destruction, these gifts of the people possessed a life-saving power. Some of the surgeons were ready to exclaim, "In the name of heaven, where did the Sanitary Commission come from!" . . . Among the many articles dealt out with liberal hand to the hospitals were ten thousand pounds of fresh soft bread, ten thousand pounds of fresh poultry packed in ice, five tons of fresh vegetables, ten thousand dozen of fresh eggs, five thousand shirts and drawers, three hundred boxes of lemons and oranges, one ton of tamarinds, ten thousand pounds of condensed milk, and a like amount of concentrated beef, together with large quantities of sheets, towels, slippers, gowns, bandages, fans, etc. These rude estimates of quantities were made of what had been distributed during the first two weeks after the battle. . . . Coming through the regular channels of supply, the wounded are generally ignorant that they are the free-will offering of the people. I asked a wounded man from Crawford county where he had got his clean white shirt and drawers, and he did not know until I showed and explained to him the mark of the 'U. S. San. Com.' . . . The Commission dealt out generously to the wounded rebels, and many were the expressions of appreciation and thanks made by surgeons, officers, and men. . . . The Commission did a grand work of special relief in feeding, sheltering, and assisting the wounded at the railroad station before starting for Baltimore. . . . Each day hundreds would find their way to the town from the woods and fields with heads bound up or arm in a sling, or with wound in the foot or leg, not so severe as to prevent their limping along or hobbling with the help of a fence-rail or pole cut in the woods. Poor

fellows! it made one's heart bleed to see them tottering along, so weak and so suffering. At the depot we had six large tents, where they could lie and rest on clean hay, have their wounds dressed, receive food and such articles of clothing as they needed. . . . Hot soup and hot coffee were always kept ready, and fresh bread, soft crackers, and cold water were at hand in abundance. Thus from six to twelve hundred wounded were fed each day for a fortnight."

A letter addressed to Mrs. Moore by Miss Brayton, of the 11th of August, thus acknowledges the value and extent of her labors: "Miss Mahan tells me that the receipts from your society are 'perfectly astonishing.' I can well believe it, when I remember that *you* are charged with the whole duty of arousing the county, gathering in donations, packing and shipping. The task you have imposed upon yourself is a heavy one. I hope your health will not fail under it. We are always glad to hear that a Meadville Box is on the way, knowing its contents will rejoice many a poor sufferer's heart." The solicitude expressed in the above extract for the health of Mrs. Moore proved to have been reasonably excited. It was impossible that the most firm and enduring constitution could long withstand the strain which she voluntarily took upon herself. Wearing labors by day, and anxiety by night, made such inroads upon her strength that she was finally obliged to resign her office of President, Secretary and Treasurer of the Association, being succeeded by Mrs. William Thorpe, and after a short illness sank to the grave, as really a martyr to the cause of her country as he who pours out his lifeblood upon the field of battle. In personal appearance she was rather above the medium height, of fine figure, with dark and expressive eyes, easy and graceful in her manners. She had that kindness of heart which prompts to generous action, and which lies at the foundation of politeness and attractiveness in social life. Gifted by nature with more than ordinary mental endowments, persons of high culture enjoyed her society for the vivacity of her spirit, for her quickness of appreciation, and that subtle refinement of thought which is more of a gift than an acquisition, betokening the finest mould of humanity. On the other hand she won the hearts of those in humble life by the

abandon with which she placed herself in communion and sympathy with their condition, their trials or their sufferings. She had a wonderful faculty of animating others with her own zeal and enthusiasm, and her magnetic power made those about her esteem it a privilege, instead of a drudgery, to be permitted to coöperate with her in her labors.

Her good taste, her love of order, and her kindness of heart all came into play in her efforts in behalf of the sick and wounded soldiers during the war, and she remained at her post of duty until failing health drove her away from it. The following stanzas formed part of an obituary notice, and the prediction in the concluding lines finds its fulfilment in the memorial wreath annually placed upon her grave on Decoration Day, by the Boys in Blue, who hold her services and sacrifices in their behalf in grateful remembrance:

"The poor, whose humble homes ye oft have sought,
With blessings breathed thy name;
And the sick soldier on his lonely cot,
To whom thy offerings came—

"Genial alike unto the old and young,
E'en childhood at thy knee,
Spell-bound, with radiant visage, hung,
Charmed with thy sympathy.

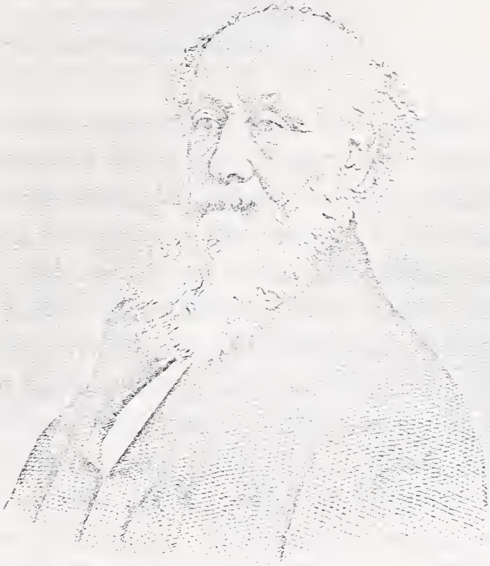
"Farewell! thy cheerful voice which banish'd gloom
Is lost to social ring;
Yet loving hands shall ofttimes strew thy tomb
With the fresh flowers of spring."

CHAPTER III.

THE UNION VOLUNTEER REFRESHMENT SALOON of Philadelphia, a name dear to many a soldier in the late war, originated in an humble but generous impulse of humanity and patriotism. As the troops began to move towards the National Capital, in response to the call of the President, it was seen that by the time they had reached Philadelphia, journeying from New England, New York, and States from the West, and even from parts nearer, they needed some rest, nutritious food, warm drink, and a spark of the humanizing influence which comes from a generous deed. The Sixth Massachusetts, which had been quartered at the Girard House, was joined by Colonel Small's regiment, and these, in Baltimore, were attacked by the mob, some killed, several wounded, and the road destroyed, cutting off further travel by that route. After this, troops were compelled to go by Annapolis. As there was delay in moving, at first they were fed upon the street, or taken into the houses of people living in the neighborhood of the Baltimore Depot, on Broad street. The offering was from the heart, many bestowing from their own scanty stores, one poor woman giving away all her customers' milk. Seeing that the calls were becoming frequent, and recognizing the pressing necessity of allowing none to pass uncared for, Mr. Bazilla S. Brown gave notice that he would receive contributions of material for this purpose, and with eleven pounds of coffee, he commenced the work of dispensing from a table improvised from boards wrenched from a neighboring fence. Thus humble were the beginnings of this noble charity.

Those who were active in the work were laboring men and could ill afford to lose time and sleep in waiting and watching.

Accordingly, by an arrangement with the railroad companies, the coming of troops was telegraphed, so that preparations could be duly timed. The first notice was of the Eighth New York, 800 strong, to arrive at three o'clock on the morning of the 28th of May, 1861.. On the back of this telegram Mr. Paul I. Field wrote to Mr. Arad Barrows: "The bearer of this, Mr. B. S. Brown, is in every way responsible. If you will lend him the kettle he wants I will guarantee its safe return." The kettle was duly delivered from the establishment of Messrs. Savery & Co., and the regiment, which was that of Colonel Blenker, received refreshment on Washington Avenue, possession being taken of a vacant boat-house in the neighborhood for making the necessary preparations. This building on the 1st of June was leased, and appropriately fitted. The lease stood in the name of Mr. B. S. Brown, and an organization was effected, known as the Volunteer Refreshment Saloon, subsequently changed to the Union Volunteer Refreshment Saloon. A few days later another huge boiler was procured, and the two connected and ingeniously combined with ovens, so that a moving column of large proportions could be quickly supplied. That every soldier might enjoy the luxury of a free ablution, the Fairmount water was led into the building, and a long line of bowls provided where soap and snowy napkins were plentifully supplied. With every body of troops, whether going to or from the field, were always some languishing, often too sick to pursue their journey. To accommodate such, a hospital—the very first to be established in any part of the country—was opened, over which Dr. Eliab Ward presided, giving his services through the entire war without reward other than that which follows a good deed incited by a pure motive. This was provided with drugs and medicines gratuitously contributed, and furnished with comfortable cots. Books, periodicals, and papers were supplied, and noble, kind-hearted women volunteered their services, leaving comfortable homes by day and by night, to minister to the weary and war-worn soldiers. Nearly eleven thousand sick and wounded in the progress of the war were nursed, and received medical attendance, nearly twice that number had their wounds dressed, and over forty thousand had a night's lodging.



Samuel B. Fales

"The Soldier's Friend"

"The Soldier here, upon his wistful way
From Peace to War (sad contrast), paused an hour;
Just near enough to death to own his sway—
Just far enough from home to feel its power:

"This nicely-balanced moment found the word
And work of solace ready for his heart;
A thousand cups rose reeking on the board
As by the touch of the magician's art.

"The care-worn matron, at the signal's call,
Gave her own breakfast to that mother's son
Who'd left behind a thousand miles his all,
While she who bore him bravely urged him on."

The charities of this institution were not confined to soldiers actually in the service of the Union Army, but were extended to more than fifteen thousand Southern refugees, deserters from the rebel army, and freedmen. For many of the latter employment was found. The necessities of the association soon outgrew the building first taken, and additions were made until a space 95 by 150 feet was covered, the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railway leasing the ground and refusing any compensation. In its enlarged dimensions 1200 men could be supplied at once, and 15,000 have been received in a single day. Deaths occurred among its guests, and a ground was secured where about fifty of the number lie buried. An accurate record was kept of all its operations, and the books show that over 800,000 soldiers were received and 1,025,000 meals were furnished—figures the significance of which we can scarcely comprehend. What a charity was this! How prompt in its inception! How broad in its bounty! How self-sacrificing and tireless in its execution!

In summing up its results we are led to consider the great expense which must have attended operations on so grand a scale, and to inquire whence came the funds. The cost, in consequence of the judicious management of its finances, was very moderate, the entire amount of money expended being but $98,204.34, and material estimated at $30,000—an aggregate of $128,204.34; and of this sum nothing came from any public treasury. When it was seen that a great work was being done, the city government signified its willingness to appropriate; but the managers decline the proffer, preferring to depend upon the free-will offerings of the people. It was only necessary to make known that

money or material was wanting, and they flowed in abundance into its coffers. Festivals were given for which contributions came from the city and the rich champaign contiguous, extending to New Jersey and Delaware, and from which the receipts were generous. On the occasion of the Strawberry Festival held in June, 1862, bountiful supplies of flowers, cakes, bread, butter, fruit and meats were received; released prisoners from the steamship Union brought a flag made in the jail at Salisbury; and thirty-four ladies from New Jersey, headed by ex-Senator Savery, came bringing a grand bouquet in acknowledgment of the care of wounded Jerseymen. There were 36,000 ticket-holders, an evidence of the hearty coöperation which the citizens of Philadelphia accorded to this enterprise. Entertainments of various kinds were given at places of amusement in its aid, and the direct subscriptions of wealthy citizens were frequent. But the most generous and princely gift was that of the time, and even the life-current, of the attendants. Many of them, after laboring at their regular occupations the whole day, would spend a part of the night, often rising at the dead hour at the call of the signal gun, and, ministering to the tired, worn soldier, send him on his way with a glad heart. Women who had already passed the limit of an ordinary life were found daily at their posts lending a strong, willing hand to the good work.

The method of conducting the Saloon is a matter of interest. A correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, of November 19th, 1861, thus writes: "It is a spacious building and divided into a dining-room, store-room, and a large apartment for cooking. The walls of the main apartment are hung with very pretty paintings, engravings, and cards neatly designed, having inscriptions: 'Welcome to the brave Volunteers.' 'The city of Philadelphia invites you to her hospitality, and bids you God-speed on your way to the Union army.' 'Be brave; your deeds for liberty will never die.' 'You have the prayers of all honest, loyal hearts for your success in arms, and a safe return to your friends, crowned with honor and glory.' . . . The rooms are open at all hours, with dishes on the tables and fuel under the boilers. When a regiment leaves Jersey City a telegram is sent to Philadelphia, and a cannon is immediately fired to inform the citizens that the

soldiers are on the way. When the men are within a few miles of the city another gun is fired, which brings out those who wait upon the tables. The ladies who attend to the soldiers are true women in every sense of the word. Their constant endeavor is to show the soldier that they love the great principles of our government, and that they also love every brave volunteer who goes forth to defend them. When they see a soldier who appears homesick or low-spirited, no false dignity prevents them from going up to him and cheering him with kind and loving words. Let no cold-hearted critic say that this is a wrong method of procedure. We must respect our soldiers, and the more we impress upon their minds the idea that we love them, the higher will be their standard of action, and the braver their deeds upon the field of battle. . . . In the hospital room of the main building there is a large table covered with writing materials, where the soldiers can prepare letters while the trains to convey them away are being made up. These letters are given to the attendants of the Saloon, who stamp and send them to their destination free of charge. In one corner of the room is a desk where large bundles of the city papers are deposited, in readiness for gratuitous distribution. The food furnished the men is better by considerable than the average fare at our city hotels. The bill embraces beef of all kinds, ham, pickles, sweet and common potatoes, excellent white bread, tea and coffee, and often cakes and pies. The coffee-boilers hold 180 gallons, which is reduced, on account of its strength, to 360 gallons. Each regiment upon an average uses seven barrels of coffee, besides many gallons of tea. The average cost of a soldier's meal varies from nine to ten cents." Later in the war the cost was about doubled.

The gun mentioned, which was fired to notify the attendants when troops left a far off station and again upon their arrival at the city, has an interesting history. It was manufactured at Springfield, Massachusetts. In the war with Mexico it fell into the hands of the enemy, was put on board a Mexican privateer called the Wasp,—which was overhauled by an American gun-boat and sent to Philadelphia,—was placed upon the receiving ship at the Navy Yard,—which was sunk by an ice-jam, was raised,—and was finally loaned to the Union Saloon. A curious autobiography

was written of this gun in which the old piece was made to say: "I am housed up on Washington Avenue, and it is only on particular occasions, or when I am in a filthy condition—owing to the black food they ram down my throat, and against which I *kick tremendously*—that they let me see the bright sun, or the twinkling stars; and then I must be gazed at as an object of curiosity, or slushed with water, and rubbed and scoured until I can flash back the rays of old Sol, who, in another climate, often heated me so that my friends were heartily glad to keep their hands off. I was in Mexico, and I often astonished the *greasers* on the Rio Grande with my iron compliments. . . . I make as much noise as possible whenever I know our noble volunteers are coming to our Saloon. I do this to welcome them and call our committee from home to wait on them, for they deserve good treatment. . . . I often hear them say: 'Bully for Philadelphia!' 'They do things up; don't they?' 'That's the best meal I have had since I left home.' I once heard a sick soldier who had been in the hospital say to his comrade whom he had brought down to see me: 'They could not have taken better care of me if I had belonged to them.' I sometimes think that all this talk of the volunteers induces the gunner that feeds me to cram too much down my throat, for often after a large number have been at the Saloon, and the excitement runs high, and everybody is overflowing with good humor, and other troops are expected soon, he gives me a big dose, or greases my mouth, and when he fires me off, the glass rattles from the windows around. It makes no difference to me, for I have brass sufficient about me to break anybody's windows." The flag-staff which stood in front of the Saloon also had a story. It was the mainmast of the revenue cutter J. C. Dobbin, which was for a while in the hands of the enemy in the Savannah River bearing the rebel flag, but was rescued, and when condemned at the Navy Yard, this staff was loaned to the Union Saloon.

The substantial and palatable character of the entertainment furnished, its abundance, and the hearty good-will and even love with which it was given, arrested the attention of all, and called forth their thanks and gratitude. Mr. L. P. Brockett, of Brooklyn, New York, under date of June 8th, 1863, writes to Samuel

B. Fales, the Corresponding Secretary and financial agent of the association: "I was conversing a few weeks since with an officer of one of the Eastern regiments. . . . We were speaking of the demoralizing influences of camp life, and he remarked that while at east New York, his regiment, composed in large part of farmers' sons and lads who had had a considerable amount of moral training at home, became sadly demoralized. The camp was surrounded by grog-shops, and the rations were of the poorest—filthy, insufficient, and not half cooked—and all the associations of the camp were evil; the men had become dispirited, feeling that no one cared for them, except as food for powder; and though he and some of the other officers endeavored to cheer them, they were sullen, and seemed about ready for mutiny and desertion. 'But,' said he, 'orders came for the regiment to march, and the men went on board the steamer much as if they were going to the gallows. We reached Philadelphia, and were marched to the Volunteer Refreshment Saloon, and the warm welcome, the hearty shake of the hand, and the ample and delicious fare served up for us, put a new spirit into the men. They had landed in a mutinous mood; they left Philadelphia feeling that they were the cherished soldiers of the nation, loved for the cause in which they were to fight. Over and over again, during our passage from Philadelphia, I heard remarks like this from one and another of the men: 'Well, they showed that they did care for us after all.'—'Weren't those nice, handsome ladies that helped us there?' This influence did not leave them after they went to the field; often was that night's supper at the Refreshment Saloon spoken of, and its influence in preventing demoralization, and rousing the ambition and self-respect of the men, was wonderful. When, on Thanksgiving Day, the townsmen of the soldiers had provided a bounteous dinner, more than one of the soldiers said to me: 'This seems like that supper in Philadelphia, only we haven't the ladies to wait on us.'"

The testimony of the officials in the several States from which soldiers passed through Philadelphia was unreserved and appreciative of the great work done by the Union organization. Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, writes: "Gratefully acknowledging the comfort, encouragement, and consolation

afforded to many thousands of our New England soldiers, to whom, in their hunger, thirst, weariness, and sickness, our devoted friends in Philadelphia have administered with unfailing generosity, kindness and solicitude." Governor Holbrook, of Vermont: "Over 6000 of the volunteer soldiers of Vermont, on their way to the seat of war, have been refreshed and comforted at your Saloon, and 'Our Green Mountain Boys' remember the kind attentions of the citizens of Philadelphia with lively gratitude. On behalf of the State of Vermont, I return hearty thanks for the kindness shown to our soldiers on their passage through your city." Governor Buckingham, of Connecticut: "Such disinterested and self-sacrificing benevolence will be gratefully remembered, not only by the soldiers, but by their many friends in this State." Secretary Seward: "The disinterested patriotism and benevolence of those who manage that institution have for some time past attracted my attention and admiration." The Hon. Edward Everett: "No one circumstance, I am sure, has contributed more to the comfort and health of our patriotic fellow-citizens who have obeyed their country's call. It has given your city a new and most commanding title to her beautiful name."

Nor were the efforts of this association confined to the refreshment of soldiers at its own rooms. Stores were shipped to St. Louis, to Kentucky, and other points, in response to earnest calls for help from similar institutions. Many young men who had received leave of absence, as a reward for good conduct, to attend military schools in the city in preparation to command colored troops, were allowed to take their meals and lodge at the Saloon. On the homeward march soldiers often came with considerable sums of money, and were fit subjects for the wiles of the sharper, having been not unfrequently drugged and robbed. Large numbers were induced to send this to their families, members of the committee often laboring until midnight in writing letters and despatching them. Sums were also sent by express. Over $50,000 were thus forwarded, $15,000 having been sent at one time. After the battle of Bull Run, 290 sick and wounded soldiers from that disastrous field, who could not find a place in the United States hospitals, were taken in charge by the Union

committee, and 260 of them were permanently provided for, many of them taken to the homes of its members, some remaining a period of three months. After the battle of Gettysburg, over 700 patients were received, the utmost energies being taxed for a time in burying the dead, dressing the wounded, attending the surgeons in their ghastly work, and in ministering to their daily wants. Divine services were held for the benefit of soldiers in the hospitals in January, 1864, at which clergymen from the various denominations officiated.

The following were the officers of this great charity: *Chairman*, Arad Barrows; *Recording Secretary*, J. B. Wade; *Treasurer*, B. S. Brown; *Steward*, J. T. Williams; *Physician*, E. Ward; *Corresponding Secretary and General Financial Agent*, Samuel B. Fales.

Committee of Gentlemen: Arad Barrows, Bazilla S. Brown, Joseph B. Wade, Isaac B. Smith, Sr., Erasmus W. Cooper, Job T. Williams, John W. Hicks, George Flomerfelt, John Krider, Sr., Isaac B. Smith, Jr., Charles B. Grieves, James McGlathery, John B. Smith, Curtis Myers, Dr. Eliab Ward, Christian Powell, W. S. Mason, Charles S. Clampitt, D. L. Flanigan, Richard Sharp, James Cassel, Samuel B. Fales, Robert R. Corson, and John T. Wilson.

Committee of Ladies: Mrs. Mary Grover, Hannah Smith, Priscilla Grover, Margaret Boyer, Eliza J. Smith, Anna Elkinton, Ellen B. Barrows, Mary L. Field, Ellen J. Lowry, Mary D. Wade, Eliza Plummer, Mary A. Cassedy, Mary Lee, Emily Mason, Mary Green, Eliza Helmbold, Elizabeth Horton, Sarah Femington, Kate B. Anderson, and Hannah F. Bailey, and Misses Sarah Holland, Catherine Bailey, Amanda Lee, Anna Grover, Martha B. Krider, Annie Field, and Mary Grover.

With the exception of the Steward, who was constantly employed and who had responsible and laborious duties to perform, none of the officers or agents of the association received any compensation. Mr. Fales, who was a man of large means, of extensive acquirements and scholarly tastes, gave his almost exclusive attention for over four and a half years to this work, often laboring till late at night though his life had passed the bounds of half a century. He was a native of Boston and allied by birth

to the families of Governor Bradford and James Otis; was educated at Harvard College, and previous to the war was engaged in making a collection of paintings and other fine art works, which he suspended entirely to engage in the labors of the Union Saloon. His influence, during the whole period, among wealthy citizens was very great in procuring the necessary funds, and from the fact that the association was not incorporated he was individually liable, as were his associates, for any debts incurred in its management. Since the war he has been made a Companion of the Military Order of the "Loyal Legion of the United States,"—an association which admitted to companionship but one civilian to fifty officers,—a high mark of approval, by military men, of his great services in behalf of soldiers during the war, and in the engrossed resolutions of the Committee of the Union Volunteer Refreshment Saloon, he was designated the SOLDIERS' FRIEND.

Mrs. Eliza G. Plummer, born in 1812, had been for twenty-five years a widow. Though in humble circumstances, she had been long known as the friend of the sick and needy, and when the Saloon and the Hospital were opened, was among the most untiring in her attentions, and was made principal of the latter. When, in 1862, the accommodations were insufficient for the numbers of the sick and wounded, she took some of the worst cases of virulent typhoid fever to her own home, and nursed them with a mother's tenderness. At the fair held in 1863, and in caring for the Gettysburg wounded who came almost simultaneously with that event, she was debilitated by excessive labor, and soon after sank to the grave, widely lamented and mourned. Mrs. Mary B. Wade, past seventy, known among the soldiers as Mother Wade; Mrs. Ellen J. Lowry, past fifty, a native of Baltimore; and Mrs. Margaret Boyer, of Philadelphia, also advanced in years, were among the active and untiring.

On the 1st of January, 1863, a beautiful eagle, the National emblem, measuring fourteen feet from tip to tip, and standing nearly six feet in height, artistically carved and gilded, the work of employés of the Navy Yard, was presented to the Saloon, and was placed upon the roof over the main entrance. Mr. T. Buchanan Read subsequently read at the Academy of Music the following poem, suggested by its sunlit appearance, appropri-

ately dedicated to Mr. Samuel B. Fales, in recognition of his tireless labors:

I saw in a vision with glory o'errun,
A great golden Eagle flash out of the sun;
His wide wings of splendor were lit like the morn,
Ablaze with the hue of the place he was born.
He had heard the first shell that at Sumter was hurled,
And at once his broad pinions of light were unfurled;
His eyes flashing anger—his talons beneath,
Holding the bolts threatening treason with death—
The bolts that in lightning and thunder were poured
In defence of the right--in the name of the Lord!
He heard the great North call loudly to arms—
Saw the West pouring legions from cities and farms—
The Excelsior State give her patriot sons,
And the solid old Keystone, a-glitter with guns!
Just think, if you can, as he drop't down the sky,
What a wonderful picture lay under his eye:
There were long lines of dust with the bayonet's quiver,
Moving southward unchecked, like a storm-swollen river,
That at last breaks its banks and pours over the plain
A terrible deluge that naught can restrain:
And the cavalry, swift as the shades of a cloud,
Swept the field, where the foe like a harvest was bowed,
And where those brave champions were sheltered and fed,
He perched with his guardian wings wide overhead.
How the soldier's eye glistened, as gazing aloof,
He saw the great emblem that brightened the roof.
There many a blue-coat, with dust almost gray,
Breathed a blessing and prayer as he went on his way,
And the poor wounded veteran, borne up from the fight,
Smiled a smile of relief as that bird flashed in sight,
For he knew that beneath, in that hospital ward,
Great patriot hearts kept their tireless guard:
Kind men and kind women, whom toil could not tame,
Who wrought not for pay, and who dreamed not of fame:
They sought no promotion, their labor was love—
But their crowns and their stars surely wait them above,
Where the angel of freedom her gratitude sings,
And stands like that Eagle with welcoming wings."

When, in 1868, the Republican National Convention for the nomination of a candidate for President and Vice-President assembled in Philadelphia, there came from near and far large numbers of soldiers, members of an organization known as the Boys in Blue. When the patrons of the Old Union Saloon learned that soldiers were coming, former recollections were revived. A meeting of the former committee, and those who had shown such disinterested charity and philanthropy during the years of

peril, was called, and it was proposed, as of old, to buckle on the armor and again take them by the hand in glad welcome. The objection was raised that these were men of one particular party and the Saloon would be committed by such an act to a political organization. But to this it was answered that, as during the war the party or creed of the applicant for bounty was never asked, but the refugee, the contraband, and even rebel deserter, was received and fed, so now it was enough to know that they had been the country's defenders. This view prevailed, and once more the committee and their assistants gathered in their stores. Again was the old gun brought into requisition, and its voice echoed across the Delaware, and along the waters of the Schuylkill. National Hall was taken possession of, and transformed into a saloon, and in the space of forty-eight hours 29,000 meals were furnished. The entire force of the former society, from highest to lowest, even to Mother Wade, now past eighty, was out. Old associations were joyfully recalled, and the heart of the donor and the recipient of bounty were together made glad.

THE COOPER SHOP VOLUNTEER REFRESHMENT SALOON, of Philadelphia, which, like the Union Saloon, with which it was intimately associated, has attained a reputation broad as the national domain by its open-handed charity, took its name from the building where it was located, which previous to the war had been used for the manufacture of shooks for the West India trade. This building, 32 by 150 feet, stands upon Otsego street, a few rods south of Washington Avenue, near the line of march of soldiers passing through the city on their way to or from the front. When the tide of troops, early in 1861, began to set towards the national capital, and the weary and travel-stained soldiers paused for refreshments which kind-hearted women of the neighborhood prepared for them in the open street, Messrs. William M. Cooper and H. W. Pearce, who in company carried on the business in this building, suggested that it be taken for a Saloon. Boilers were accordingly obtained and set in the great fire-place, tables were extemporized and thus the work was begun. Those interested first brought provisions from their own homes

but as the troops came in great numbers they appealed for help to butchers, grocers, milkmen, and even farmers, in a wide circuit. Mrs. Thomas D. Grover rendered efficient aid in collecting provisions, and her example was emulated by others. Their call was promptly responded to, and their humble enterprise grew into a large and well-managed institution, doing well and faithfully its self-appointed work. A hospital was also established over which Andrew Nebinger, M. D., presided, giving freely his services and attention. A committee of ladies, at the head of which was Miss Anna M. Ross, devoted itself to the care of the suffering. The wash-boilers in the old fire-place were eventually succeeded by a mammoth range, where hourly a hundred gallons of coffee could be made.

The Cooper Shop and the Union Saloons worked harmoniously side by side, the only rivalry being in the strife to see which should do the most good, and ample opportunity was found for their united labors. That there might be no clashing in the practical working of their organizations a committee of three from each was appointed to arrange the details of receiving soldiers, afterwards reduced to one from each, and finally increased to three in May, 1863, and consisted of Messrs. Sharp, Mason, and Brown from the Union, with Messrs. Plant, Coward, and Mellen from the Cooper Shop. By these it was agreed that each should alternately entertain the officers and an equal division of enlisted men. When the arrivals were less than two hundred in number, each in turn was to receive all who came within a space of twenty-four hours. In a brief address at Concert Hall on the occasion of a benefit to the Saloon, on the 22d of November, 1864, Miss Cordelia Cappell said: "When the care-worn soldier, his wounds still bleeding, comes from the battle-field, he finds at the Cooper Shop Volunteer Refreshment Saloon a solution of the problem of what constitutes true patriotism and philanthropy. The extended hand not empty—the cheerful welcome not an empty sound—a place at a table never bare—give him the sweet assurance that the welcome is like the great sea's ebb, which only retires when laden with inestimable blessings. . . . Not only to the returned soldier are its doors open, but to the gallant boys passing to the field of battle, their martial spirit

beaming from their sparkling eyes, does this *oasis* present itself. The cooling streams in the deserts of Arabia are not more welcome to the weary, wandering traveller than is the Cooper Shop Volunteer Refreshment Saloon to our returned volunteers! It remained for this war to elicit and bring forth all the noble qualities of men and women, to sustain a country that has no parallel in history." Miss Anna M. Ross, the Lady Principal of the hospital, in closing an appeal for aid, dated March 1st, 1862, said: "Since the opening of the hospital, on the 29th of October last, there have been received in it 130 patients; of these 113 have left the hospital either cured or relieved; three have died and fourteen are now in the ward—a large number of patients, certainly, to be treated in so small a hospital, in a space of time covering only five months. This little institution now presents itself to you and your congregation, and solicits your and their aid. The defenders of our bleeding yet glorious Union implore your help. The cause of humanity begs you for assistance, and the soldier—sick and a stranger among us—asks you to give, and he knows that to ask will be to receive."

Early in the year 1862, the hospital was placed under the charge of a committee of three ladies: Mrs. R. P. King, Mrs. William Struthers, and Mrs. Hatch, in addition to the Principal, with power to add three others to their number. The supply of drugs, which was quite complete, was under the charge of Mr. Robert Nebinger, who labored with great zeal to make the collection serviceable. The increasing demands upon the association for hospital care and treatment, and from a class who, having been discharged from the service of the United States, were still not beyond the bounds of humanity and mercy, induced the managers to project a Soldiers' Home, a charter for which was obtained on the 15th of February, 1862, from the Philadelphia Court. Not until September could suitable apartments be procured. To raise the necessary funds to open it, and to form a nucleus for future efforts, a fair was held by the ladies associated in the management of the Saloon, headed by Miss Ross, the Principal, from which the sum of $2400 was realized. The necessary repairs and preparations having been made, it was formally opened and dedicated to its purposes. But, on the very

day that the dedication took place, she who had been among the foremost in laboring to establish it was called to her final rest. Possessed of a vigorous constitution, and urged forward by unfailing energy, in her zeal to minister to the infirmities of others she had utterly neglected to care for herself. "Fatigue," says Dr. Moore, in his history of the Saloon, "numbness, a sense of extreme cold, and finally paralysis supervened, and this faithful servant of God remained for days in a state of unconsciousness. When she aroused from this, she felt as if death were approaching, and embracing her friends, peacefully breathed her last. . . . An immense concourse of people attended the honored remains to their last resting-place in Monument Cemetery, where, with clustering roses, beneath a stately cedar, her tomb is marked by a chaste monument of marble, and an appropriate inscription testifies the appreciation of her worth by sorrowing friends, records her virtues, and presents the passer-by with a noble subject for emulation. On the day of her decease, while she lingered in the last struggles of expiring nature, the 'Cooper Shop Soldiers' Home' was dedicated. Thus she 'rests from her labors and her works do follow her.' She was about fifty years of age."

After the death of Miss Ross, Mrs. Abigail Horner became Lady Principal of the hospital, and was ably seconded by Mrs. J. Floyd, Mrs. J. Perry, Mrs. R. P. King, Mrs. E. E. Roberts, Mrs. William M. Cooper, and Mrs. P. Fitzpatrick. An Act of incorporation of the Home was obtained from the Legislature on the 20th of April, 1864; but it was soon after merged in the Soldiers' Home of Philadelphia. The number of men under treatment from the organization of the hospital to May 25th, 1862, was 159; to May 25th, 1863, 305; to May 25th, 1864, eighty-five were admitted, two died, and seventy-nine were discharged; and to 1865, twelve died and 291 were discharged. This number is exclusive of several thousands of soldiers who, passing through the city, received dispensary treatment. At the close of the war it had 160 inmates, and by the proceeds of a fair held for the purpose, in which the managers were aided by several influential citizens, at the head of whom was General Meade, it had an invested fund for its perpetual support of $100,000. The location of the Home was at first at Race and Crown streets, but

was subsequently at Sixteenth and Filbert streets, in the State Arsenal, the use of which was kindly granted by the Legislature. "The institution," says Dr. Moore, "as the visitor enters, presents an appearance of great interest. The name of any patriot soldier or sailor is at once put upon the books, and his place assigned him. If he desires to read, an extensive, well-selected library provides him with a valuable and varied collection of books. A School furnishes instruction in reading, writing, arithmetic, and other useful branches. The dormitory is spacious and well ventilated, while a hospital, complete and well ordered, receives the sick, who are attended by a Resident Physician, and daily by another in conjunction. The apothecary's shop is full of medicines, capable of relieving the maladies of the patients in all but desperate cases. These supplies, called to the aid of science, mitigate the sufferings of the brave defenders of their country, who are well cared for. There is a Bible class, in which a considerable number meet daily to read the Scriptures, and a spacious chapel where divine service is held. The supply at table is excellent, nutritious and plentiful. The inmates partake of the meals with good order, and it is an interesting sight to see them. The melodeon and other musical instruments are called into requisition during the evening, and the time passes delightfully away, all being improving from the beginning to the end, morally and intellectually. On the occasion of the flag presentation in July, 1866, when the banners of Pennsylvania regiments were delivered back to the hands of the Governor, to be deposited in the archives of the State, the orphan children of the soldiers were received at the Home. Seven hundred of them were hospitably entertained during their stay in the city. Through the whole period of the Rebellion, the Cooper Shop Volunteer Refreshment Saloon was sustained by the noble and unremitted efforts of all classes of citizens of Philadelphia. The old and young contributed. Poor as well as rich gave freely according to their means. All classes vied with each other in endeavors to support the institution whose aims were purely those of patriotic philanthropy. But, while others contributed, the committee labored as well, and many of them fell victims to their noble ardor, or had the seeds of disease disseminated in their constitutions which no skill of the

healing art can eradicate. Thus the beneficent efforts made by the committee and their friends, by means of fairs and contributions, passed not away, but became perpetuated in the Soldiers' Home."

Of the number of those who sustained this association, and who were cut off in the midst of their labors, were Miss Clara T. Cooper, daughter of William M. Cooper, one of the owners of the building which gave name to the charity; Mr. William H. Dennis, who was stricken down suddenly from prostration, "one of the most untiring members of the committee;" Mrs. Mary Ann Haines, "one of the originals of the committee, whose loss was much felt and deeply regretted by the soldiers and a large circle of friends;" and Mr. William Morrison, who was the first of their number to be summoned from the stirring scenes of life.

In the volume of Dr. Moore a daily record of troops is published, which shows that in the aggregate, during the little more than four years of its existence, six hundred thousand were received. The committee who originally had the Saloon in charge was constituted as follows: William M. Cooper, H. W. Pearce, A. M. Simpson, W. R. S. Cooper, Jacob Plant, Walter R. Mellon, A. S. Simpson, C. V. Fort, William Morrison, Samuel W. Nickels, Philip Fitzpatrick, T. H. Rice, William M. Maull, R. H. Ransley, L. B. M. Dolby, A. H. Cain, William H. Dennis, R. H. Hoffner, L. W. Thornton, Joseph E. Sass, T. L. Coward, E. J. Herrity, C. L. Wilson, Joseph Perry, R. G. Simpson, Isaac Plant, James Toomey, H. H. Webb, William Sprowle, Henry Dubosq, G. R. Birch, Christopher Jacoby, James Tosing, E. S. Cooper, Joseph Coward, J. T. Packer, A. Nebinger and R. Nebinger.

The picture of the Saloon and of its operations as drawn by Dr. Moore is of interest: "The room was strictly clean and tidy, and every article shone by the careful hands of the active housekeepers who ministered to our braves. In the extensive fire-place was a large boiler for preparing the coffee, one for boiling meats, and all the required utensils of the culinary art. While the vegetables were cooking, and the viands preparing, each table was laid with a clean white linen cloth, on which were arranged plates of white stone china, mugs of the same, knives and forks, castors, and all that was necessary to table use. Bouquets of

flowers, the gifts of visitors, were frequently added, and lent their fragrance to the savory odors. The bill of fare consisted of the best the market could supply, and was not, in the articles provided, inferior to that of any hotel. At all meals food was abundant; consisting of ham, corned beef, bologna sausage, bread made of the finest wheat, butter of the best quality, cheese, pepper sauce, beets, pickles, dried beef, coffee and tea, and vegetables."

The treatment accorded soldiers at this Saloon excited in the breasts of the hundreds of thousands of those who were its recipients the kindest and most enduring regard. Many letters were received from the field and from far off homes, from soldiers themselves and from the relatives of those who had fallen in the strife, tendering the warmest thanks for the Christian and humanizing influences bestowed. One will stand as an example of all, and will fitly conclude this notice. It was addressed by Fannie M. Overton, from Long Island, to Mr. Wm. M. Cooper: "Dear Sir:—I am under greater obligations to you and your lady committee than any others on this earth. I am a widow with but little of this world's goods, and have received many favors, but thou hast outdone them all; and on the judgment day I hope my children will rise up and call you blessed. There is but little prospect of my seeing any of you, except the one who has been at my humble cottage, on such an errand of mercy with the law of kindness on his tongue; but, do not fail to meet me in heaven. Dr. Nebinger: Thanks to you. God bless you for your faithful efforts to relieve the sufferings of and restore my dear, my oldest son. May the great physician hold you *precious* in his sight—soul and body—and when you are removed hence, may it be to the land where the inhabitants never say, 'I am sick.' Rev. Joseph Perry: You found my boy a disabled soldier in the hospital; you reminded him that he had a soul to save, as well as a body to heal. A thousand thanks to you for it. The blessed intelligence that 'he was enabled to say that his trust was in the crucified Saviour, and that we would meet in heaven,' made my heart beat with joy, while it ached with grief. Mr. Struthers: You, in unison with your lady, were a friend to the fatherless boy—the stranger among you. The Lord reward you a thousandfold. To one and all, I return thanks, hearty thanks."

CHAPTER IV.

THE FORT PITT WORKS. In warfare, genius for invention, skill in overcoming difficulties in mechanical execution, and the provision of the necessary appliances for producing the most effective weapons, have often saved a nation from disgrace, and been the means of asserting its triumph. Bows and arrows could not stand against powder and balls. The catapult had to bow to the power of artillery, and the valiant little Monitor appeared upon the ocean at a moment opportune for saving the Union from dishonor in the assaults of the dreaded Merrimac. Napoleon was known to say that the Lord was on the side of the party with the heaviest guns. It is certain that the chances of victory should be with the one which has the best constructed and most powerful weapons.

The subject of heavy ordnance has been a perplexing one on account of the difficulty of producing perfect pieces. In the Revolutionary War the size of the guns used, even on shipboard, was insignificant, and down to the close of the War of 1812 the heaviest gun employed in the military or naval service was a twenty-four pounder that barely weighed fifty-two hundred pounds. Among the earliest and most successful establishments for casting heavy ordnance in this country were the Fort Pitt Works at Pittsburg. They were founded by Joseph McClurg, in 1814, and were located on the corner of Fifth and Smithfield streets, the present site of the Custom House and Post Office, and guns were cast there for use in the war with Great Britain, which had not then closed. The cannon balls and grape-shot, used by Commodore Perry, in his little fleet which achieved so glorious a victory on the waters of Lake Erie, on that memorable

morning of the 10th of September, 1813, were cast at the little foundry from which the ordnance foundry originated. Mr. McClurg then entered into a contract with the Government to cast cannon for the navy, and erected new works on the site now occupied, which, by enlargements from time to time made, have come to occupy an entire city square, bounded on three sides by streets and a fourth by the Allegheny river. At first only boring and finishing were done here, the machinery being driven, for want of water-power, by horses. After three or four years experience with these, in which time some excellent work was turned out, the old, blind horses were discarded, and the steam engine, then just coming into use, was substituted.

A board of military men, convened in 1819 by John C. Calhoun, then Secretary of War, to consider particularly the subject of the use of heavy guns, reported that the twenty-four-pounder, the size then in use, was the largest gun required. Ten years later, a thirty-two-pounder was adopted, and in 1832 a forty-two-pounder, weighing eighty-four hundred pounds.

The Works, which had descended to the sons of the original proprietor, and subsequently, in 1831, had come into the hands of Joseph McClurg and Major William Wade, were purchased in 1841, by Charles Knap and W. J. Totten, and at this time in addition to the production of heavy guns and missiles turned out steam engines and machinery. In 1844, the two iron steamboats Jefferson and Bibb were built and armed for the United States revenue service. In 1840, trials proved that shells as well as solid shots could be fired from heavy guns, which had formerly been confined to mortars; and guns of eight and ten inch calibre were proven to be practicable. Six years later, experiments showed that a two-hundred-and-twenty-five-pounder. weighing twenty-five thousand pounds, using twenty-eight pounds of powder, and throwing a loaded shell of one hundred and eighty pounds three and a third miles, could be safely and conveniently used.

In the making of heavy guns, the method pursued had been to first cast the piece solid, and then to bore it of the size of the desired calibre. In practice an objection to cast-iron guns had been found to be their liability to burst, so that the party firing

was almost in as much danger as the party fired at. Lieutenant Rodman, who in 1846 had been employed to superintend the casting of guns for the Government at the Fort Pitt Works, conceived the idea that cooling from the outer surface inward had a tendency to weaken the strength of the metal, inasmuch as, when the outer layer had become firm, that lying next to it would shrink away by contraction, and so on as the successive layers cooled until the centre was reached. By reversing the process he believed that the metal would be correspondingly strengthened. He accordingly proposed to cast the piece hollow, and by introducing a constant stream of cold water into the aperture, and at the same time surrounding it on the outside by air heated to eight hundred degrees, to cool the metal from within outward, so that each concentric stratum as it congealed would act like the tire on a carriage wheel, which, being put on hot, as it gradually cools, hugs the tighter, and draws all together more firmly. After careful and thorough tests, his theory was found to be correct, and Mr. Knap secured a patent in Rodman's behalf for the invention, and in 1859, so superior were these guns found to be to those cast solid, that the Secretary of War ordered that all heavy guns made thereafter for the Government should be by this method.

In 1851, after the decease of Mr. Totten, Major Wade again became a partner. In 1858 the entire Works were burned. They were immediately rebuilt on a much more extended scale, and H. F. Rudd and N. K. Wade succeeded Major Wade in the partnership. In 1859 a gun of fifteen inch bore was cast. Three furnaces were employed to melt the metal, of which seventy-six thousand pounds were used, and after mingling in a common reservoir it was conducted into the gun mould. Eighteen hundred tons of water were used to cool it, the process requiring an entire week. This gun was removed to Fortress Monroe, where it was fired five hundred times with charges of powder varying from thirty-five to fifty pounds, and with shells weighing from three hundred to three hundred and thirty pounds.

Soon after the testing of this gun, Rodman proposed to cast a twenty inch gun, twenty feet long, to weigh a hundred thousand pounds, and to throw a ball weighing a thousand pounds; but

the breaking out of the Rebellion caused this project to be abandoned, as the foundry was kept in operation to its full capacity in turning out guns of lesser mould for use both by land and sea, until February, 1864, when, by order of Secretary Stanton, one was cast twenty-five feet long, five feet and a half in diameter in its largest part, for which one hundred and seventy-two thousand pounds of iron were melted. It was mounted at Fort Hamilton, New York, and was tested with one hundred pounds of powder, and a solid shot weighing one thousand and eighty pounds, without injury. A similar gun, somewhat shorter, was cast for the navy.

A trial of the use of heavy guns in real conflict occurred about this time which gave a decided impetus to their production. It was the conflict of the Weehawken, Captain Rodgers, with the rebel iron-clad Atlanta. This craft was British built, and at Savannah, Georgia, had been iron clad, and so armed as to be thought invulnerable; so much so as to have been the object of exultation in advance, the haughty Southerners being hardly willing to fix any limit to the mischief it was destined to do—the raising of the siege of Charleston, and bringing the city of New York upon its knees, being only among the more common of its exploits. As it moved down from Savannah it was accompanied by steamers, gayly decked, freighted with fair ladies and gallant men, who were to be witnesses to the triumph of the giant of the waters. Dupont had been apprised of her coming, and had despatched the Weehawken and the Nahant, which for several days had been on the lookout in Warsaw sound, to meet her. Finally, just after daylight on the morning of the 17th of June, 1863, the monster was discovered approaching with colors defiantly spread. Waiting till he had come within three hundred yards before answering the hostile fire, Rodgers opened with one of his heavy guns. The first shot struck and shivered a shutter to one of the port-holes of the Atlanta. The second carried away its pilot-house, severely wounding two of its three pilots. The fifth passed quite through it—massive iron armor, stout timber backing and all—and splashed into the water beyond, killing one and wounding thirteen gunners. This ended the battle, for the rebel flag was hauled down and a white one run up, and Commodore Rodgers towed off his prize to

Hilton Head, the gay ladies of Savannah returning with poor appetites to a late breakfast.

Soon after the breaking out of the Rebellion the Fort Pitt Works were greatly enlarged, to meet the increased demand for cannon and ordnance stores, at an expense of over two hundred and forty thousand dollars, and in 1863 Mr. Knap became sole proprietor. Some idea of the extent of the works, and of what an adjunct they proved in crushing Rebellion, may be gained from the following description, taken from the history of *American Manufactures:* "The establishment is now one of the largest and most complete cannon foundries in the United States or in Europe, as no other is known having the capability of manufacturing guns of such enormous size, or of producing any other kinds with equal despatch. It is the oldest cannon foundry in the United States, having survived for more than twenty years all others which existed when it was first established in 1814. Its proprietors had each in continuous succession been previously engaged in conducting its operations, thus inheriting whatever knowledge of the art had been acquired by the cumulative experience of their predecessors for more than half a century.

"The foundry contains six reverberatory air-furnaces, capable of melting from twelve to fifty tons each, and two cupola furnaces capable of melting twenty tons. If all of them were put in operation at the same time, they would be capable of melting one hundred and sixty tons of iron, and of making a casting of that weight in one single piece. There are fifteen gun-pits in the foundry floor, in which the moulds are placed vertically on end when the guns are cast. Grate bars and ash pits are placed in the bottom of the pits for receiving fuel, with underground air-flues communicating with them for the purpose of heating the pits while the guns are cooling. The boring-mill contains thirty-one lathes, employed in turning, boring, and finishing cannon, besides other special machines for dressing irregular curves, which cannot be accomplished by ordinary turning or planing machines. The lathe constructed specially for the twenty inch guns is sixty feet long and eight feet wide, and weighs ninety thousand pounds. The boring tool does not revolve while the

gun is boring, but advances in the line of the axis of the gun while the latter is revolving. When all the lathes are in full work, the weight of guns in revolving motion at the same time exceeds four hundred tons. The lathes have turned, bored, and finished complete, eighteen heavy guns per week, viz.: two of fifteen inch, ten of ten inch, and six of eight inch; or at the rate of nine hundred guns per annum, requiring eleven thousand tons of melted iron.

"The casting and boring apartments contain twelve large cranes, eight of which are worked by steam power. Four of the latter are capable of lifting, lowering, and moving horizontally, forty-five tons each, and all others from fifteen to twenty tons each. By means of the steam-power cranes and other machinery, the heaviest guns are lifted out of the pits in which they are cast, and moved from place to place through successive lathes and machines until they are finished complete, when they are sent out of the works and loaded on railroad cars for distant transportation by steam-power alone.

"The machine used for testing the iron was invented by Major Wade, in 1844, and has since been enlarged and improved by Major Rodman. It is made to exert a force of one hundred thousand pounds, which is applied or removed with great facility by the simple turning of a hand crank, and it measures accurately to a single pound the resistance offered by the body under trial. It is arranged for measuring the resistance of metal to tensile, transverse, torsional, crushing, and bursting forces; for measuring extension, deflection, compression, and permanent set in either form of strain, and for determining the relative hardness of metals. The specific gravity is ascertained by a hydrometer, designed by Major Wade, which receives specimens of any weight not exceeding two pounds. It is exceedingly sensitive, and gives the weight lost by the specimen in distilled water, to the one-hundred-and-forty-thousandth part of the specimen weighed. Duplicates of these testing machines were obtained and sent to England for use in the Woolwich arsenal, by a special commission of English officers, who visited the United States in 1854, for the purpose of examining the machinery used in our national armories, duplicates of which, also, they procured for use in their public armory at

Enfield. The instruments used in verifying the dimensions of cannon are numerous and well devised. The Star Gauge which measures the diameter of the bore, the part in which the greatest accuracy is required, denotes differences so minute as the one-thousandth part of an inch. And such is the perfection of the boring machinery, and the skilfulness of the workmen now employed, that the variations from the prescribed diameter of the bore rarely exceed the one five-hundredth part of an inch. Government inspecting officers are present, and witness all the successive operations in the manufacture of cannon, from the selection of the iron for melting up to the completion of the gun, all of which they note and register. When the guns are finished, they are carefully inspected, weighed, and proved; and when they are received, the inspector stamps upon them the official marks of reception. The instrument by which they are weighed has a capacity of one hundred tons. A register of all the details of the manufacture of each cannon cast, and of all the tests made, is kept in the foundry books also. So that a minute and exact history of every gun in the public service is preserved in the ordnance offices at Washington, and at the foundries.

"There is probably no single establishment in the United States which attracted so much public attention during the war as the Fort Pitt Foundry. It was thronged daily with visitors. Many travelling strangers in passing would delay their journey a day or two in order to visit the Works. Distinguished military and naval officers from England, France, Spain, Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Prussia, Sardinia, and Austria, who had come from Europe to observe the operations of our armies in the field, or to note the progress of the war, and the manner of conducting it, came from Washington City for the special purpose of examining the Works, and of witnessing the casting of the monster cannon."

PETERSBURG MINE. Few events in the late war created more interest, or will be longer remembered, than the explosion of the celebrated Petersburg Mine. Such operations are not uncommon in the history of warfare, but this is the only instance, in the several wars prosecuted upon this continent, in which it has been resorted to. It has few of the horrors of close

conflict with artillery, or even infantry; yet, as the direful moment approached, it was awaited with breathless anxiety; and when, after a deep, rumbling sound, like the roll of heaven's artillery, or the awful voice of the storm, a great fort, with all its immense enginery of war, and the entire garrison, rose bodily far into the heavens, and then fell back and outwards in unthought of confusion,—soldiers buried beneath heavy guns, and the bowels of the earth thrust up to the sunlight, encompassing and covering all,—a feeling of wonder and amazement succeeded. The consternation inspired among the enemy was unbounded. Each looked at the other dumb with terror, seeming to inquire if his own foothold would yield, and for a considerable time no movements on either side were undertaken.

The man in whose brain the thought of this novel work originated, and by whom it was planned and executed, was Henry Pleasants; and the men who performed the tedious labor of excavating and constructing it were the men whom he commanded, the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania regiment. He was born on the 17th of February, 1833, in the city of Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic, South America. His father, John Pleasants, was a native of Philadelphia, descended from a Quaker family who settled early on the banks of the James; his mother, Nieves Silveira, of Spanish origin. During his boyhood and to the age of thirteen, he was in the Spanish and English schools of Buenos Ayres. His parents then returned to this country, and he entered the Philadelphia High School. Here he continued from July, 1846, to February, 1851, when he graduated, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and afterwards, in course, that of Master of Arts. He at once entered upon his chosen profession, that of a civil engineer, and was for seven years engaged upon the line of the Pennsylvania railroad. He subsequently went to the mining regions of Pennsylvania, taking up his residence at Pottsville, Schuylkill county.

When the war opened in 1861, he recruited a company, of which he was chosen Captain, that became Company C of the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania regiment. It was composed largely of miners, and of men familiar with mining operations. He was with Burnside in North Carolina, and with the Army of the

Potomac in the battles of Bull Run, Chantilly, South Mountain, and Antietam, and at Marye's Heights, in the battle of Fredericksburg, exhibited the most unhesitating bravery, receiving the promotion of Lieutenant-Colonel. He was with Hooker in his march to the shattered army of Rosecrans, and in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Georgia, did the most effective service.

Having returned to the Army of the Potomac, Burnside's corps stood ready, at the opening of May, to advance with the armies of Grant on the Wilderness campaign. Lieutenant-Colonel Pleasants was still in command of his regiment, and in the engagement before Spottsylvania Court House, he manœuvred his men so skilfully, as to capture two hundred of the enemy. Again on the 18th of June, 1864, when first arrived before Petersburg, and when strenuous efforts were being made by the Union army to carry the place by direct assault, he by a brilliant stroke captured over three hundred more.

The heroic efforts of the men in blue were unavailing in routing the enemy from their well-chosen positions, rapidly strengthened; and the operations settled down into the slow work of a siege. And now the commander of the Forty-eighth came forward with his plan of a mine. Just below the crest of Cemetery Hill, and opposite the Second division of the Ninth corps, the enemy had constructed a strong work. Colonel Pleasants proposed to start a mine just inside the Union line, run it under this work and blow it up, thereby opening a way for a rapid advance within, and the turning of the enemy's positions to right and left. On the 24th of June, 1864, he formally stated his plan to General Potter, and subsequently, in an interview with Generals Potter and Burnside, it was decided to undertake it, and he was ordered with the aid of his regiment to commence the work. Many of his men, having spent a good portion of their lives under ground, were entirely at home in such operations, and entered into the project with high zest. Beside, the idea of opening the gate to the coveted city in this way possessed a fascination which stimulated them to exertion, though encountering many inconveniences, and being subjected to much severe toil. Strange as it may seem, army officers looked askance at the author of this novel undertaking, and at the head-quarters of the army little

faith was exercised in the scheme, even the use of engineering instruments and the ordinary implements of toil being denied him.

The testimony of Colonel Pleasants before a committee of Congress discloses the feeling which prevailed, and the history of the enterprise:

"Can you fix the time when you mentioned the matter to General Burnside, when you commenced the work?"

"The work was commenced at twelve o'clock noon on the 25th of June, 1864. I saw General Burnside the night previous, and commenced the mine right off the next day."

"Did you have any communication with any other commanders on the subject?"

"No, sir."

"About how many men did you employ in the work?"

"My regiment was only about four hundred strong. At first I employed but a few men at a time, but the number was increased as the work progressed, until at last I had to use the whole regiment, non-commissioned officers and all. The great difficulty I had was to dispose of the material got out of the mine. I found it impossible to get any assistance from anybody; I had to do all the work myself. I had to remove all the earth in old cracker boxes. I got pieces of hickory and nailed on the boxes, and then iron-clad them with hoops taken from old pork and beef barrels."

"Why were you not able to get better instruments with which to construct so important a work?"

"I do not know. Whenever I made application I could not get anything, although General Burnside was very favorable to it. The most important thing was to ascertain how far I had to mine, because if I fell short of, or went beyond the proper place, the explosion would have no practical effect; therefore I wanted an accurate instrument with which to make the necessary triangulations. I had to make them on the furthest front line, where the enemy's sharpshooters could reach me. I could not get the instrument I wanted, although there was one at army head-quarters, and General Burnside had to send to Washington and get an old-fashioned theodolite, which was given to me."

"Do you know any reason why you could not have had the better instrument which was at army head-quarters?"

"I do not. I know this, that General Burnside told me that General Meade and Major Duane, chief engineer of the Army of the Potomac, said the thing could not be done; that it was all clap-trap and nonsense; that such a length of mine had never been excavated in military operations, and could not be; that I would either get the men smothered for want of air, or crushed by the falling of the earth; or the enemy would find it out, and it would amount to nothing. I could get no boards nor lumber supplied to me for my operations. I had to get a pass and send two companies of my own regiment with wagons outside of our lines to rebel sawmills and get lumber in that way, after having previously got what I could by tearing down an old bridge. I had no mining picks furnished me, but had to take common army picks and have them straightened."

"Was General Burnside the only officer who seemed to favor the mine?"

"The only officer of high rank, so far as I learned. General Burnside, the corps commander, and General Potter, the division commander, seemed to be the only high officers who believed in it."

"How long from the time that you commenced the mine did it take you to finish it?"

"I finished the whole thing, lateral galleries and all, ready to put the powder in on the 23d of July."

"How long would it have taken you had you been supplied with the proper tools and instruments?"

"I could have done it in one-third or one-fourth of the time. The greatest cause of the delay was taking the material out."

"How far did you have to carry it?"

"The whole length of the mine, and to where it could be deposited; and every night I had to get the pioneers of my regiment to cut bushes and cover it up, where it had been deposited; otherwise the enemy could have climbed up the trees in their lines and seen the pile of newly excavated earth."

"What was the length of the mine?"

"The main gallery was five hundred and ten and eight-tenths feet in length; the left lateral gallery was thirty-seven feet in length, and the right lateral gallery was thirty-eight feet. The magazines were to be placed in the lateral galleries."

"What were the dimensions of the galleries?"

"They varied at different places. I suppose the average was four and a half feet by four and a half feet."

"Did the enemy discover that you were mining them?"

"Deserters came into our lines from the enemy, who stated that they had found out where the mine was, and were trying to countermine. They said that some deserters from the Fifth corps in our army had told them about it. General Burnside ordered me to stop all work on a certain day on that account, and to listen for one day; but not hearing anything of the enemy, we resumed our work. I did not hear the enemy until I got right under the fort. They did a great deal of hammering. While I was propping up the mine that we had dug I made no noise. I had the timber all framed and notched outside of the mine, and it was put together by hand, without any blows."

"Was the mine placed directly under the fortification, or close by it?"

"It was exactly under it, except that the right lateral gallery made a little circular direction on account of avoiding a shaft which we supposed the enemy were making near by. It did not move out of line much, so that when the explosion took place it would tear up all around there."

"What amount of powder was used?"

"I called for twelve thousand pounds; they gave me eight thousand."

"What means did you take to consume the powder so that it would have the proper effect?"

"I had bags of sand interspersed with logs. There was no tamping between the magazines; it was left all open there so that there might be oxygen enough for the combustion of the powder. Outside the lateral galleries, in the main gallery, it was tamped."

"What means did you use to insure the explosion of the powder?"

"I used three lines of fuze called the blasting fuze. I asked for fuze, and they sent me the common blasting fuze. There were troughs running from one magazine to the other, half filled with powder; and then from where the two lateral galleries joined there were two troughs with fuzes in them. The troughs were

half filled with fine powder; then from a certain distance out was nothing but three fuzes without any powder. The fuze I received was cut in short pieces; some of them were only ten feet long."

"Was there any danger that it would not communicate at those parts where it was joined?"

"It did not, and had to be relighted."

"Who had the courage to go down into the mine and relight it?"

"I had a Lieutenant and a Sergeant with me in the mine when I lighted it the first time."

"How far did it go out?"

"I had a fuze about ninety feet long, and it burned about forty feet—the whole three fuzes."

"How long did you wait to find out whether it would explode?"

"I waited from a quarter after three, the time it was first lighted, until quarter after four, when it was relighted, and exploded at sixteen minutes to five."

"Could you not procure fuzes that were not spliced?"

"It was too late after the fuzes came. The mine was prepared and ready for the powder to be put in on the 23d of July, and the enemy was trying to find me out all this time; but I could not get powder to put in, or permission to put it in, until the 28th or 29th."

"What reason was given for that?"

"No reason at all; they were not ready, that was all. General Burnside told me he had not permission yet to explode it. I was afraid the enemy would find me out that week."

"You state that you prepared three fuzes and laid them?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why was that?"

"I wanted to make a certain thing of it; but all three of the lines were spliced, and all three went out. The whole of the tamping, putting in the powder, and everything, was completed at six P. M. on the 28th of July, and remained there until it was exploded on the morning of the 30th of July; and the powder, remaining there a day and a half in the mine, of course became damp."

"Did it not require some nerve to go in there and relight those fuzes?"

"At first it did; but afterwards we felt certain that the reason the mine did not explode was that the fuzes had gone out."

"Who went in to relight them?"

"Lieutenant Jacob Douty, First Lieutenant of Company K, Forty-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers, and Sergeant Henry Rees, now Second Lieutenant of Company F, of the same regiment."

From Colonel Pleasants' official report, the following additional particulars are given: "The charge consisted of three hundred and twenty kegs of powder, each containing about twenty-five pounds. It was placed in eight magazines, connected with each other by troughs half filled with powder.

"The mine was ventilated at first by having the fresh air go in along the main gallery as far as it was excavated, and to return charged with the gases generated by the breathing and exhalation of the workmen, by the burning of the candles, and by those liberated from the ground, along and in a square tube made of boards, and whose area was sixty inches. This tube led to a perpendicular shaft twenty-two feet high, out of which this vitiated air escaped. At the bottom of this shaft was placed a grating, in which a large fire was kept burning continually, which, by heating the air, rarefied it, and increased its current. Afterwards I caused the fresh air to be let in the above mentioned wooden tube to the end of the work, and the vitiated air to return by the gallery and out of the shaft, placing a partition with a door in the main gallery a little out of the shaft, to prevent its exit by the entrance of the mine. The latter plan was more advantageous, because the gases had to travel a less distance in the mine than before.

"The great difficulty to surmount was to ascertain the exact distance from the entrance of the mine to the enemy's works, and the course of these works. This was accomplished by making five separate triangulations, which differed but slightly in their result. These triangulations were made in our most advanced line, and within one hundred and thirty-three yards of the enemy's line of sharpshooters.

"The size of the crater formed by the explosion was at least two hundred feet long, fifty feet wide, and twenty-five feet deep.

"I stood on top of our breastworks and witnessed the effect of the explosion on the enemy. It so completely paralyzed them that the breach was practically four or five hundred yards in breadth. The rebels in the forts, both on the right and left of the explosion, left their works, and for over an hour not a shot was fired by their artillery. There was no fire of infantry from the front for at least half an hour; none from the left for twenty minutes, and but few shots from the right."

A writer in the *New York Herald*, in speaking of the secrecy with which the work was executed, says: "For a long time the project was unknown, even to those at whose side it was going on. It is true that reports were in circulation of a mine, but nobody could speak certainly of the matter. So much doubt was there, indeed, that for a time it was disbelieved that any such undertaking was on foot. One soldier in the breastworks, by whose side a ventilating shaft emerged, told his comrades in the most surprised manner that 'there was a lot of fellows under him a doing something; he knew there was, for he could hear 'em talk.' To guard against indiscretion on the part of the pickets, to prevent any meeting of our soldiers with the rebels, whereat the secret of the mine might be boastingly or imprudently disclosed, our pickets were ordered to fire continually. Hence the never ending fusilade on the front of the Ninth Corps, so incomprehensible to the other corps, and which was often referred to in newspaper paragraphs. The enemy, doubtless, suspected at first that the undermining was going on; but when several weeks elapsed without any demonstration, their suspicions began to vanish, especially as their engineers must have thought the plan unfeasible."

It was with feelings of the deepest anxiety that Colonel Pleasants took his place upon the parapet of the works and watched for the result of the explosion. Darkness was over and around all. Thirty thousand troops were assembled in close proximity, and were still noiselessly moving up. The time calculated for burning of the fuze came, but no explosion. For an hour the anticipated shock was awaited. The mine was entered, the

defect in the fuze discovered, it was relighted, and now the word passes from the lips of Colonel Pleasants, and it speeds on the telegraphic wires, that in a certain number of minutes and seconds the powder will be reached. At the precise second foretold, the fort rose and quickly settled away, leaving a vast column of smoke and dust, which for some time obscured all about the crater. The division of troops assigned to lead went forward, and were followed by others; but with feeble stroke. Failing to push on beyond the crater, confusion ensued, more troops being crowded into the rebel works than could be used. The terror inspired by the upheaval passed away, and being reassured, the enemy pushed up on all sides with great energy, and rendered all possibility of gaining an advantage futile. On the day previous to the assault, General Meade modified the plan of General Burnside, directing that the colored troops which he had specially trained for many days in the evolutions necessary for entering and turning the rebel works, and who had not been exposed to sharpshooting at the front, and consequently had not acquired the habit of seeking shelter at every opportunity, should not be employed, and that one of the white divisions should be taken in its place. This derangement of plan, upon the very eve of so important an undertaking, apparently had a disastrous effect. Added to this, there was a lack of energy in pushing forward the leading division. But, for this failure, neither Colonel Pleasants nor his intrepid regiment were in any way answerable. The mine which he had planned and had seen executed under his eye, and by his ceaseless care, was entirely successful, and with marvellous exactness had produced the result which he had predicted.

Though having little faith in the project, and giving little countenance to its execution, when the explosion had taken place and had accomplished all that the most sanguine could have wished, General Meade hastened to make recognition of the service rendered by Colonel Pleasants, in the following general order: "The Commanding General takes great pleasure in acknowledging the valuable services rendered by Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Pleasants, Forty-eighth regiment Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers, and the officers and men of his command, in the ex-

cavation of the mine which was successfully exploded on the morning of the 30th ultimo, under one of the enemy's batteries in front of the Second division of the Ninth Army Corps. The skill displayed in the laying out and construction of the mine reflects great credit upon Lieutenant-Colonel Pleasants, the officer in charge, and the willing endurance, by the officers and men of the regiment, of the extraordinary labor and fatigue involved in the prosecution of the work to completion, is worthy of the highest praise."

After the failure in the assault, the army settled down to the varied duty of siege operations, in which Colonel Pleasants participated with his accustomed fidelity and skill, till the end of his term in December following, when he was mustered out of service. Immediately after the successful result of the mine was known, President Lincoln, desirous of showing him a mark of esteem, ordered that the brevet rank of Colonel be bestowed upon him: but this he declined. In October following he was commissioned Colonel of the Forty-eighth regiment; but on account of insufficiency of men in his command, he was not mustered. On the 13th of March, 1865, he was brevetted Brigadier-General by the President, for distinguished services at the Petersburg mine, in which he was confirmed by the Senate, and this distinction he accepted. General Pleasants, from leading an active out-door life, has always enjoyed excellent health. He is a little above the medium height, and well preserved. He was married on the 6th of June, 1866, to Miss Annie E. Shaw, of Lexington, Kentucky.

For two years past he has occupied the position of Chief Engineer of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company, which he still continues to hold. He is at present engaged in one of the most important engineering projects ever undertaken in this country—the excavation of two vertical shafts through rock, to the mammoth coal vein. The drilling is done by machinery driven by compressed air, and applied by diamonds attached to the drilling bits. These are the first shafts ever made in this way in the world. One of them has already attained a depth of seven hundred feet.

LIBBY PRISON TUNNEL. An exploit which gained great notoriety at the time of its occurrence, both North and South, was the opening of the Libby Tunnel, which offered to the inmates of that loathsome and detested place free egress to the streets of Richmond, at a point beyond the path of the sentinel's tread. At the writer's request, Brevet Brigadier-General Thomas E. Rose, of the Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania regiment, the originator and moving spirit in its execution prepared a full and circumstantial account, which is given below substantially as he wrote it. No correct history of this thrilling event—which presented the novel spectacle of the inmates of a great prison, in the midst of a populous city, with keepers watchful and sentinels marching, walking off unchallenged—has ever been published; only the merest outlines mingled with many entirely erroneous statements having ever been given:

"I was captured at the battle of Chickamauga, Georgia, on the 20th of September, 1863, and taken to Richmond, Virginia. On my way thither, I escaped at Weldon, North Carolina, and after wandering about for a day, seeking a route to the nearest post of Union troops, I was recaptured by some rebel cavalry that came upon me accidentally. I was suffering at the time from the effects of a broken foot, which caused me to be too slow in reaching a place of concealment. I was taken thence to Libby, arriving about the 1st of October, 1863, and received my first greeting of 'fresh fish,' that being the cry of the prisoners upon the notice of the latest arrival. I soon set about devising means of escape. At that time there were about two thousand prisoners in Libby. The windows were without bars, and the prison was insufficiently guarded. The officers consisted of the two Turners, Ross the clerk, the Adjutant, three Sergeants, one overseer of negro laborers, one officer of the guard, and sixteen enlisted men, making in all only twenty-five men. I thought that the whole party could be captured without alarm, and for this purpose organized a society among the prisoners, called the COUNCIL OF FIVE. The whole number who joined in the league was 420.

"Before the plan was fairly perfected, a notice was published in the Richmond papers, that a plot had been discovered among the prisoners to overpower the guard and prison officers, burn the

JAMES A. BEAVER.
Col. 148th Reg. Brevt Brig. Gen.

SAMUEL B. M. YOUNG.
Col. 4th Cav. 64th Reg. Brevt Brig. Gen.

EDMUND L. DANA.
Col. 143d Reg. Brevt Brig. Gen.

THOMAS E. ROSE.
Col. 77th Reg. Brevt Brig. Gen.

JOHN S. LITTELL.
Col. 76th Reg. Brevt Brig. Gen.

Engd by Geo. E. Perine New York.

city of Richmond, and escape to the Yankee lines. Whether this publication had allusion to our league or not, I do not know. Our organization was carried on with strict secrecy, and unless some one of our number divulged the plan, it was impossible for the prison officers to have found it out. My opinion is, and was then, that the publication alluded to was the result of a mere suspicion; and the fact that our league was in existence was only a coincidence. At any rate the measures taken by the rebels, immediately after, prevented us from making the attempt. The doors were made more secure, the windows were closed with iron grating, and the guard was largely reinforced. I then attempted to escape by way of the carpenter shop, a room on the ground-floor of the prison, supposed to be inaccessible to the prisoners. This room I reached by tearing up a plank in the floor, and lowering a rope into the shop from the room above. I was assisted in this by Captain A. J. Hamilton, a native of Pennsylvania, but who belonged to the Twelfth Kentucky cavalry. The rope used was given to me by Major Harry White, of the Sixty-seventh Pennsylvania infantry. The rope was first obtained from General Neal Dow. About that time the Union government sent a quantity of clothing to our prisoners at Richmond, and this rope came around one of the bales. General Neal Dow, Colonel Von Schrader, and Captain Boyd, Assistant Quartermaster, prisoners, had been selected by the rebels to issue this clothing, and they had by this means secured the rope. This rope was of immense importance in all our subsequent operations. It was an inch rope and nearly one hundred feet in length. The door of the carpenter shop was always open, and the plan was, when once down there, to stand by the door on the inside of the shop, and when the sentinel had just passed the door, to slip out while his back was in that direction, and walk off. There were several in the plot, but of course we could only escape singly, and I was to make the first attempt. I made the venture one very dark and stormy night. I easily passed the first sentinel, but unfortunately was seen by the second, who happened just at that moment to be facing towards me. He seemed to suppose that something was wrong and called out to the first, who, on hearing his name, faced about and saw me. My only chance to

escape being shot or captured, was to run back into the shop, which was as dark as Erebus, and climb the rope into the room above. The sentinel called for the corporal of the guard, but before he could enter the carpenter shop and strike a light, I had drawn up the rope and replaced the plank. As there were some workmen sleeping in one end of the shop, the corporal must have supposed that one of them had tried to pass, as he soon gave up the search and did not enter the room above.

"I went down into the shop several times afterwards, but found it impossible to escape in that direction. Once while down there I was discovered by one of the workmen. I seized a broad-axe with the intention of braining him if he attempted to call the guard, but he went to bed, blew out his light, and begged me not to come in there again. I was fearful that he would afterwards expose me, but if he ever attempted to do so, the guards paid no attention to his report, as I never observed any additional vigilance.

"During my visits to the carpenter shop I secured some tools. They consisted of two chisels, some files, a kind of crow-bar, a hatchet, an auger, a hand-saw, a ripping-saw, and a carpenter's square. The rebels allowed us to send out and buy case-knives to cut our food, and clothes-lines to hang our clothes on to dry. All these things were more or less used in subsequent operations. The carpenter tools were kept secreted in blankets whenever the inspector of the prison was about. My next plan was to escape from the room under the hospital. This also was a ground-floor room.

"The Libby prison was a strong brick building extending in an easterly and westerly direction probably 160 feet, and northerly and southerly about 100 feet. It consisted of three equal divisions formed by strong walls running transversely from the ground up. The prison was four stories high. The ground-floor was on a level with the bank of the canal, on which was a wide paved street. The floor of the second story was on a level with Cary street. The prison was bounded on all sides by streets, along all of which sentinels were placed. The street or alley that bounded the east end of the prison was not graded or paved. We generally considered this a vacant lot, as no persons except guards ever passed

through it. All the other streets were paved and graded. The three rooms on the ground-floor were not used by the prisoners, those at the two ends of the building being storerooms, and the centre one the carpenter's shop mentioned above. On the second floor the room at the west end was used by the rebels as an office, that in the middle as a cooking-room for the prisoners, and those at the east end as a prisoners' hospital. In the third and fourth stories the prisoners were quartered.

"The cook-room, the middle one on the second floor as already mentioned, was accessible to all the prisoners at all hours. It was from this room that access was gained to the carpenter shop by raising the plank in the floor. It was also from this room that all subsequent operations were commenced and carried on. To gain the carpenter shop required but little skill; but to reach the ground-floor of the eastern division was a very delicate operation. It was evident, however, that if an escape was to be made it must be from this room, as it was at all times dark therein, and it was seldom visited by the rebels either day or night.

"The plan to get into this room was to cut through the wall separating the middle from the eastern division of the building, diagonally across the plane of the floors beginning above that in the cooking-room, and ending below that in the room underneath the hospital in the eastern division of the building. To do this without the aperture being discovered was no easy task.

"Near the north end of the cooking-room in the wall separating the middle from the eastern division was a small dirty fireplace, in the mouth of which was a cooking-stove of considerable size used by the prisoners. It was in this fireplace that Captain Hamilton and myself commenced operations. We first moved the stove a little away from the mouth of the fireplace; then took out the dirt and placed it carefully in a gum blanket; taking a chisel and the crow-bar we cut away the bottom of the fireplace for several inches, then worked diagonally through the wall to a point under the floor of the hospital. We were obliged to make no noise whatever in doing all this; for one of the sentinels was just outside the door within ten feet of where we were. We were obliged to take out all of the front bricks without fracture so that they could be replaced; for it was through this door that the

prison inspector entered every day, and the first object he met on entering was this fireplace and stove. It therefore took a good many nights before we got this hole cut completely through. We could only work from about ten o'clock in the evening, when the last of the prisoners would retire, to four o'clock in the morning, when the first would begin to come down to cook.

"As the morning hour approached, we would carefully replace every brick, and then put back the dirt, making the fireplace look as if it had never been disturbed. We would then replace the stove in its proper position, go up-stairs, conceal our tools, and go to bed. Thus we worked until at length we had cut a pretty large aperture in the wall, and I prepared myself to go through to the ground-floor of the eastern division. I did not think the hole was large enough to pass without trouble; but from the narrowness of the fireplace in one direction, and of the wall itself on the other, Hamilton was of the opinion that the hole could not be made any larger without discovery. I also thought I could squeeze through, small as it was, and see how matters looked in that room. I brought forward the rope already described, fastened it securely to one of the brace posts in the room, and lowered it through the aperture to the ground-floor. I then entered it feet foremost, at the same time seizing the rope. As soon as my feet and legs were fairly dangling below, the inevitable law of gravitation forced my body into the hole as tight as a wedge. The fireplace was so narrow, and my body in such a position in consequence of the abruptness of the wall, that I could not use my arms, and of course I could not use my feet; so that I was perfectly helpless. Of all the tight places that I ever was in, either figuratively or literally, before or since, that took the lead. I whispered to Hamilton that I was wedged so tight that I feared the whole Southern Confederacy could not loosen me.

"He was a powerful man, and grasped my left wrist with both his hands; while with my right hand I endeavored to help myself. He pulled with the strength of a giant, but it was of no use. I could not be budged an inch. He then left me sticking in the hole and ran up-stairs, awakened Major Fitzsimmons of the Thirtieth Indiana infantry, conducted him to the place, and they two after several vigorous efforts managed to pull me out. As

soon as they had forced me a little over the angle of the wall, I came out very easily, and as they gave another tremendous pull, I came up so light that we all three fell upon the floor with a prodigious noise. The sentinel who walked in front of the door, and the next one to him, seemed startled and confused. The prisoners up-stairs awoke and called to each other to inquire the cause of the crash. We all three lay where we fell perfectly motionless and almost breathless, for fear we would be discovered. The corporal of the guard did not come into the room; and as soon as all was quiet again, we rose, replaced the bricks, dirt, and stove as quickly as possible, slipped up-stairs and went to bed, very much fatigued and considerably discouraged. The next day I went down into the cooking-room, and while pretending to cook at the stove so as not to attract the attention of the prisoners to my real object, examined the fireplace very minutely, and finally came to the conclusion that it could be deepened considerably and perhaps a very little widened, so that by entering the hole sidewise it could be easily passed. I did not get much reputation as a cook while I was making these observations, but when they were ended, I went up-stairs and communicated my conclusions to Hamilton. That night as soon as darkness came on we prepared ourselves for the work, and by twelve o'clock, by the call of the sentinel, the aperture was enlarged so that by passing down with my shoulders in a vertical instead of horizontal direction, as I had attempted the night before, I reached the ground-floor room of the eastern division. The darkness therein was perfect, but I examined every part of the room by feeling, then climbed up the rope and pulled myself through the hole in the wall without assistance. It was then that the problem was solved and the escape, with reasonable prudence, only a question of time.

"Here then the work commenced. The rope was now made into a ladder with wooden braces, and fixed in such a manner that any one could go up and down into the cellar—as we called that room—without incurring the risks that I had run in being obliged to climb the single rope. It was also rolled up and placed in the interior of the aperture to build the wall upon instead of a large number of the bricks, and answered even a better purpose than to have used all every day. The next day I organized a

working party, consisting of the following named persons: Major Fitzsimmons, of the Thirtieth Indiana; Captains Gallaher, of the Second Ohio; Lucas, of the Fifth Kentucky; Clarke, of the Seventy-ninth Illinois; Johnson, of the Sixth Kentucky; Major McDonald, of the One Hundred and First Ohio infantry; Lieutenants Fistler, of the Twelfth Indiana artillery; Mitchell, of the Seventy-ninth Illinois infantry; Garbet, of the Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania infantry; Ludlow, of the United States artillery; Clifford, of the United States infantry; Costin, of the United States infantry; Wallack, of the Fifty-first Indiana infantry; with Captain A. J. Hamilton, Twelfth Kentucky cavalry, and myself, to superintend and direct the work.

"My first plan was to go under the foundation of the prison building by digging alongside the wall, and then into a large sewer that we knew ran parallel with the canal, and about thirty feet south of the prison building. We had often seen laborers go down into this sewer, and I judged it to be about seven feet in diameter on the inside. We commenced digging just behind the partitioned corner in the southeast side of the room. The stone pavement in the floor of the room was raised and relaid in places every night to conceal the dirt. We soon got to the bottom of the stone work of the building, but found that it rested on piles. To cut through these piles with the tools we had to work with was a tremendous undertaking; but we toiled at it night after night until at last we got entirely through, and began digging towards the large sewer already mentioned.

"From the time we had commenced cutting through the piles, we had been very much interrupted by the water running into our tunnel. We managed to bail it out, but as we dug farther into the sand the water accumulated until at last a very heavy stream rushed in so as to completly drive us out of the tunnel. Long before this time one after another of the party had quit the work, and a few others whose names I have lost took their places, only to work a short time, and then give up as the others had done, thinking the object hopeless. Finally, Hamilton and myself were left alone. We two then tried another plan. At the southeast corner of the building was a trough that came down from above on the inside to carry off the prison filth. By examination we found

that it went into the ground, and of course it must reach the main sewer somewhere. We first dug down to the end of this trough, and found a small sewer leading through the wall. This was too small, however, to admit the passage of a man. It was made of wood, and we tore it out and endeavored to get through the wall. While we were removing the dirt from the aperture, the pavement on the outside of the prison building, where the sentinel walked, caved in. This of course was caused by our having taken away the plank sewer. We heard the rattling of the bricks and the call of the sentinel for the corporal of the guard. Of course we got away from there as quickly and quietly as possible. The next day we looked through the gratings of the windows from above, and saw the prison officers inspecting the place on the outside, and some negro laborers repairing the damage we had done. How it was that they did not discover anything wrong I never could imagine. We listened intently and overheard them saying something about rats, but could not hear enough of the conversation to make out whether they had any suspicion of the true cause or not. We had secreted the planks of the sewer where they could not easily find them. The next night I went down into the ground-floor room of the eastern division very cautiously, knowing that if the rebels had made any discoveries they would set a trap to catch me when I came into this room; but I found it as silent and tenantless as ever. We had now been working more than two months, and many interesting events had taken place during that time; many have passed from my memory and those that I do recall are too numerous to mention in this narrative.

"It was at this time that my friend Hamilton gave up all hope of final success. It did seem to be hopeless on account of the difficulty of getting men to work. I did not despair, but resolved, if possible, to organize another party and dig straight through from near the northeast corner of the room to a yard, enclosed by a high board fence directly across the unpaved street or alley that bounded the east end of the building. This point being near Cary street, we would of course have plenty of earth between us and the surface so that the tunnel would not cave in, and at the same time be several feet more elevated than we were while

working in the former tunnel. Besides, it was a dryer locality, so that we would not be troubled with water. The only objection that I had to this plan was, that when we made our exit from the tunnel we would not be perfectly safe from being seen by the sentinels. Still the yard where the exit would be was closed on three sides by tenantless buildings, and on one side by a very high board fence, so that a dozen men would not be seen in the yard unless by accident. Through the building that stood on the south side of this yard was a gateway for carriages, and this gateway was about twenty feet from the end of the beat of the nearest sentinel, at a point that he was not required to guard; besides the other end of his beat was full sixty or seventy feet from this gateway. A man therefore could watch when the sentinel's back was turned, then slip out at the gate, and get some distance away before the sentinel would turn to come back towards the gate. In fact he could turn the corner of the building on the east end of the yard and be out of sight by walking quickly.

"This plan therefore was the best that I could adopt, if not the only one that had any promise of success. Accordingly the next day I had a consultation with some of the prisoners. None of them seemed to have much hope, but several of them said they would work if for no other purpose than to 'pass away the time,' as exchange was despaired of and prison life had become exceedingly irksome. I therefore organized a party composed as follows: Major Fitzsimmons, of the Thirtieth Indiana; Captains Clarke, of the Seventy-ninth Illinois; Gallaher, of the Second Ohio; Randall, of the Second Ohio; Lucas, of the Fifth Kentucky; Johnson, of the Sixth Kentucky; Major McDonald, of the One Hundred and First Ohio; Lieutenants Fistler, of the Twelfth Indiana; Mitchell, of the Seventy-ninth Illinois; Simpson, of the Tenth Indiana; Garbet, of the Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania; Foster, of the Twenty-ninth Indiana artillery; and McKeon, of the Forty-fourth Illinois infantry; with Captain A. J. Hamilton and myself to superintend and direct the work.

"The first thing was to cut a hole through the wall of the prison. This task was assigned to McDonald and Clarke. As already mentioned this room was seldom visited by the rebels

either day or night—at night I may say never. When they did come in during the day, which sometimes was not once in a week, it would be to stay but for a few moments. To a person coming in from out-doors it was very dark even in the middle of a bright day, so that he could see but a few feet in any direction, and as the room was 100 feet in length, a person standing in the north end was secure from being seen by the person entering from without. To a person entering this room in the night, however, and staying there all day, as Hamilton or I often did, and sometimes both of us together, it was light enough to see to do any kind of work. Many a time I have seen the rebels come in there and stand and look directly at us, and frequently look exactly in my direction. To my accustomed eyes it was nearly as light as day, but to them it was dark as night, especially towards the north end of the room, where I always took care to stand when any one came in. If they stayed too long, or came too far into the room, I would lie down behind the straw, a bale of hay, or whatever happened to be at hand. It was therefore resolved that the cutting of the wall should be done in the daytime, for two reasons: if we worked at night we would be obliged to use a candle, which might be seen through the cracks of the door which opened towards the canal; again if we worked in the daytime we could make as much noise with our tools as we pleased, and it would not be noticed by the rebels or by the other prisoners, on account of the noise throughout the building and in the streets.

"This last consideration was of immense importance, because we could cut through the wall in one-tenth part of the time by not being obliged to do it without noise. It was on this account, and being obliged to take the bricks out without fracture, that Hamilton and I were so long in cutting through the first wall. Another consideration in favor of working in the daytime was, that we could work the whole day through without interruption; whereas at night we could only work from three to four hours, as already explained. Accordingly, that night McDonald and Clarke were provided with the tools used in cutting the first wall, and as soon as the prisoners had retired to sleep, I went down with them into the cooking-room, opened the hole in the fireplace, and we three descended to the ground-floor room. I

showed them the point I had selected to commence operations, and after remaining and conversing a little time went up the ladder to the cooking-room, drew it up after me, put it in its place, rebuilt the wall in the fireplace, replaced the dirt and the stove, and left McDonald and Clarke to their fate as had been done to Hamilton and myself on many an occasion before.

"The next morning I was up early and went to the windows where I could see whether any of the rebels would enter the ground-floor room of the eastern division. Either Hamilton or myself were on watch all day, and as night came on we had the satisfaction of knowing that the workmen had not been disturbed in their labors. As soon as the prisoners had all retired, Hamilton and myself went down into the cooking-room, took the dirt from the hearth, opened the wall and let down the ladder, when McDonald and Clarke came up and reported that they had been successful.

"I then went down and found that they had cut a hole entirely through the wall of sufficient size to admit a very large man easily. Going up into the lower middle room I gave a preconcerted signal, that would not be noticed by any of the prisoners except my own party. It was for the first relief of the working party to turn out. I preceded them and directed them to the aperture in the wall which had been cut by McDonald and Clarke. A blanket was now spread in the form of a screen so that the light of the candle could not be seen through the cracks of the door in the south end of the room, outside of which a sentinel walked his beat. We then took one of the chisels, a pretty broad one, and commenced digging.

"The earth we dug through was composed of compact sand, nearly as hard as a rock. There was therefore no danger of caving in; and the tunnel was dry as I had supposed. We made very rapid progress until we had proceeded about fifteen feet, when the air became so vitiated as to support life but a very short time. The flame of the candle would then expire, and the digger would be obliged to crawl out of the tunnel; notwithstanding, one man stood constantly at the mouth driving fresh air into it with a rude fan, constructed for the purpose. Still we made comparatively rapid progress. One night I dug six feet with my

own hands. In order to draw the dirt out of the tunnel as it was dug, we used a wooden spittoon with a clothes-line tied to it so that the digger could pull it in to him while at work, and the man at the mouth of the tunnel could pull it out when filled, a double line being continuous. My whole party was divided into reliefs of five men each, so that the same set of men went down to work every third night.

"Of the five men who composed a relief, it was the duty of one of them to stand guard in the cooking-room. It was his duty to draw up the ladder, build up the wall, replace the dirt after the others came up, also to open the hole and let down the ladder before the others came down to the cooking-room. It was also his duty, when any of the relief were working in the daytime, to stand guard at one of the windows in the prison above, and notice whether any of the rebels entered where they were at work, and see if they were discovered and captured; and to make his report to me, so that I should know whether I could send down the next relief with safety. The other four men of the relief went down to the tunnel. Of these one man dug in the tunnel and filled the spittoon. Another pulled the spittoon out, emptied it into a second and notified the digger to pull it back. A third man took the second spittoon and placed the dirt under the straw. The remaining man of the relief fanned fresh air into the tunnel. They were allowed to take turns at the different kinds of work, except the man who stood guard in the cooking-room; but they did not generally do it, each man being most expert at his own part.

"They went to work generally about ten o'clock P. M. Taps were always sounded at nine, when, of course, the lights went out; but the prisoners did not generally all retire until ten o'clock. As soon as they retired, I sent the relief down. They always worked until four o'clock A. M., by the call of the sentinels, when they would come up and go to bed. The guard then performed his duty as explained. Sometimes the whole four would remain down and work all day, in which case the guard in the cooking-room would draw up the ladder, rebuild the wall, replace the dirt and stove, and go to bed, but as soon as it was light he would go to the window and watch all day.

"This was considered extremely hazardous, however, and was not often done. It more frequently happened that one or two of the four would stay down all day and do what work they could, in which case the others would go up at four o'clock A. M., and the guard would perform the same duty as when the whole relief stayed down. We proceeded in this manner for some time, when an event occurred which effectually put a stop to our work in the daytime, and which greatly embarrassed all our operations. It was always the custom of the prison officers to count off or call the roll of the prisoners every day. The manner up to this time had been to cause the prisoners to stand up in four ranks exactly covering their files; then Ross, the clerk, would pass down the front rank from the right of the line to the left and count the files. As long as they pursued this method we had no difficulty in accounting for absentees; because if a man belonged to a file that had been counted, all he had to do, if he was in the rear rank, was to stoop and run quickly to the left of the line before Ross got there, and stand up in another file, when he would be counted by Ross a second time. Thus, almost any number of men could be accounted for, and thus our party used at first to do when any of them were below. Other prisoners used to see us doing this thing, and thought we were doing it for fun—devilment they called it; and they got to doing the same thing—for devilment sure enough. The consequence was that Ross could not make the same count by from twenty to thirty, two days alike, and towards the last we did not take the trouble to account for our men at all, Ross seemed so careless about it. All of a sudden one day, without the slightest previous intimation, the prison officers changed their plan. It was to cause all the prisoners to go into the eastern division of the building, place guards at the doors, and then call the roll. As soon as a prisoner answered to his name he was obliged to pass through the door into one of the other divisions. There was therefore no possible chance of accounting for an absentee.

"On the day that the rebels adopted this plan, Johnson and McDonald were down below at the tunnel. The day before I was down myself. Dick Turner was calling the roll. Everything went well until he called out I. N. Johnson, I. N. Johnson,

I. N. Johnson, I. N. Johnson; but nobody answered. The next name was then called, answered, and the man passed out, and so on everything went smoothly as before, until the name of B. B. McDonald was called, when the same result followed as in the case of I. N. Johnson. The remaining names of the prisoners were then called and answered, and the eastern division was cleared. Turner then went through the rooms calling the names of the missing prisoners for some time, but of course he could not find the absentees.

This affair caused me considerable concern, as it awakened not only a great curiosity among the prison officials, but also among the prisoners themselves. One of the prisoners told Turner that he had seen Johnson the day before. This gave me additional uneasiness. The next night as soon as it was safe I went down and opened the aperture in the wall. Johnson and McDonald came up, and the facts were immediately communicated to them. They asked my advice as to what they had better do. There were only two plans for them to pursue. One was to face the music, and tell the prison officials the most ingenious story they could invent. The other was to remain concealed every day down below. McDonald immediately chose the former course; but Johnson chose the latter. I was not in favor of this, because the excitement would be continually kept up, while in the former it would soon die away; besides it was extremely dangerous to the whole enterprise for Johnson to remain below; but he insisted upon it. Thenceforward Johnson came up-stairs every night, and went below and remained concealed every day. The next day McDonald was called to account. He told the prison officials that he had been concealed in the upper west room, where he had been asleep, and was afraid to come down to answer to his name. He was dismissed without punishment, and we tried to prevail upon Johnson to do the same thing; but he refused. The consequence was, that he was obliged to remain concealed until the final escape was made. There was no more work done during the daytime after this; still we made considerable progress.

" When we had extended the tunnel about thirty-eight or forty feet, some of the workmen got it into their heads that we had

reached the desired point inside the enclosure across the alley. I tried to convince them of the absurdity of the notion. They, however, insisted upon it, and among the most positive was McDonald. Hamilton, I believe, was also of this opinion. To ascertain the space we had to pass under was not an easy matter. We could only see this street or vacant lot from the windows of the third and fourth stories at the east end of the building, and as these windows were closed with iron bars, we could not see the whole width of the street. It therefore looked much narrower than it really was. I had, however, taken observation of this street some months before, when there were no bars in any of the windows. Besides, even yet, there were one or two points from which I could trace the beats of the sentinels from the corners of the yard opposite to near the corners of the prison building. It was seldom that any sentinel would walk entirely to the corner of the yard opposite: they generally turned within about ten feet of it; but they did occasionally do so; particularly the one at the southeast corner. When any sentinel did walk the whole distance, I counted his paces as far as I could see him approach the prison building. By placing my head close against the bars, I could see the sentinel on the northeast corner make generally eighteen paces; and the sentinel at the southeast corner fifteen to sixteen paces. The latter being so much lower than the former, I could not see him, from my point of observation, approach so near the building. By sitting in the window and making a great many careful observations, I came to the conclusion that one walked about ten feet more than I could see, and the other about fifteen feet. I had no other instrument than the carpenter's square, but by measuring the height of the stories I soon determined the distance from the window to each of the sentinel's beats, and finally arrived at a pretty accurate estimate of the distance we had to dig, and I knew very well we had not dug far enough yet. The principal cause of their belief that we had extended the tunnel far enough was this: there was a point in the tunnel where the tread of the sentinel appeared to all of us to be directly overhead; and this point was much nearer the prison building or mouth of the tunnel than to the point reached. We all supposed that the path of the sentinel was in the middle of the street. Hence their conclusion.

"By this time our progress had become much slower than at first, principally from the fact that the digger had to crawl so far every time he came out for fresh air, and had to come out so much oftener; for, as the tunnel extended, the flame of the candle expired quicker. I knew that if an aperture was made to the surface, however small, the difference of temperature between the atmosphere outside and that in the room, where the mouth of the tunnel was, would cause a current to pass through it, and thus obviate the necessity for the digger to crawl out so often for fresh air. I therefore took the matter pretty easy when they talked about digging upward to the surface. I did not agree to it, however, for I feared the sentinel might discover it by the noise, though I did not apprehend much danger, for I remembered too well the affair of the caving in of the pavement on the south side of the building. One night the second relief was going to work; of this relief McDonald was the digger. I had dug the night before and had worked hard to extend the tunnel as far as possible. McDonald insisted on striking at once towards the surface. I told him that I wanted it distinctly understood that they were not far enough by at least fifteen or twenty feet; but he might go cautiously to the surface to let fresh air into the tunnel, and to satisfy himself of the fact. I then went up-stairs and retired.

"About one o'clock A. M., McDonald came to me in great consternation, and told me the whole thing was discovered. I rose up and asked him to explain how that was. He said that he had dug a hole out, as he expressed it, and had come right to the feet of the sentinel. He said if it was not already discovered that it would be without fail when daylight came. I asked him if they had closed the hole in the fireplace; he said 'No, that is played out,' using his own phrase. I told him to come along with me and we would go down and give the place a little examination. I felt certain that the statement, that he had come right up to the feet of the sentinel, was as erroneous as was the belief that we had got far enough when he commenced to dig out to the surface. We went below and into the tunnel. As soon as I entered I noticed that the tread of the sentinel did sound very loud, and exactly at the other end of the tunnel. I went to the place, however, and quickly discovered that the opening was not within

ten feet of the sentinel's path. The air in the tunnel, as I had expected, was now pure and delightful, so that one could stay in any length of time. The orifice at the surface was very little larger than a rat-hole, and was on the slope of a bench where the ground fell off abruptly towards the yard opposite in a southeast direction. It was therefore the most unlikely thing in the world for the sentinel to discover it, besides the earth was as hard as a rock entirely to the surface, so that the orifice would not become any larger; but in order to prevent this effectually, I took one of my working garments and shoved it into the hole, so as not only to prevent it from getting larger, but to keep any one from the outside discovering it.

"We then went up-stairs to bed. Hamilton went down with Johnson and closed the wall and replaced the dirt and the stove. The next night the third relief went down with me, but very reluctantly. They seemed afraid to have the orifice opened at the surface in order to let the fresh air in. It made the tread of the sentinel sound so loud that they were afraid he would also hear them while dragging the spittoon through the tunnel. The next night the first relief went down, and I did the digging. After this it was very evident to all that the escape would be made, at least that the tunnel would be a success. McDonald and I were, by great odds, the best diggers of the party. McDonald dug a great deal more earth than I did, but he never made such an extent of tunnel from the fact that I always lay perfectly flat while digging and made my part very low and narrow. He, on the contrary, sat upright to dig and made his part very wide and high. It was at this time that McDonald and I concluded to finish the tunnel alone, taking turns at digging. In two nights from this time we went through into the yard and out at the surface. As soon as the hole was opened, I went out into the yard, thence down to the gate, opened it and out into the street that ran along the canal. I then went back. We closed up the end of the tunnel, and went up-stairs to bed. Hamilton secured the fireplace.

"For several days previous to this, we had been making our arrangements for taking our departure from the prison. Our plan was this: each one of the working party was to select a

friend from among the other prisoners, to take with him. This would make thirty in all to escape the first night. We were all to assemble in the ground-floor room of the eastern division. The working party were to pass out first, headed by myself and Hamilton. Our friends were then to follow. I then arranged to leave the ladder in charge of Colonel Hobart, of a Wisconsin regiment. He was to bring out a party the next night after our escape. By this time we had found means of accounting for absentees at roll-call, by parties slipping into the eastern division above stairs after their names had been called, then answering to other names, and passing out the second time. In this manner Hobart's party were to account for us the next day and then get others to account for his party in like manner after they should escape.

"On the night of the 9th of February, 1864, my whole party, with our friends, assembled in the room so frequently mentioned as the ground-floor room of the eastern division. This was as soon as it began to get dark. Lieutenant Mitchell of the working party refused to go. A Colonel of the Twenty-third Michigan (name lost) went in his place. After they were all assembled I started out, followed immediately by Hamilton. I opened the mouth of the tunnel, walked down to the gate, opened it, then went back to the tunnel and told Hamilton to come on. We then went together down to the gate and as soon as the sentinel's back was turned slipped out, walked down the street along the canal to the first corner, then went north two squares and turned east one square. At this point we encountered some rebel soldiers that were guarding a hospital. I went right on, but Hamilton turned back, and we became separated. I did not see him again for several months. How the others came out I only know from report. I know, however, that they all passed out of the tunnel safely. The plan to have been adopted by Colonel Hobart failed. Hamilton and I passed out about seven and a half or eight o'clock in the evening. We started as soon as it got dark. Of course the escape of our party soon became generally known among the prisoners and caused great excitement. They could not be controlled, and about twelve o'clock at night they commenced going out indiscriminately. It is said

one hundred and nine went out altogether and many more would have gone, but some one created a false alarm and the remainder rushed back to their quarters in a great panic, after which no others made the attempt. I only give this part as I heard it from others. It took just seventeen days to dig the last tunnel.

"No plan had been arranged to be pursued after we left the prison. It was expected of each man to take care of himself and be governed by circumstances. After Hamilton and I became separated, I passed out of the city of Richmond to the York River Railroad. I followed this to the Chickahominy bridge. Here I discovered a sentinel standing. I then turned to the right and went some distance until I came to a cavalry camp of the rebels. It was just at daylight, and they were sounding reveille. I found a large sycamore tree that was hollow. I concealed myself in this until late in the afternoon, when I slipped out and waded across the Chickahominy. At that point it was pretty deep, and I got my clothes thoroughly soaked. After I had crossed the river, I proceeded a short distance, and seeing several rebel cavalry I lay down until night. When I attempted to rise, I found myself perfectly stiff and my clothes completely frozen. I pushed right ahead, however, and in crossing the bottom I found several deep places filled with water. I did not try to avoid them much, but plunged through until I reached the high ground on the other side. After I reached the high ground, which was covered with timber, I proceeded about one mile, when I came upon a rebel picket. This I easily avoided and kept on over the country, crossing several roads. I was still very lame from the effects of a broken foot, which I had received before my capture at Chickamauga, at a place called Liberty Gap, Tennessee, or rather it had been broken at Murfreesboro', Tennessee, and again broken at Liberty Gap. This wound now became very troublesome, as the nights were dark and I could not see the inequalities of the ground.

"During the night I was obliged to stop, my clothes being still very wet and frozen in places, and I was in great danger of freezing to death. I had with me a haversack in which I carried provisions; this I had held at arms' length while crossing the Chickahominy and the sloughs in its vicinity, in order to keep it

dry. In this I also had a box of matches, and upon coming into a large thicket of cedars I resolved to build a fire. I gathered some fuel and started a fire, and after inspecting the surrounding vicinity, I found that the fire was concealed by the cedars; I then went to the fire and lay down, and was soon in a profound sleep. When I awoke I found that I had been nearly in as much danger of burning to death as I was before of freezing. My coat was burned through in several places, as well as my pants and the legs of my boots. I now rose and pursued my journey, and after proceeding about two miles I came to Crump's Cross-roads. Here a picket post was encountered. This I avoided. I now resolved to travel all day, and before night reached New Kent Court House.

"Here also a cavalry picket was stationed. This I also avoided; but in crossing a small open space at some distance from the post I was seen by one of them, and the man rode up to me. He was a stupid fellow, and asked me if I belonged to the New Kent cavalry. I had on a gray cap. Of course I answered in the affirmative. He turned and rode back, and I slipped into a thicket of laurels. I pushed through this as quickly as possible, and soon gained an open woods on a hill of some elevation. I then looked back and found that the others had taken the alarm, as I had supposed they would, and were in full pursuit. Some of them had evidently seen me enter the laurel thicket, and in a minute it was surrounded. I did not wait to see them beat up the bush, but pushed away from the spot as fast as my lame foot would permit. As soon as I came to the edge of the woods, I found another picket post, and directly in front of this was a large open field which I had to cross to gain a place of safety, because it would not do for me to remain in this woods. I could not cross this open ground without being in full view of the rebel party. I slipped along the edge of the woods, avoiding the enemy, until I came to a place where a gully ran entirely across. This was neither wide nor deep, but it afforded my only chance of escape, so I threw myself into it and commenced crawling toward the other end of it. It must have been more than half a mile in length, but I crawled the entire distance without raising my head. When I reached the end of the gully I found myself at

the Williamsburg road, on the opposite side of which was a thicket of pines. I quickly went into this and looked back. I could see the rebel pickets very plainly, but they had not seen me while crawling across the open space in front of them, though I had passed immediately before them.

"I remained concealed in the pine woods for several hours, and then proceeded cautiously along the Williamsburg road. Frequently I had to take to the bushes on account of rebel cavalry, or armed citizens travelling through the country. At dark I crossed Diascen bridge. Here also was a picket post. I passed this without the risk I ran at New Kent Court House. I kept on until near midnight, when I found myself completely exhausted, and, leaving the road, went some distance into a woods, lay down and slept until daylight. I then rose and took a pretty close survey of surrounding objects, walked down to the road and saw an old ruined brick building on the opposite side of the road. This place I afterwards learned was called Burnt Ordinary. I found myself this morning almost unable to move, but crawled along in the direction of Williamsburg, and after travelling for some time, suddenly came upon a spot where a picket had been posted the night before. As I was now so close to Williamsburg, it became a question with me whether it was a Union or a rebel picket. I soon discovered by the tracks that the men had been fronting towards Williamsburg, and therefore concluded that it had been rebel. I now became exceedingly cautious and withdrew to the woods. I kept on through the woods in a southeast direction until I came to an open space. Here, to my great joy, I saw a body of United States troops moving on the road to my left. I sat down very much exhausted and awaited their approach.

"While sitting there and watching their movements, a noise attracted my attention to a point in my rear, but evidently on the road which lay to my left. When I looked fairly in that direction, I saw three men standing like pickets at a point where the United States troops were approaching. These men were all fully dressed in United States uniforms. The circumstance that I had not seen them before excited a suspicion that all was not right and I watched them closely. They did not appear to pay

any attention to the advancing troops, but one would frequently step into the middle of the road and look intently in the opposite direction. From this I thought they were all right, and that they were merely videttes that had been sent forward from the advancing column. About this time the troops I had first seen appeared to come to a halt. These men then moved towards the column, and by so doing placed some elevated ground between them and me, and I supposed they had gone to join the troops. I now rose and walked towards the troops I had first seen. When I had walked about fifty or seventy-five yards, I came again in sight of the three men in the road, who now saw and challenged me. They had not advanced as far towards the troops as I had supposed; consequently when I came in sight of them the second time I was much nearer than at first. Except for a moment when I first saw them, I firmly believed that they belonged to the troops below, and they were now very nearly within gun-shot, and apparently advancing towards them.

"I hesitated a moment, and then obeyed their summons to approach. As soon as I came close to them, I saw that I was entrapped, even before they spoke. Their manner indicated that they were in great fear of the troops that had halted below. I endeavored to make them believe I was a rebel soldier, but they concluded to retain me as a prisoner. My first impulse was to break and run, but my lameness and enfeebled condition prevented me from doing this in the face of three active men. I therefore waited for a better chance. One of these men appeared to be an officer. He directed one of the men to take me in charge, and go across the field that lay on the left of the road. I started off with him limping fearfully, but when he had got about half-way across the field, I sprang suddenly upon him, disarmed and prostrated him, fired off his piece, and started to run towards the troops, and would easily have escaped had it not been for my lameness. The man I had disarmed did not attempt to follow me, nor did the two we had left in the road. On the contrary, these two ran across the field diagonally to the rear; but several other men whom I had not seen before sprang up from behind the fence on the side of the field opposite to the road. They ran so as to intercept my approach to the troops. Two or

three of them outran me and struck me with their muskets. This prostrated me, and they all rushed around me. I heard one of them say, 'Be quick; the Yanks are right here.'

"Several of them now seized me, and dragged me to and over the fence into a thickly timbered ravine. They then turned and went up this ravine in a northerly direction it seemed, for about 200 or 300 yards. Here the whole party assembled, including the three men I had seen in the road. These three men were completely in United States uniform; the others were only partially so. The man I had disarmed seemed to be badly hurt. He wanted to kill me at once. The man, Lieutenant Hughes—I think they called him—whom I had taken for an officer in the road, spoke roughly to this man and ordered him to keep quiet. Just then one of the men, who came crawling up the bank of the ravine, called out, 'Be off quick,' when the whole party started and ran. They forced me along with them for a short distance, when, finding that I was unable to travel, they halted.

"The officer then detailed a guard to take charge of me, and instructed them by no means to let me escape or be taken from them alive. The officer and his party then ran off very rapidly in a northeast course it seemed, but the guard conducted me through a dense woods in a northwest course until we came to another ravine, also densely wooded. Here they found an old man about sixty-five years of age. They asked him if he could guide them by a safe route to Barhamsville, saying to him the Yanks are thick as hornets on the other road. He replied that he could, and I was then taken by a circuitous route to Barhamsville, thence to White House, and thence to Richmond, where I was again incarcerated in Libby. I was kept in a cell for several days, and then sent to my old quarters. Long before this our means of egress had been discovered by the rebels. About this time, or perhaps before, a system of special exchanges was commenced. This took out most of the officers of higher rank, and soon I was the only Colonel left in the prison. At length my exchange was effected, April 30th, 1864. I was sent to Annapolis, Maryland; thence to Columbus, Ohio; and thence to my regiment in the field, where I arrived June 6th, 1864."

CHAPTER V.

INCIDENTS.

ONE of the first thoughts which seizes the home population, when it is known that an enemy is approaching, is of hiding the valuables. Where to secrete becomes a serious study, and ingenuity is tasked to its utmost; for soldiers, after a little practice, acquire great skill in searching for hidden treasures. It is said that Sherman's bummers could smell the whereabouts of a watch, though it were hidden in a swamp five miles off. They had an uncontrollable propensity for running their bayonets into every ash-pile and heap of rubbish which they came upon, and the very barrel of meal which contained the treasures was sure to be overturned. Feather-beds were ripped open, fires were extinguished and the ashes hauled from the hearth, false bottoms of drawers, chairs, and trunks were unloosed, and the very pumps were unpacked and wells made to disclose their secrets.

When the legions of Lee began to show themselves to the people of Gettysburg across the South Mountain, and their white tents to cover all the plains below, it became evident that the town would fall in the track of the invader, and the inevitable labor of secreting began. It chanced that an old man, who kept a plain farmer's inn, had just laid in a heavy invoice of choice liquors. He knew that in the event of a great army occupying the town, or even passing through it, his stock would be sacrificed. Nor was it so much the loss of his liquors that he dreaded; for he realized that the effect of strong drink was to deprive men of reason and all self-control or decency, and he shuddered at the thought of a soldiery infuriated with the fiery demon. He was, accordingly, incited to use his best resources in devising some

plan to put his store beyond their grasp. It was too late to reship it to Baltimore, and the only alternative was to dispose of it on the premises. After anxiously revolving many an ingenious scheme, he finally settled upon this: going to his garden as soon as the shadows of evening had fallen, he dug a deep long trench, into which he rolled his precious but dangerous treasures. He then covered the earth neatly over them, and smoothing it down in the most careful manner, proceeded to plant the newly stirred ground to cabbage plants, as if in hope of a profitable crop of this savory esculent. When all was done, and in the morning-light he regarded his night's work with complacency, he bethought himself of calling in one of his neighbors to admire his fine patch. The neighbor came, saw, and commended; but had no suspicion. This was regarded as a fortunate omen. But he must needs have some excuse for having no liquors. To this end he had saved out a few gallons of each of the poorer brands, and pouring these into several empty barrels rolled them into an obscure corner of his inner cellar, and piled his potatoes over them.

Amidst the din and turmoil of that terrible day, when, ploughed by shot and shell, the First and Eleventh corps were obliged to yield the ground which they had heroically held, and fall back rapidly through the town, the rebels came. They poured through all the streets, and levelling the fences, filled the enclosures. No house nor private apartment was secure from their intrusion. The inn and the cabbage patch were no exceptions. One of the first questions when they came upon the premises was:

"Where is the liquor?"

Looking very serious, the host answered that his stock was entirely exhausted.

"That will do for the marines," exclaimed one, "but it's too thin for us. We have travelled."

So saying he cocked his musket, and, levelling it at the old man's head, told him to show where the liquor was, or he would have no time to say his prayers. Regarding this a very careless way to handle fire-arms, and believing discretion the better part of valor, he led the way to the innermost cellar, and taking down

the elaborately piled-up barricades, and removing great bars and bolts, commenced levelling the potatoes. The soldiers, eager for a sip, lent him a helping hand. Finally the barrels were reached and the moiety of the liquor brought to light. The foil was complete. No further search was made nor questions asked.

Patiently during those hot July days, while the booming of cannon and the tramp of the armies resounded and shook the dwellings of the city, and the volumes of sulphurous smoke obscured the sun in the mid-day heavens, the old man toiled in cultivating his cabbage plants, hoeing the same ground again and again. The rebels were constantly passing, their line of battle running just in front of his premises, and were frequently in and out of his house; but they had no suspicion of his secret. Finally came that terrible cannonade on the afternoon of the third day, when the trembling fled to their cellars for safety, when the very earth quaked, and the stoutest held his breath, followed by the rush of armed thousands and the clash as of giants! Gradually the sound of battle died away, and as the shadows of evening began to lengthen, the timid stole forth from their hiding-places; when, lo! a marked change was apparent. The rebels, who before had been so boastful and jubilant, had suddenly become reticent, and their faces were lengthened like the shadows. The night passed and the morning came, and, oh! what a joyful morning! The rebels had departed, the soldiers of the Union with their star-lit banners were advancing, and the cabbage was no longer an object of cultivation!

LATE on the afternoon of the 27th of October, 1864, General Mulholland, then commanding a brigade, received orders to storm a rebel fort in front of his line. One hundred men of the One Hundred and Forty-eighth Pennsylvania were selected for the storming party. Captain Henry D. Price, who was at the time Adjutant-General of the brigade, insisted on accompanying it. Drawing his sword he handed the scabbard to Lieutenant Lee, saying, "Tom! if I am killed send this home to my mother." When the order to charge was given, he leaped over the works and ran in front of the troops to the enemy's line, where he fell. shot through the head. Thus expired one of the bravest, most

unassuming, gentle, beloved, and accomplished young officers in the army. He was a native of Chester county, where he was born on the 17th of August, 1843.

THE victim of cruelty and starvation in the loathsome prisons of the South, by his suffering and fortitude borne in the common cause, challenges the admiration and gratitude, the honor and lasting commemoration of all his countrymen. The torments therein endured, and the agonies of the parting hour, will never be known until those patriot graves give up their secrets. As an illustration of this life the following narrative, prepared by Lieutenant Thomas F. Roberts, Company D, Fifth Pennsylvania cavalry, is here given. He was in command of his company at the battle of Stony Creek Station, in the Wilson and Kautz raid, on the 29th of June, 1864, and was taken prisoner with twenty-two of his men. They were immediately sent to Andersonville, where they remained about three months. We suffered here, he says, dreadfully from the hot sun, having no shelter excepting an old horse-blanket which the rebels did not think worth robbing us of. There must have been 30,000 in this prison, and the average deaths per day from starvation and neglect were at least fifty within the prison, and likely as many more in the hospitals outside. Our Sergeant-Major, John Griffith, died here, and I do not think there ever was a man who died in so much misery, as he was perfectly alive with vermin. Privates Granville Hoskins and Stacy Baxter also died miserably here.

In September, to keep us out of the hands of Sherman, we were removed by rail to Charleston and placed in a pen upon the race-course. Here we were treated better, as far as food was concerned, as ladies from the city brought us many things; but the ground was very low, so that when we got up in the morning we were wet and covered with mud. We remained here until the stockade at Florence was finished, which was early in November, when we were removed thither. The nights were now getting quite cold and damp on account of heavy fogs. By this time we were almost without clothing, and with not more than one blanket of any kind to six men. It was almost impossible to get a stick of wood, as those who had been first turned in had appro-

priated all. Among men suffering as we were, the claims of friendship had little weight, and those who had fuel would see their destitute companions die rather than give up an article of such priceless value. Here Sergeant Joshua E. Dyer died. Poor fellow! Starvation and cold were too much for him, and after giving a message to his mother, he expired in a hole which we had dug into the earth, and covered with dirt. In this we had lived, and here he died, so changed with starvation and pine smoke that his mother would not have known him. Sergeant Bryan also died here after suffering over two months. I do not think he would have weighed more than seventy-five pounds, although he had been a large man. Privates Garrett, Lenney, Kelly, Wood, and Moran expired after long suffering.

In November there was a special exchange for those who were considered so near dead that they would be of no further use to our army as soldiers. None of my company were included in this exchange, although many of the regiment were. About this time I came near dying with the typhoid fever, having no one to give me so much as a drink of water until a young man, Charles Carpenter, became acquainted with me. To him I no doubt owe my life. At this time the average deaths per day were about fifty, as the fever was very fatal amongst us.

In January the nights became severely cold, and hundreds of poor fellows had their toes frozen off, and you may imagine how they must have suffered, as they had not so much as a rag to put around them. This in many cases led to gangrene, which almost invariably ended in the loss of both legs, a result not favorable to further service, but entirely satisfactory to our keepers. About the middle of January the prisoners on the east side of the creek were moved across to the west, to bring the whole body more together. By this change hundreds, who had made themselves in a measure comfortable, were thrown out of shelter, when they suffered terribly, and died by thousands.

In February we were removed to Wilmington, North Carolina, for exchange. But as General Terry had attacked the place, we were hurried on to Goldsboro, out of the way. We were transported on platform cars at night, with nothing to lie on, and no covering except it was a rag that had once been a horse-blanket.

It is impossible to describe our sufferings on these cars, as seventy-five or eighty were forced on to each, rendering it wholly impossible to lie down, and almost certain death to stand up. Every time the train stopped to take wood or water, some half dozen frozen bodies were thrown off by the roadside, and it may seem past belief when I state that those bodies still remained where they had been thrown, three weeks afterward, when we returned to Wilmington. At Goldsboro we fared much better than at any previous place in the matter of a supply of food, as we had sufficient corned beef and crackers to satisfy hunger; but we suffered terribly from the inclement weather, as we lay in the woods without any shelter. On the night of the 28th of February we were crowded on the cars and started towards Wilmington, and although it rained steadily on us all day we were comparatively happy, as we knew we were on the way to be exchanged. I can never forget my feelings when I first caught sight of our flag, as we drew near our lines after an imprisonment of nine months. I do not think a man can feel the joy I felt but once in a lifetime, as I heard myself counted an exchanged man, and walked between the United States and rebel officers who stood to receive us and pass us from slavery to freedom. This ended our prison life, but not our suffering, for we were crowded in our passage to Annapolis almost beyond endurance. So much reduced was I when I reached the hospital that I only weighed ninety-four pounds; but I thanked God for the deliverance and was happy.

MARTIN L. SHOCK, Adjutant of the Fifty-first regiment, relates the following incident illustrative of coolness and fortitude while suffering from a most horrible wound: At Spottsylvania, on the 12th of May, 1864, the brigade to which I belonged while charging on the rebel works was defeated and driven, followed by a large force of the enemy, who in their turn were sent whirling back to their lines. After the battle I was ordered upon the field with a small squad in search of our wounded. Near the edge of the woods where the charge had been made, I found an old man, one of the enemy, sitting on the ground leaning against a tree and smoking a short clay-pipe. On examination I discovered that his entire left hip had been carried away by a grape shot. He seemed

entirely unconcerned, puffing away at his pipe. As he saw that I was moving off, he asked me whether we could not take him to the hospital. I must confess I was out of humor on account of our defeat, and am sorry to say that I answered the poor old man gruffly that we had to take care of our own wounded first. He then requested me to get him a hat, as he was bareheaded and the sun was sending its slanting rays full in his face. I soon found a large-brimmed straw hat, belonging to a dead rebel Lieutenant, which I placed on his head. He thanked me and I left him to search for our own men. The last I saw of him he was still smoking. The next day I went to find the old man. He was sitting in the same position, the straw hat on his head, the pipe in his mouth—dead.

Shock himself was afterwards severely wounded. He was making a charge with his regiment on the enemy's works at Cold Harbor early on the morning of the 3d of June, when he received a Minié ball in the left shoulder, cutting the shoulder-blade. Fortunately he had still the power of locomotion, and could leave the field; but for two years his wound was open. He had originally enlisted in the Fourth, and afterwards in the Fifty-first, with which he served in North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, Kentucky, Mississippi, and Georgia, and in the campaign for the reduction of Richmond until he received his wound.

A PRIVATE of the Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania regiment was on the picket line on the night of the 3d of July, 1863, at Gettysburg. His attention was attracted by the cries and piteous moans of a wounded rebel in his front. For some time he heard the calls and passed them in silence, well knowing that he could not leave his post without forfeiting his honor, and that the instant he advanced he might be fired on by the rebel pickets on his front. Filled with a soldier's generous sympathy he could not hear those groans unmoved. Finally his manhood got the better of his discretion as he exclaimed to his companion, "I cannot stand this," and taking a canteen of water, and a little cordial which he had in a vial, he determined to go to the assistance of the suffering man. Crawling stealthily along on the ground, he had advanced over a third of the distance when a flash in front

told that he was discovered, and the next instant the hot blood was coursing down his body. Staunching the flow as he best could, he lay quietly for a while, and then began to move back and reached his post. He was found on the following morning, cold in death, but still grasping his musket.

THE most famous of the numerous batteries built upon and around Morris Island was the *Swamp Angel*, a name now historic. Between Morris and James Islands are about two miles of intervening swamp. Grown over with a tall coarse grass, furrowed and netted in all directions by the daily flow and recession of the tides, it is next to impenetrable, and the bed of mud, beneath, bottomless. From the centre of this swamp, with long-range guns, the streets of Charleston might be reached. No stretch of audacity was too great for Yankee ingenuity, and this was tried. Colonel Sorrell, of the New York Volunteer Engineers, gave the necessary orders to his Lieutenant. The latter, upon being shown the field of this new *evangelism* for spreading the gospel of the Union, declared the work impossible. The Colonel knew no such word, and told him to make his requisition for what he needed. It was promptly made upon the proper officer for "one hundred men, eighteen feet high, to wade in mud sixteen feet deep." He further requested his Surgeon "to splice the eighteen men as they were furnished." His humor cost the Lieutenant a temporary arrest. But the work was commenced and went bravely on. Night by night, floats bearing timber, sand-bags, and all manner of material, were carried out through the tide-filled channels or the mud, almost as fluid. The bottom was finally reached by the sinking mass of timber, brush, and sand-bags. The latter were filled nearly two miles distant. The whole work was executed under the eye of the gunners, and the range of rebel guns which swept it from a semi-circle round about.

At length, rising above the tall marsh grass, it began to present a suspicious appearance, and the rebels opened on it with their mortars; but mortar shells were of no account to Morris Island troops. It was begun on the 4th and finished on the 19th of August. In due time the *Angel* lit upon its perch. It was in

the form of a two-hundred-pounder Parrott, a species *sui generis.* To transport and mount this gun cost an amount of patience, muscle, and brain, that can with difficulty be appreciated. It was put in position at last, charged with a due portion of gospel, opened its mouth, and sent its message into the streets of Charleston, spanning a distance of 8800 yards. Standing, as the Angel did, down upon a level with the city, it could only carry a shot over, at the great and trying elevation of 36°. A dozen or two of such shots finished its mission. It burst, jumped from its trunnions, leaped the parapet, and sank in the fathomless depths of Charleston mud. The Greek Fire, which Beauregard reported to have been rained upon the city, was a myth. No successful use of it was ever made during the war.

The battery was afterwards repaired, mounted with mortars, and used as a picket post. The sand-bags alone, employed in its construction, cost the Government $5000. Sergeant Felter, of the New York Volunteer Engineers, suggested the novel name which the battery bore.

WHILE my regiment, says a Pennsylvania Colonel, was on picket duty at Hazel river, with Stuart's rebel cavalry on the opposite shore, one evening a man, who lived five miles in the rebel rear, came to the bank of the stream, and calling across inquired if we had a surgeon in camp. Being answered in the affirmative, he entreated that he be sent across, as his wife was mortally sick, and the surgeon of Stuart's command having gone to Richmond, there was not a doctor within twenty-five miles. Moved by the earnestness of his manner, and being assured that an escort would be furnished, I consented. When the surgeon arrived, he found a houseful of women, all curious to behold a Yankee doctor. The proper remedies were administered, and relief obtained; and as the surgeon was about to return, the husband, his heart overflowing with gratitude, asked how he could render a suitable reward for the great boon bestowed. "I ask," said the surgeon, "no pecuniary compensation. I am only too happy to have relieved suffering; but there is one request which I have to make." "Present it," said the husband, "and it shall be joyfully accorded." "Name this fine boy *Abraham Lincoln.*"

Holding up his hands in horror, he exclaimed, "My God! I would willingly do it, but the rebels would kill the baby and me too!" Since the war he has called upon the doctor in the city, the most grateful of men.

E. B. Lower, a private in the Twenty-third Ohio regiment, having received a wound at Antietam, was sent to a hospital in New York, but, deserting, returned to his regiment, and having served until April, 1863, when his wound proved troublesome, he was discharged. Not satisfied with home life, he enlisted in the Old Bucktail regiment and fought with it to the close of its service, receiving wounds at Mine Run and the Wilderness. On the very last day of its term, after fighting heroically, he was, towards evening, struck on the head by a flying brick hurled by a solid shot, and severely injured, falling into the enemy's hands. We were sent, he says, to Libby Prison, where we remained till June 9th, when we were moved to Andersonville; and now comes the most trying part of my military life. About twenty-five members of the Bucktails were captured with me, among them Sergeant Thompson, and while at Libby we had elected him Captain, and laid a plan for escaping from the cars while on the way to Andersonville. We were to overcome the guard, bind and gag them at a concerted signal and leap from the car. I had stationed myself near the door after leaving Burksville, just beside one of the guards, with courage screwed up and nerves strung, ready to do my part. Just after dark it was announced to me that the enterprise had for some reason been abandoned.

I then made up my mind to escape alone. The weather was warm and the guard permitted the door of the car, a box, to stand open. His gun rested across it. I stood for more than an hour by his side just on the point of springing out, but still held back by the dread of what might be the result. I cannot describe my feelings at that time. I knew that in a moment I might be a mangled corpse, or I might be alive and free; or, what was more likely, I might be disabled from travelling, recaptured, and subjected to the punishment that I knew would follow. I took out my watch, which, through some unaccountable oversight on the

part of the rebels, had not been taken from me, and in the darkness felt the hands, and found that it was eleven o'clock. I concluded that we must be about fifty miles beyond Burksville, and that whatever I did must be done at once. So, only waiting for a favorable moment, I caught hold of the gun, thrust it to one side, and leaped out into the darkness. The next moment I felt myself tumbling and rolling down an embankment. I heard the cry of the guard, trying to raise an alarm, as with a rush and a roar the train swept out of sight and hearing, and I was left alone and free, but far in the heart of the Confederacy. I got upon my feet and felt to see if I was all right. I found that I was slightly bruised, somewhat scratched, and that I was terribly scared; but, with the exception of breaking open the wound I had received in the Wilderness, I was not much hurt.

Alone, unarmed, I was in the midst of an enemy's country. Above me to the north I could see the pole star, which was to be the beacon to guide my footsteps by night. To attempt to go by the seaboard I knew would be to invite certain capture. Hence I shaped my course to the north, intending to travel until I had crossed the East Tennessee Railroad, and then to strike west till I reached New River, which I meant to follow down to the Kanawha. My first purpose was to get something to eat, for which I felt ready to make any desperate attempt. I travelled through woods and fields for three hours, before I came to a house. By that time I was nearly famished, having had nothing to eat for fourteen hours, and then only a small piece of corn-bread. At last I came upon a large Virginia mansion, and having thought of a plausible story to tell, walked boldly up and knocked at the door. Two large dogs answered my summons by rushing out and barking at me furiously, but I stood my ground, and soon an upper window was thrown open from which a man asked, "Who's there?" Without answering his question I said, "Quiet these dogs or I will shoot them." This he did, and I then told him to come to the door, that I was a friend, had command of a scouting party of Confederate soldiers, that we were out of rations and wanted something to eat. He at once came down and proceeded to get what I wanted, all the time talking to me and asking the news. I invented some stories which made him think that the

war would soon be over, and that Southern independence was an accomplished fact. He gave me a large piece of corn-bread and about a pound of boiled pork. Thanking him, I bade him good-night and hurried away. Seeing him follow me, I got into the woods as quickly as I could, and in a tone of command I called out, "All right, boys! Fall in! Forward! march!" and being afraid that my little ruse would be discovered, I was not long in putting a considerable distance between me and that house, after which I sat down and ate a hearty meal, and then securing a comfortable bed among some dense undergrowth, I lay down and slept till daylight, which was not more than two hours.

During the next five days and nights I travelled as fast as I could in the direction I had determined to pursue, meeting with many adventures, making several very narrow escapes from capture, and getting my food as best I could, mostly from the negroes, whom I could trust at all times and under every circumstance. On the morning of the sixth day I heard from a woman, at whose house I had stopped to get something to eat, that the Yankees were at Buckhannon, twenty-five miles across the Blue Ridge. I afterwards learned that it was General Hunter, on his disastrous raid to Lynchburg. I determined to reach his lines; so I pushed ahead, keeping in the woods as much as possible. During the day I passed over the Great Otter Mountain (Big Peak), and in the evening, about an hour before sundown, came down into a valley, and then there was nothing between me and Hunter's forces but the Blue Ridge, which I determined to cross, if possible, during the night. In the valley I saw a log-cabin, and it being the only one I could see, I thought I would go to it and try to get some food before I commenced the ascent of the mountain; so I went into the house and asked the woman who was there if I could get something to eat, and, being told that I could, sat down to wait till it was ready. Of course I had to give an account of myself at every place I stopped, and I was always prepared with some plausible story. Sometimes I was a rebel soldier, going home on furlough; at others I was a scout on important business pertaining to the government. It was only to the negroes that I revealed my true character. To this woman I concluded to tell the truth. So I said I was an escaped prisoner

and trying to make my way north. While talking and waiting, I was startled to see coming round the corner of the house, with musket in hand, a genuine rebel guerilla. There was no escape. He walked straight up to the door, cocked his musket, and said, "You surrender!" I cannot describe my feelings on hearing that word as he repeated it, "You surrender!" Instead of the bright vision, which had almost come to be a reality, of reaching the Union lines, I saw before me the prospect of probable death by hanging, or, upon the least provocation or pretext, by the hand of my captor; and if I escaped immediate death, then starvation at Andersonville. A heavy weight seemed resting upon my heart. I could feel my lips quiver. I could not control my voice, and for a moment my feelings were those of complete despair. But in another moment I was myself again and my eyes took in the situation exactly. It did not take me many seconds to make up my mind that at all hazards I would escape from my captor or lose my life in the attempt. I could not forecast my course, but determined to take advantage of any chance that should present itself. He directed me to pass out of the door and take the path up the mountain side leading to the highway. I started, but was stopped by the woman, who said, "Wait till I get you something to eat," and brought out two pieces of cornbread, one of which she handed me which I put in my haversack, and the other to my captor, who was standing with his gun lying across his left arm. Just as he turned his eyes from me, and reached out his right hand, I sprang upon him, seized him by the throat, threw him over upon his back, and with both hands caught hold of his gun, knowing that if I once had possession of it, the tables would be turned. The situation was interesting, as, between the North and the South, the North so far seemed to have the best of the battle, the South being about to be captured with all his musketry. But to him unexpected reinforcements were advancing upon my rear, and in another moment I felt myself clasped in an embrace which, under other circumstances, would not have been regarded as a hostile manœuvre. That woman had me surrounded, and the only thing left for me to do was to beat a retreat and take the chances of a shot. I slipped my hand down the barrel, cocked the piece, and pulled the trigger, think-

ing I could fire it off and get out of sight before my escort could reload; but it missed fire. So I tore myself away from those loving (?) embraces and fled. The rebel followed some distance, calling upon me to halt or he would shoot me, and when I was within a few rods of the woods I heard the cap snap; but again the gun missed fire, and in another moment I was over the fence, into the woods, and out of sight. I travelled all night and in the morning about daylight came upon General Hunter's pickets, and was soon in camp, safe at last. I went with the army to Lynchburg, then back to Charleston, and thence home. After a short visit I rejoined my regiment in front of Petersburg, and had a part in every battle till the surrender of Lee. In the winter of 1865 I received a furlough, for meritorious conduct in making my escape from the enemy.

WILLIAM RICKARDS, Colonel of the Twenty-ninth regiment, received a terrible wound while leading the head of his brigade on the enemy's works at Pine Knob, Georgia, on the 15th of June, 1864. It was thought to be mortal, and his friends took a final leave of him. His three years' term of service had expired a few days before, and to fulfil a pledge made to his family he had sent in his resignation. Before the battle occurred, however, at his earnest solicitation, he had been released from his pledge, and had promptly recalled his resignation. But his letter of recall miscarried, and after rallying sufficiently to reach his home, though still in a critical condition, an event occurred which came near proving more painful than the wound itself. It was an order issued from General Thomas' head-quarters, in whose army he was, dishonorably dismissing him from the service. This intelligence, in his feeble state, cut to the quick. To a faithful soldier of three years standing, dying of wounds inflicted while gallantly battling with the enemy, it was indeed a cruel blow. Fever was already preying upon his body, and now wounded pride was devouring his spirit. Constant wakefulness was fast leading to delirium. At this juncture the faithful wife started for Washington to endeavor, by a personal interview with the President, to have the order revoked. Arriving after the hours for receiving visitors, the President's ushers declined to

admit her. But on presenting the case as vital, and refusing to leave the house, she was finally allowed to enter. After kindly and patiently hearing her statement, Mr. Lincoln said:

"Madam, there must be other charges against your husband, or else he has had great injustice done him."

She answered, "All my husband desires is an investigation."

Thereupon Mr. Lincoln wrote upon the discharge paper these words, to which he affixed his signature: "So far as I can understand, the order, dismissing this officer, should be immediately revoked. Will you examine into the case and report?" This he directed her to take to the War Department.

"Here," she says, "I did not meet with that benevolent, pleasant reception which our President gave me, and all who came to him with heavy hearts." After looking at the paper, Mr. Stanton said: "The Generals at the front know best what course to pursue. We cannot interfere with their action. I have full confidence in General Thomas."

Having said this, he turned away; but noticing that she was not disposed to be satisfied with this, he gave her a searching glance, as she said:

"I believe it is the order of the President that this case be examined, and I shall esteem it a great favor, if it can be done speedily, as my husband's life may depend on my prompt return."

Judging by the earnestness of her demeanor, and the apparent agony of her heart, that the case was really one of wrong and injustice, he directed her to take the paper to General Chipman, to have the military record of Colonel Rickards investigated. This was politely accorded by General Chipman, who directed her to take the report which he had made out to Judge Advocate Holt, whose indorsement was necessary before action could be had. After reading General Chipman's memorandum, the Judge Advocate made the following indorsement thereon:

"This I consider a case of hardship. This officer has a military record any man might envy;" at the same time observing to Mrs. Rickards, "Madam, this is only another instance of a country's ingratitude, and I am sure, if you will now take this to the President, he will revoke the order of dismissal, and you can start for home with good news for your husband."

On visiting Mr. Lincoln he promptly revoked the hateful order; at the same time inquiring particularly about the wound of Colonel Rickards, and in a laughing, pleasant way said, "Well, never mind. We will heal it all soon by making him a General." It would have been but an act of justice which Colonel Rickards richly merited, and a graceful acknowledgment of the wrong which had been done him. But in the absorbing duties of maintaining the great contest, now at its height, the wounded soldier was forgotten, and others were ever ready to push forward and trouble the waters before him.

PHILIP R. PALM, M. D., Surgeon of the One Hundred and Tenth, and afterwards of the One Hundred and Thirty-seventh regiment, and member of the operating board in the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, gives some interesting incidents of those engagements. On the 30th of April, 1863, he says, our division hospital was located near the Fitz Hugh House. Here I dressed the wounds of six or seven of the enemy. I could hardly get a word from them, which seemed strange. Gradually, however, they all became quite communicative. One of the "Louisiana Tigers," by the name of Stuart, was shot through the head, the ball, a large one, entering the temple on one side and making its exit through the other, passing through the cerebrum. Although he was blind, he conversed rationally. One day I mentioned the name of Stuart. He said that was not his name. On one occasion he got up and walked out of the hospital. Inflammation succeeded and he died at the end of a week.

To illustrate the delusion under which many of the enemy acted, I will relate the case of a private from Atlanta, Georgia. He was one of the party alluded to. After dressing his wounds, which were mortal, he became quite familiar. He informed me that he was a lawyer. He said the rebels had been told that if they were taken prisoners they would be subjected to cruel and inhuman treatment. I asked him if they believed such stories. He replied that they did. "Well," said I, "how do you find it?" He smiled and said, "Oh! I could not be treated better by my friends; no, not so well, because we have not things as you have them." He died soon after.

At the battle of Fredericksburg I witnessed a novel conflict between three stallions. A large number of horses of officers were parked near the hospitals. Among them was a little black stallion belonging to one of the surgeons. At the time when the cannonading was most furious, and the air was filled with shrieking shells and sulphurous smoke, the same fiery spirit that impelled the men on to conflict seemed to infect the horses. With heads erect and distended nostrils they snuffed the air of battle. The little black soon broke loose, and rushing in among others made an attack on two other stallions. These, too, broke loose, and the three made a rush for each other. With eyes glaring, they seized each other by the neck, fairly screaming with rage, rearing and plunging with their steel-shod feet, until the three lay prostrate, without for a moment letting go their hold. In that position they kept up the fight for a considerable time, and were finally separated with the greatest difficulty. The little black was led back to his place with head and tail erect as if triumphant. He again attempted to break away, but was unable to accomplish his object. While the combat lasted it drew a good house.

THE following illustrates the power of the human system to resist, and recuperate from injury. Major John Fritz, of the Ninety-third Pennsylvania regiment, received a wound through the right thigh from a Minié ball in the early part of the day, at Fair Oaks, May 31st, 1862. Towards evening he was hit in the left thigh, causing a compound fracture of the bone, the result of which was the stiffening of the knee-joint and the shortening of the limb two inches. On the 5th of May, 1864, having measurably recovered and returned to the field, he received a scalp-wound from a musket ball at the battle of the Wilderness. On the 9th of May following, at Laurel Hill, he got a flesh-wound from a rifle ball in the left arm. Three days later, at Spottsylvania Court House, a Minié ball struck him in the left cheek below the eye, fracturing the upper jaw, resulting in the loss of the teeth, the injury of sight and hearing, and a troublesome open wound. On the 25th of March, 1865, he received a Minié ball through the right arm, fracturing the large bone, in consequence of which

the wrist and fingers were stiffened, and the nerves permanently paralyzed. Notwithstanding he was thus, as it were, shot to pieces, he survived all his injuries and served as postmaster of the city of Reading for several years. He died in 1873

THE intelligence and sensibility displayed by dumb brutes has excited the wonder of, and challenged a solution from the keenest investigators. The case of one of the canine race widely known, and well authenticated, is given below. The account was prepared for the author's use under the direction of Brevet Major-General Richard Coulter, with whose regiment, the Eleventh Pennsylvania, the events recorded occurred.

SALLIE.

"She was a gash an' faithful tyke
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke;
Her honest sonsie pleasant face,
Aye gat her friends in ilka place."

In the month of May, 1861, the Eleventh regiment Pennsylvania volunteers, being enlisted for the term of three months, and commanded by Colonel Phaon Jarrett, together with the Ninth regiment, occupied the Fair Grounds near West Chester. The camp was an exceedingly pleasant one, the quarters comfortable, and the rations plenty and good. War then, at the North, was but the fancy of poesy and the dream of fiction; its sorrows and its miseries were to come, and soldiers and camps were but novelties and shows. The citizens at the pleasant old town welcomed the volunteers, although the roll of the drums and the tread of the march broke upon the wonted quiet of the Sabbath-day; and during their stay entertained them as holiday visitors, treating them with a hospitality and kindness which in after times called up gentle memories and grateful emotions. The ladies of the town and vicinity, beautiful and accomplished, daily visited the camp, talked with them, prepared a banquet for them, and by their smiles, presence, and delicate sympathy, gave to Camp Wayne more the semblance of a Maytime picnic or a pleasure excursion, than what it was intended to be, a school of instruction, drill, and discipline.

One bright morning a civilian, carrying on his arm a small

market-basket, came to Captain Terry's quarters, Company I, and stated that he had brought him the pup he had promised him, producing from the basket a little puffy, pug-nosed, black-muzzled canine, scarce four weeks old, and barely able to toddle upon its short and clumsy legs. The pup was taken into quarters, a nest provided for it under the Captain's bunk, fed, cared for, and duly christened SALLIE. She soon became accustomed to her new friends, and thrived rapidly. Milk and soft bread were to be had in plenty, and there was nothing for her to do but eat and sleep, snugly rolled up in her bed or lolling lazily on the blankets. No shadow of future trouble or hardship cast a gloom over her spirits, nor darkened the sunshine of her happy infancy. Such was our heroine's introduction to a life which proved an eventful one, changing from quiet, ease, and plenty, to hardship, weary travels, bloody scenes, excitement and suffering—a life, with its surroundings, such as few men have lived, and such as no other of her race ever lived before.

Whilst the regiment lay in its different camps, she stayed at the Captain's quarters, at the marque, or about the company street, was fed, petted, and played with, soon becoming a general favorite, and when the term of three months expired she had grown to respectable size and was able to take care of herself. When this regiment was reorganized for three years' service, Sallie returned with Company I, and again took her place in the field. The winter of 1862 was passed in doing provost-guard duty in the city of Annapolis, Maryland, drilling, fatigue duty at the Naval Academy, and in guarding the Annapolis Branch Railroad. Sallie took part in all these various duties, having become a regimental institution, and formed new acquaintances and made new friends throughout the entire company, always evidencing some particular intimacy, as her fancy or whim suggested, which would be continued for weeks.

She knew the roll of the drum at reveille, was out of quarters among the first, and regularly attended the morning roll-call. At the squad or company drills she patiently followed the particular soldier she had selected, until it was over. When the regiment formed for battalion-drill, she sought out the Colonel's horse, who soon began to know and recognize her, and barking and leaping

led the way with him to the drill-ground, remaining until the regiment was dismissed. At dress-parade she sought the Color Sergeant, and after the regiment was formed, lay down in front of the colors, watching the "beat off," and not moving from her position until the parade was over. These two positions, to lead off with the Colonel's horse when the regiment moved, and to front the line at dress-parade, thus chosen by her at Annapolis, were sure to be taken, and the habit continued until the day she led the column from the camp at Hatcher's Run.

The regiment left Annapolis on the 10th of April, 1862, for Washington, going thence to Manassas Junction, to Falmouth and Aquia Creek, and back again by way of Alexandria to Manassas and Thoroughfare Gap, Front Royal, and the Shenandoah; then to Warrenton and Waterloo, and down to the Rapidan. The battle of Cedar Mountain was fought; Pope's retreat, Rappahannock, and Bull Run rapidly succeeded. In all these Sallie was a participant, faithfully following in the long and hurried marches, by night and by day, under fire for the first time at Cedar Mountain, sticking close by the colors at Bull Run, and falling back with them to Centreville and Chantilly. In the disorganization subsequent, through the toilsome march to South Mountain, through cities and towns, she managed to thread her way, and at Antietam went out into the corn-field with one of the skirmishers who vainly endeavored to drive her back, fearing she would be killed. A ball did, indeed, strike her here on the side, but fortunately only left its mark through her hair.

At Fredericksburg, on the 13th of December, Sallie was again with the regiment in the thick of the fight, crossed the river in her accustomed place, and went on regardless of the heavy firing. During the afternoon Colonel Coulter was wounded and obliged to leave the field. The regiment had been exposed to a terrible fire, had suffered severely, its ranks thinned and broken, and Sallie, for the first time in her life, became demoralized. Missing the accustomed faces and forms, she sought safety in a flank movement to the rear, and for the Pontoon. She was seen to approach it at a rapid rate, and "Old Daddy Johnson," detailed in the hospital department, to whom she was much attached, and

whom she frequently followed, whistled for her; but she only gave one look of recognition, hurried on, and,

> "With drooping tail and humbled crest,"

passed across the bridge and sought the temporary hospital on the other side to which the wounded were conveyed, anticipating by a few hours a similar movement by the entire army.

On the expedition to Mine Run, Burnside's advance, again in front of Fredericksburg, at Chancellorsville, and all the marches, movements and operations of the regiment, the faithful animal steadily shared the toil, and privation, and danger, escaping unhurt, remaining true to her friends in all changings of camps and amidst the confusion and intricacies of a vast army—through woods and forests, across rivers and swamps, on march or countermarch, in advance or retreat, a very embodiment of devotion, courage, patience, and endurance. Bullets had no terrors for her, and she never straggled nor deserted. Hunger and thirst, heat and cold, were disregarded, and hardship and exposure utterly unheeded.

At Gettysburg, having kept with the regiment the whole of the long and rapid march from the front of Fredericksburg, Sallie went into the first day's fight; but during the repulse and falling back of our line through the town, became separated from it, and, being unable or unwilling to pass the rebel lines, returned to the crest of the hill, where the regiment had been engaged, and, seeking out the dead and wounded, remained with them, licking their wounds, or patiently watching by their lifeless bodies. Captain Cook, of the Twelfth Massachusetts, with the Provost Guard, on the morning of the 4th, while in search of stragglers and prisoners, found her and took her back with him to the brigade and her own regiment. During this faithful vigil of three days and nights, she must have been without food, and appeared quite lean and emaciated from her long fasting. Why she was not either captured, or wantonly killed by the straggling rebel soldiers, seems strange, and can only be accounted for by the fact that she knew a rebel uniform from our own, and from her antipathy to them would give the wearers as wide a berth as possible.

Following the regiment closely in the battles through the Wilderness, she was, on the 8th of May, struck in the neck by a Minié ball. The wound was examined by one of the field surgeons, bandaged, and she was sent back with some of the wounded to the hospital. Here her wound was carefully re-examined by Dr. Chase, the surgeon in charge, and pronounced not dangerous; but the ball could not be extracted. She stayed about the hospital a while, but soon returned to the field to the regiment, and about her first performance on her return was to tear the seat out of the breeches of a conscript from another regiment, who being scared at the firing, had broken ranks, and was retreating through the line of the Eleventh.

Sallie carried this ball for several months, it becoming enclosed in a cyst in the fleshy part of her neck, the size of a hen's egg, where it could be plainly felt. Afterwards the neck began to fester; and finally the unpleasant appendage dropped out and the wound healed, leaving a well-defined scar.

During the operations on the Weldon Road, the Hickford raid, and siege of Petersburg, she travelled along, or stayed with the men in the trenches or at the forts, or on the picket line, always at her old place at the head of the column when it moved, announcing the departure by barking and jumping at the horse of the officer in command until the line fairly started, when she quietly trotted along, sometimes at the horses' heels, sometimes in the rear, or winding through the legs of the men in the middle of the column.

Sallie's career, at length, was brought to an end, and after a life

> —— of most disastrous chances,
> Of moving accidents by flood and field;
> Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,

she was killed on the 6th of February, 1865, at Hatcher's Run, Virginia.

The Adjutant of the regiment, at the close of his official report of the battle, says: "Sallie was killed when the regiment was making its first advance upon the enemy. She was in line with the file-closers when shot. We buried her under the enemy's fire."

One of the men, in a letter dated "Camp near Hatcher's Run, Virginia, February 11th, 1865," writes: "Poor Sallie fell in the

front line in the fight at the Run—a bullet pierced her brain. She was buried where she fell, by some of the boys, even whilst under a murderous fire, so much had they become attached to the poor brute, who so long had shared with them the toilsome march and the perils of battle. It would, indeed, be a pleasant reverie if one could reconcile to himself the poor Indian's theory of the happy hunting-grounds, where his faithful dog would bear him company."

Sallie was a brindle, bull-terrier, of a fine breed, and showed marks of blood. She was of undoubted courage, generally good-tempered, always so towards any one in the regiment; but had an extreme dislike to civilians, women, and strange darkies, whom she would make battle with anywhere in the camps. She was cleanly in her habits, and strictly honest, never touching the rations of men unless given to her. She would lie down by haversacks full of meat, or stand by while fresh beef was being issued and never offer to touch it. She seemed to know that she would get a share, for the men never let her suffer if they had anything themselves, and she patiently waited until it was given her. The men grew very fond of her, and so far from any of them ever striking or kicking her, they immediately resented or punished any attempt of the kind. She was of medium size, squarely but handsomely built, her coat soft and silky, chest broad and deep, her head and ears small, and her eyes a bright hazel, full of fire and intelligence. She was active, quick, and had remarkable powers of endurance. Her knowledge of the individual members of the regiment was truly wonderful, and one was at a loss to know how she acquired it; a whole corps might pass her, but she could make no mistake about her own regiment, and never followed any other. She could distinguish and recognize her own people under all circumstances, whether in camp or on the march, and even when at home on furlough. She knew the teamsters belonging to the regiment, although they were necessarily much absent from it, and when, about the time of crossing the James river, she missed the regiment, she hunted up the wagon belonging to the head-quarters, remained with it, and came into camp the first time it was ordered up seeming highly delighted at getting back again.

The night preceding the movement to Hatcher's Run, where she was killed, Sallie quartered under the tent occupied by a sergeant and three men of Company D, and at intervals awoke them with a prolonged and mournful cry. They endeavored to drive her away, but she persistently returned, repeating her moaning, as if predicting the sad fate of the morrow. The sergeant and one of the men were killed by her side upon the field, and each of the other two was severely wounded.

In the long after years, when the gray-haired veteran of the war for the Union repeats the legend of his earlier days, he will tell his listening grandchildren the story of Sallie.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY, a Lieutenant in the One Hundred and Sixteenth regiment, was mortally wounded while in command of his company, and leading it in the celebrated charge on Marye's Heights, in the battle of Fredericksburg. He was shot in the groin while crossing the bridge in the rear of the town, and fell into the canal. He succeeded in reaching the shore, and was carried to the hospital, where he expired a few days after. He was a Southern man, a native of Lynchburg, Virginia, and at the breaking out of the Rebellion owned numerous slaves. But his love for the Union was greater than his desire for wealth, and abandoning everything, he followed the fortunes of the national army until he gave his life a sacrifice.

THE REV. ROBERT AUDLEY BROWNE, D. D., a chaplain without fear and without reproach, of the One Hundredth (Roundhead) regiment, since State Senator, and President of Westminster College, in the following narrative furnishes many interesting particulars of the battle of Chantilly, and reminiscenses of the fall of Stevens and Kearny, which can never fail to interest the American people, deeply reverencing, as they do, the names of those two heroic Generals.

The night that closed the battle of Bull Run (August 30th, 1862) saw Pope's army defeated, but formidably drawn up on the strong heights at Centreville, with the roads well guarded, and Reno's corps, the Ninth, picketing at the crossings of Bull Run. Pollard's account of the frantic passage of this stream, by

the Union troops, I judge, from my own observation, to be a pure fiction.

The next day was the Sabbath, when church-bells were ringing and peaceful congregations assembling all over the country. It opened with a dreary rain on the army around Centreville. The sharp battle at Chantilly followed close, which has for some cause been overlooked and its history left unwritten. Its relations to the campaign were of great importance, inasmuch as it was a victory to the National arms, gained by much gallantry and bloodshed. It was Lee's plan to again force Pope to battle while still remote from his base of supplies, and crush his army, or at least cut his communications with Washington and capture his trains. To bring this about he attempted a repetition of Thursday's manœuvre, which had brought on the battle of Bull Run. He accordingly ordered Stonewall Jackson to make a left flank movement around Pope's forces. This was done by crossing Bull Run at Sudly Springs Ford and advancing upon our line of communication at Fairfax Court House by the Little River Turnpike. But it was Monday evening before Jackson neared his objective point, when he was brought to bay, and forced to fight the battle in which Reno's and Kearny's troops were left in possession of the field.

On Monday afternoon Stevens' division of Reno's corps lay on the heights of Centreville, while the white covered wagons—an immense train—formed and moved, hour after hour, along the turnpike leading to Washington. Even then Jackson was advancing by the Little River Pike, which, after passing through Chantilly and Germantown, leads into the Washington Pike at Fairfax Court House, where, if not intercepted, he would have been among our trains in a few hours. Of this, however, Pope was advised, and as a precaution his various corps were well posted at points between Centreville and Fairfax, while it was assigned to Reno, supported by Kearny, to lead the advance upon the approaching column of Jackson.

While the wagon train was thus moving along, on the afternoon of Monday, suddenly the order came to Stevens' division, lying on the heights of Centreville, to fall in. We marched on the same road with the trains a half mile or more, and then

northward, by an obscure way, and halted. Advancing again, a fence is laid low, and we pass through a meadow, an orchard, and a narrow strip of wood, when, suddenly, as we reach its farther side—whiz—crack—the bullets whistle past us, and cut the twigs and leaves over our heads! We have struck Jackson's line of march, and he receives us in line of battle! Then comes the order to form, which is done under a rapid fire. The crash of the musketry is deafening. But a sound more terrible than the noise of battle bursts upon us. It is the voice of the storm! Beneath the crash of Heaven's artillery and the descending torrents, the battle is fought. The line of Stevens is formed under a withering fire and the no less confusing uproar of the thunder-storm, and under his immediate orders makes a charge.

The movement was so rapid that the mounted officers had barely time to dismount, tie their horses, and repeat the proper commands. General Stevens was near me and dismounted. I did the same, and after tying my horse took my place in the line. It was less than five minutes afterwards that the General hailed me from the right to say that his son, Captain Hazzard Stevens, his Adjutant-General, was wounded, and wished me to conduct him to the surgeon, which I did. He turned to press on with his gallant division, his face to the foe. Knowing the desperation of the hour, and the character of the leader he was encountering, he threw himself unreservedly in the face of the battle. Seizing the colors of the Seventy-ninth New York State Militia, to encourage and inspire them for the torrent that was bearing upon them, he was heroically advancing at their head, when he was instantly killed by a musket ball. As his wounded son leaned on my arm, while we walked to the rear, he was loud in deprecating his father's rashness, and said he would be killed. I returned to find that the son's prediction had been speedily verified.

Before again reaching the line of battle, Stevens' division, notwithstanding the loss of their General, had made a bold advance across the field, and had retired for lack of ammunition. By this time General Kearny's troops had been thrown forward under General Birney, and were engaging the enemy, the fight raging furiously. At this juncture, in the midst of the gathering darkness of the evening, an officer rode up and asked,

"Who commands these troops?"

I did not notice that he had but one arm, nor did I know at the moment that it was Kearny. I took him immediately to Lieutenant-Colonel Lecky, of the One Hundredth, who was commanding the brigade.

"Colonel," exclaimed Kearny, "I want to put my battery just here. I want to know if you can support it."

To this the Colonel replied, stating his loss of officers and men, and lack of ammunition. Kearny did not stop to argue, but instantly turning to the ranks, cried out,

"Men! I want to put my battery on this ground: will you defend it?"

A rousing cheer was the only response, and the General was satisfied that his guns would be safe. At this time I heard Lieutenant Critchlow express to Lecky a fear lest room had been left for the rebels to pierce our lines. Birney also reported to Kearny a gap on our right, when the latter put spurs to his horse and rode in the direction indicated, where, encountering some troops, he demanded who they were; discovering his mistake he turned to escape, and bent low on his horse to shun the fire, when one of the bullets showered after him pierced and ranged completely through his body, killing him instantly. He was alone and his fate unknown. General Birney, on whom the command devolved, supposed him captured. Having repulsed the foe, the Union army withdrew next day towards Washington, when the enemy, taking possession of the ground, announced his death. Our corps left before day. Learning from Dr. Kimble, our division surgeon, that the ground was not to be held, I decided to remain with our severely wounded, for whose conveyance to Washington no provision could be made. The wounded of our regiment had been moved to the farm house and barn near by, and in the orchard hundreds of men, separated from their commands, exhausted with the march and the fight, and wet to the skin, had kindled large fires from the neighboring fences. They were now in their blankets in the tired sleep which a soldier only knows. At about four in the morning, Dr. Kimble and myself went through the orchard and announced that every man would fall into rebel hands who remained, when full five hundred

started up, and in twenty minutes were on their way to Washington. It was nearly eleven before the rebels appeared, and then but a few cavalry pickets; afterwards a portion of a regiment of infantry. Colonel Tieman Brien, First Virginia cavalry, paroled us and gave me a pass to Washington. It was on the third day, near evening, that ambulances, under a flag of truce, arrived, and carried the first instalment of our wounded to Alexandria. Our condition had been pitiable enough. Thirty-three of our wounded were dead. We had scarcely force enough to bury them. On the battle-field were more. I walked over it on Tuesday evening with Dr. O'Farrell, of a Massachusetts regiment. Our dead lay upon it. The rebel dead had been removed. Here and there the ground, hard beaten, showed where two lines opposite each other had encountered as foes in the darkness. Some of our men were stripped of their clothing, and as we advanced we met here and there a ragged pair of butternut pants, left by the Confederate, when he had hastily donned the blue of his fallen countryman; and here and there we came across a mound that showed where burial had been given one of Jackson's men.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM HYNDMAN, a veteran soldier of the Fourth Pennsylvania cavalry, was wounded through the ear and back of the head at Sulphur Springs, while acting with his regiment on the rear guard to the army in its retrograde to Centreville, on the 12th of October, 1863, and while lying insensible upon the field fell into the enemy's hands. He was a brave man, and had made many daring scouts. On being taken to the rear, he found himself in company with one hundred and fifty-six others of his regiment. The struggle had been a desperate one against vast odds and in a forlorn hope. With his companions he soon found himself incarcerated in Libby Prison, where the treatment was at its worst, and the suffering from the uncared-for wound intense. Believing that he would soon have to succumb to his misery if he much longer remained, he determined to make his escape. It was the practice of the prison officials to send a number each day to the cook-house on Eighteenth street, under guard, to labor. Seeking a companion, Corporal Alexander Welton, a true man, who had been sadly gashed with sabre wounds,

he began trading for rebel caps and uniforms. Accoutring themselves in all but caps, and throwing blankets about their shoulders, they watched their chance as they turned the corner of the street on their way to the work-house, handed their blankets to those in rear, donned their rebel caps, stepped from the ranks, faced about and sauntered back, whistling as they went, meeting the rear guard without exciting suspicion. They had taken Richmond without a battle. Passing out of the city, pausing to watch the workmen at the navy-yard, they made their way toilsomely towards the Union lines. Narrowly escaping capture from the enemy who discovered them upon the James, and enduring untold hardship in making their way over swollen streams, pools of mud and stagnant water, their wounds still open, they finally reached the National camps at Williamsburg, where they were joyfully received and tenderly cared for.

JENNY WADE, the heroine of Gettysburg, who sacrificed her young life in that great contest, will ever be regarded with tender emotions. When on the morning of the 1st of July, 1863, the battle opened, and the weary and wounded came pouring into town, this girl, with a heart moved to all tender accord, began to bake bread for the fainting and famished soldiers. When the day was ended, and the Union army was forced to abandon the place to the enemy with a great multitude of wounded, recognizing in them a common humanity, she continued her devoted labors. In the progress of the battle, the house where she was at work came in exact range between the two lines. She was admonished to leave, but she refused to heed the injunction, and continued to prosecute her labor of love and noble self-sacrifice. The battle raged furiously, and as the one side or the other surged to and fro over the plain, more imminent became her danger; but she was blind to the portents of destruction, and deaf to the awful voice of the storm, while the savory loaves steadily issued from her hands. In an evil hour, as the conflict came near and more near, an enemy's bullet pierced her pure breast, and she sank in death, pouring out her life-blood while ministering to the victims of the strife. Nearly coincident with her fall, a rebel officer high in rank perished near her dwelling, and his comrades prepared

for him a coffin; but before it was completed, the enemy was obliged to retire, and the form of the maiden was laid therein in place of the rebel. A ballad, signed E. S. T., lamenting her fate and recounting in romantic strain her saintly deeds, soon after made its appearance, from which the following extract is given:

Beside a little streamlet, that sparkled clear and bright,
Reflecting back in beauty the morning's rosy light,
There stood a little cottage, so humble yet so fair,
You might have guessed a fairy had found a refuge there.

There bloomed the sweet syringos, there blushed the roses red,
And there the stately lily its rarest perfume shed;
Within that humble cottage there dwelt a maiden fair,
And those who knew pronounced her the fairest flower there.

But to that lowly dwelling there came, one summer's morn,
The muttering of the thunder, which told the coming storm:
"Fly to your country's rescue!" the rousing tocsin said,
"And sweep the base invaders to slumber with the dead."

And Jennie's father heard it; her lover heard it too;
And those intrepid freemen asked not what they should do;
They had no thought of keeping a coward watch at home,
While sweeping through their country the rebel foes did come.

So calling to his daughter, the hardy yeoman said; . . .
"I hear, my darling Jennie, the rebel foeman's tread;
And ere the strife is ended, I may be with the dead;
May God in mercy keep you, and every blessing send,
And should I fall, in William you'll find a faithful friend."

"And I, my darling Jennie," the gallant William said,
"May in the coming conflict be numbered with the dead;
And yet," with trembling accents, and misty eyes, said he,
"I only fear, my treasure, lest harm should come to thee."

"Fear not for me," she answered, "but I will breathe a prayer,
That God will guide and cherish the lives to me so near;
And when the conflict 's over, come to this home so dear,
And I will wait to welcome, and bless your coming here."

The summer days went gliding in golden circles by,
And Lee's impetuous army to Gettysburg drew nigh;
The fierce and bloody conflict swept through that region fair,
Yet still heroic Jennie dwelt in the cottage there.

And while her heart was aching lest those she loved were dead,
Her plump and rosy fingers moulded the soldier's bread.
"Fly! fly! heroic maiden," a Union soldier said,
"For through this vale there sweepeth a double storm of lead."

Then spoke the fearless Jennie: "I fear not for my life,
My father and one other are in that deadly strife;
I may not fight beside them, but ne'er shall it be said,
While they were battling for me, I feared to bake their bread."

Loud and more loud thundered the crimson tide of war,
And thick and fast the bullets swept through the summer air,
And one (some fury sped it) pierced Jennie's faithful breast,
And laid its throbbing pulses for evermore to rest.

The bloody day was over, and thousands slept there dead,
Who on that summer morning swept by with martial tread;
Among them Jennie's father in death's embraces lay,
But William passed unwounded through all that fearful day.

And so with hurried footsteps he sought the cottage door,
But oh! no Jennie met him with welcome, as of yore.
He crossed the humble threshold, then paused in horror there;
There lay his heart's best treasure—so cold, so still, so fair!

"Oh God!" he cried in anguish, "what fiend hath done this deed?
Would I had died in battle, ere I had seen her bleed:
Alas! alas! my darling! no words of welcome come,
For cold in death sweet Jennie awaits for me at home.

"For this (oh! hear me heaven) my eye shall never fail,
My hand be true and steady to guide the leaden hail:
A force more strong than powder each deadly ball shall urge—
The memory of the maiden who died at Gettysburg."

And now all bravely battling for freedom and for life,
Whene'er the bugle soundeth to call him to the strife,
He remembers that fair maiden, all cold and bloody laid,
And strikes with dread precision, as he thinks of Jennie Wade.

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